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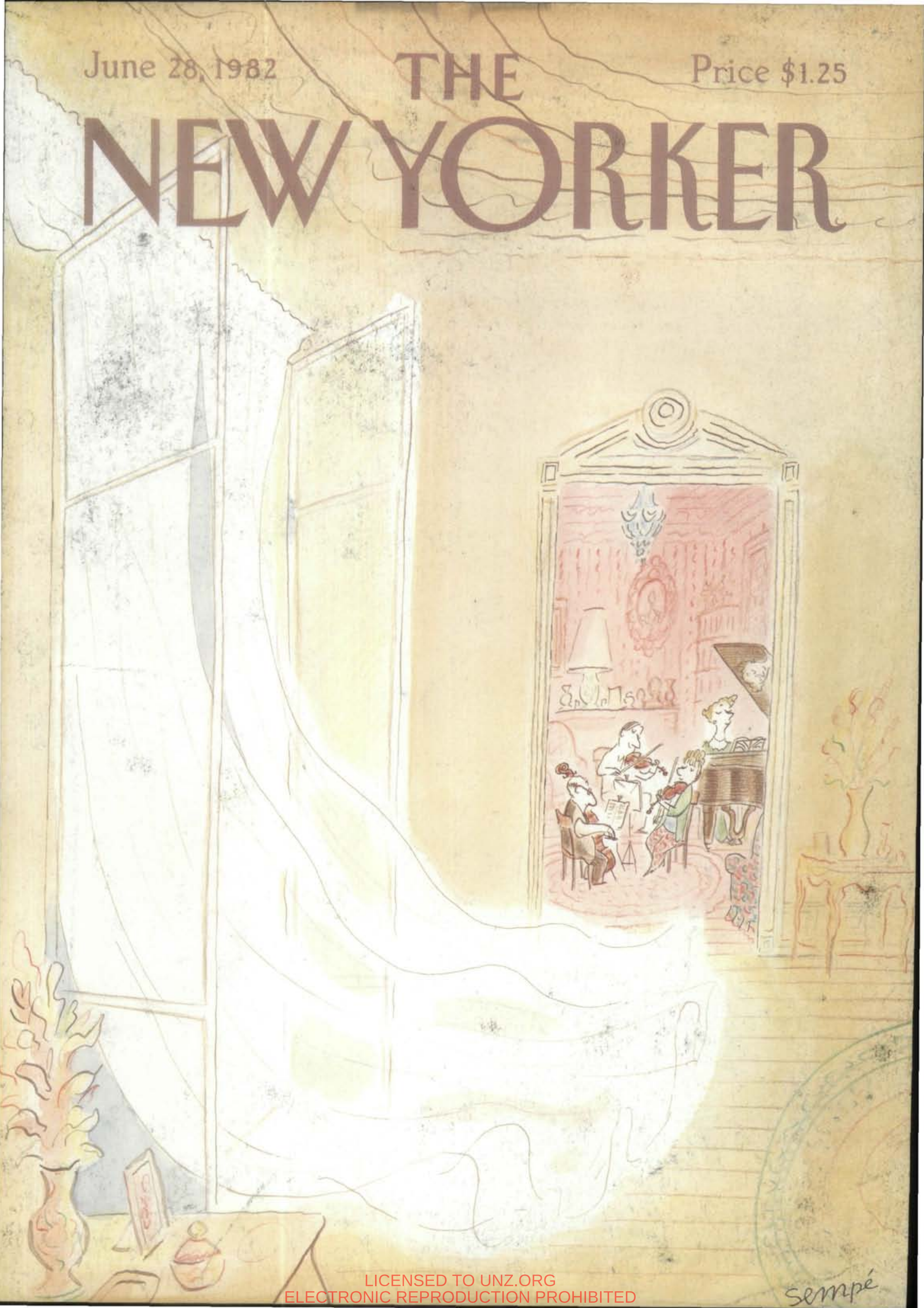

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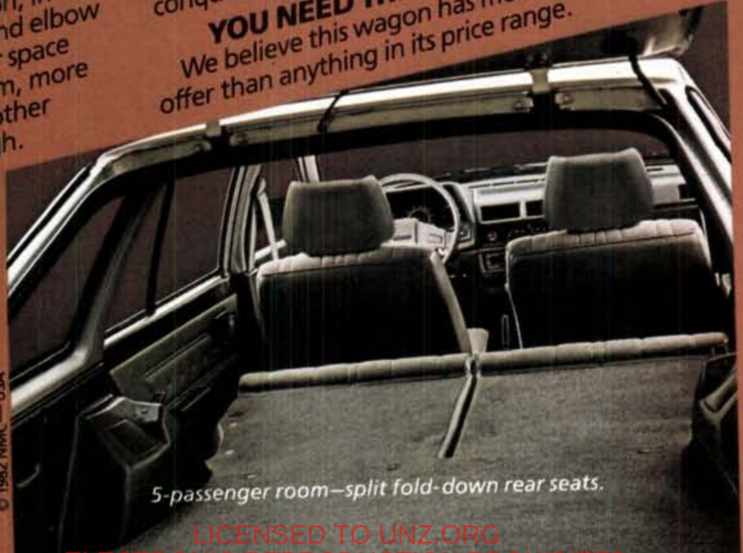

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 11.)

Blues in the Night—A dreary little fake musical, in which many classic Tin Pan Alley songs go thoroughly to waste. (6/14/82) (Rialto, Broadway, at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jules Feiffer's play, **a think piece,** with Samantha Atkins, Katherine Cortez, Andrew Duncan, Debra Mooney, Ann Sachs, and Tenney Walsh. Previews through Saturday matinée, June 26; opens officially that same evening, and will run through Sunday, July 11. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Cleavage—A musical with a book by Buddy Sheffield and David Sheffield, and music and lyrics by the former. Directed by Rita Baker. Opens Wednesday, June 23. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Crimes of the Heart—The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street Theatre Row Festival—Final performances of an event taking place at the various theatres that line the south side of 42nd Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. For information about all tickets, call 279-4200—**intar:** "Last Latin Lover," a comedy adapted by Leonard Melfi and Max Ferra from a work by Ricardo Halac. (Thursday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.) . . . **lion theatre company:** "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare; "Caucasian Chalk Circle," by Bertolt Brecht; and "Kitty Hawk," by Len Jenkins. (Presented in repertory: Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.) . . . **nat horne musical theatre:** "It Ain't All Black and White," a musical entertainment. (Friday and Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 3 and 7. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. Joanne Camp gives an attractive performance as a dumb actress who outsmarts everyone. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of seventy-seven male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in the opening performances of a two-week engagement of three programs which will end Saturday, July 10. Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 8: "Narukami," "Migawari-Zazen," and "Sumidagawa." . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8, and Saturday, July 3, at 2 and 8: "Kumagai Jinya," "Bo-Shibari," and "Masakado." Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Jane Avril—A comedy centered on the nineteenth-century dance-hall star and model immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author

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DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Edward Koren, Robert Mankoff, Michael Maslin, John Corcoran, James Mulligan, Mick Stevens, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Saul Steinberg, Warren Miller, Al Ross, Ed Arno, Jack Ziegler, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Arnie Levin, Roz Chast*

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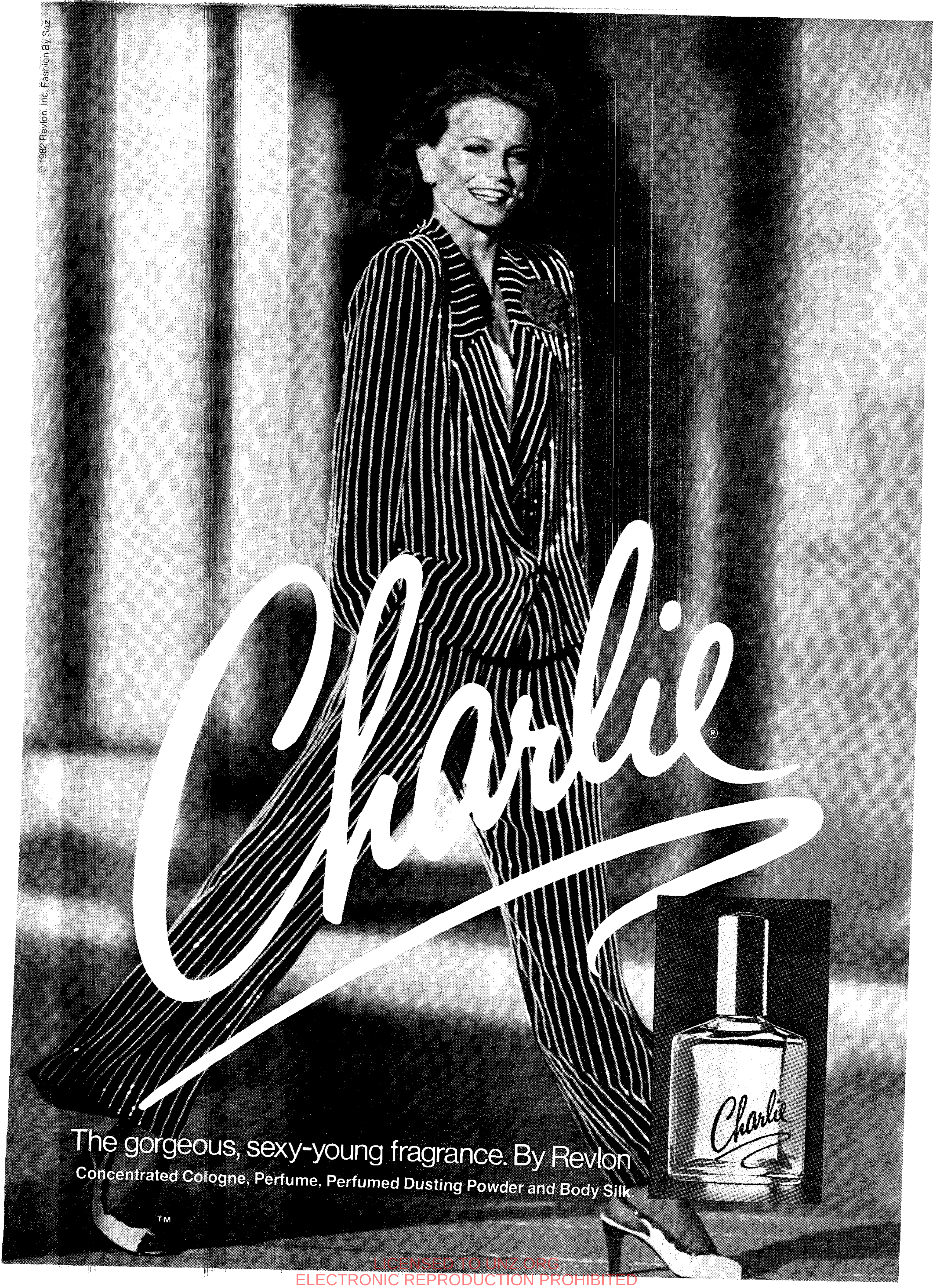
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is Jane Marla Robbins, and Kevin O'Connor, Miss Robbins, and Richard Council are the entire cast. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 27: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 30: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

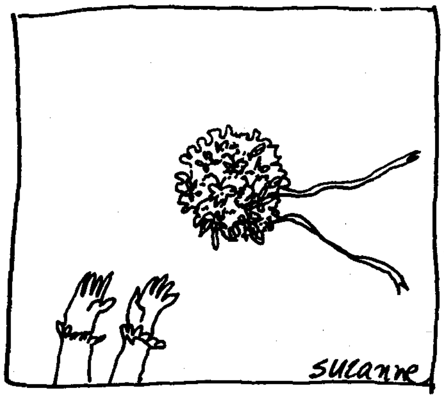
Medea—The ancient, up-to-the-minute tragedy by Euripides is a stirring production that stars Zoe Caldwell. Robert Whitehead directed. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **ABERCROMBIE APOCALYPSE,** a play by Paul Carter Harrison. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 757-2410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Play Me a Country Song—A musical by Jay Broad (book), Harry Manfredini (music), and John R. Briggs (lyrics). Milton Moss is the director. Previews through Saturday, June 26. Opens officially on Sunday, June 27. (Virginia Theatre, formerly the ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Nightly, except Thursday, June 24, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serious Bizness—An entry in the Lunchtime Humorists Series at American Place. This little show, written and performed by David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, Jill Larson, and Don Perman, is as frisky and humorous as anything in town. Running time, one hour. Ken Uy is the lively pianist. (6/21/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1, and Wednesdays at noon.)

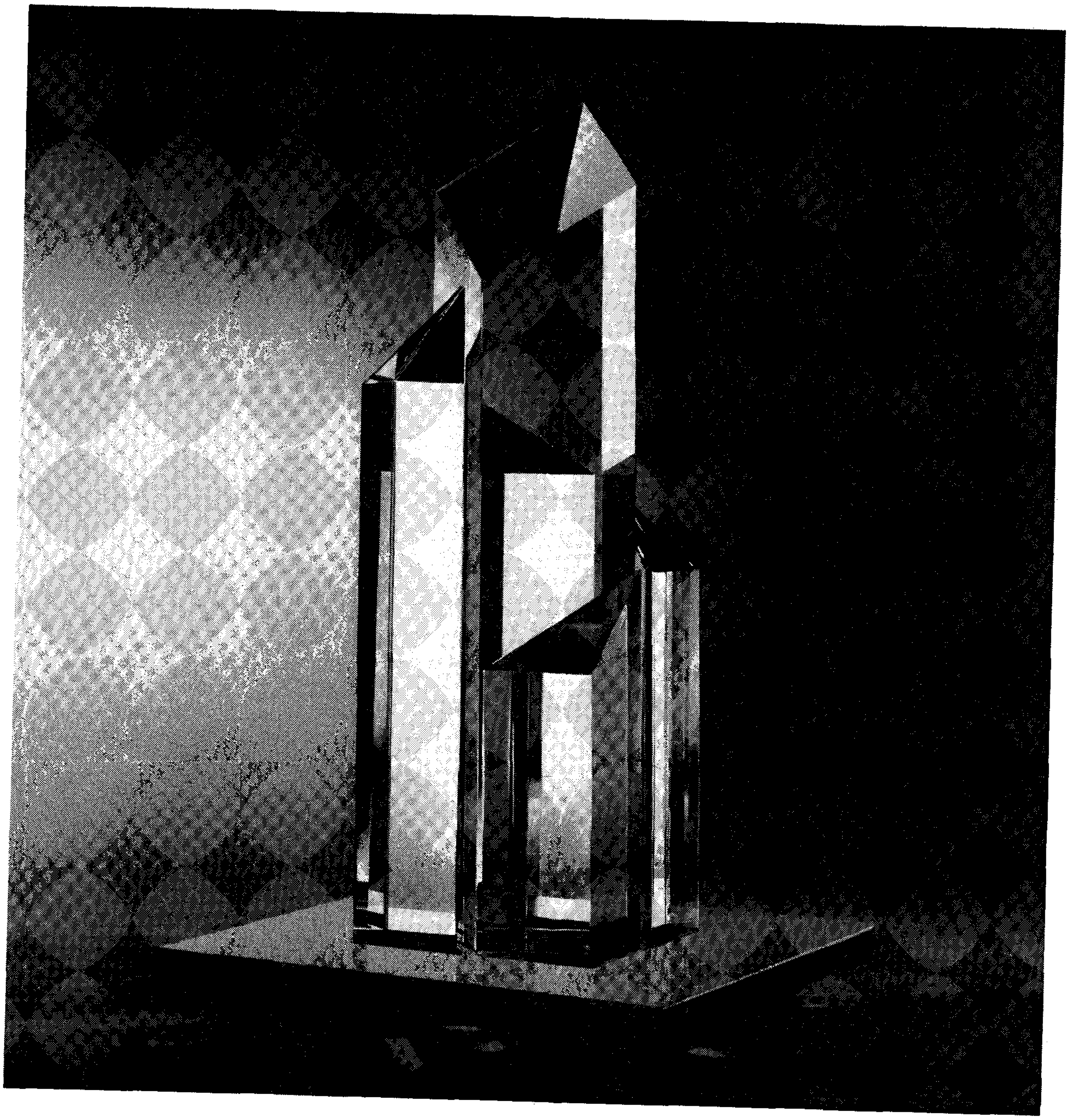
The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs—A dramatic curiosity, and a fascinating one, about a Victorian waif who disguises herself as a man and works a lifetime as a waiter in an Irish hotel. The play was adapted from George Moore's short story by Simone Benmussa, of Paris, who also directed and designed the beautiful production. Among the good actors are Glenn Close, Pippa Pearthree, and Anna Levine. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30. Closes Saturday, July 10.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Total Abandon—A work-in-progress by Larry Atlas, directed by Jack Hofsiss. With Jeffrey DeMunn, John Heard, Michael Lerner, and W. B. Brydon. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 807-0006. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** The musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,216 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Wanda Richert. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Singing better than she has ever sung before, Miss Horne gives one of the most sensational performances in recent years. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8; final performance Wednesday, June 30, at 7.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sun-



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 3 and Wednesday, June 30, at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gary Sandy, Kaye Ballard, Patrick Cassidy, George Rose, Tony Azito, and Maureen McGovern in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. Starting Tuesday, June 29, Pam Dawber will replace Miss McGovern for three weeks. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by *Raoul Pène du Bois.* (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** A musical designed from start to finish to show off the multifarious talents of Lauren Bacall, who for energy and reliability is right up there with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. Starting Tuesday, June 29, Raquel Welch will replace Miss Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes overwhelm the Yankees. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—*Wednesday evening, June 23:* "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Four Chamber Works," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 24: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 25: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Norwegian Moods," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 26: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Four Chamber Works," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 26: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Duo Concertant," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 27: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," "In G Major," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 27: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Norwegian Moods," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 29: "Apollo," "Four Chamber Works," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 30: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Chaconne."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

¶ Thursday evening, July 1: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 2: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Tango," "Elégie," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Variations," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 3: "Serenade," "Piano-Rag-Music," "Tango," "Elégie," "Variations," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 3: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Pastorale," "Serenade en La," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 4.)

Royal Danish Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, June 23, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 24-25 at 8, and Saturday, June 26 at 2: "A Folk Tale." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26 at 8: "A Folk Tale" and Act III of "Napoli." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, June 23, at 8: "Theatre," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 2: "Scenes," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8: "The Consort," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 2: "Theatre," "At Midnight," and "Half Time." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 7:30: "Play Bach," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 8: "Cave of the Heart," "Andromache's Lament" (première), and "Frescoes." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 8, and Sunday, June 27, at 7:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Andromache's Lament," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 2: "Primitive Mysteries," "Frescoes," and "Dark Meadow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Bernice Johnson Dance Company—With Shirley Black-Brown and Christian Holder. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, June 26, at 9.)

Pearl Lang Dance Company—Five performances of an unnamed work (première), "Chanele the Orphan," and "The Tailor's Megillah." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday through Saturday, June 29-July 3, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** will head up a quartet; on Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. **KENNY BURRELL,** the lyrical, hard-bopping guitarist, performs with his trio through Sunday, June 27; on Monday, June 28, alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS'** quartet will be on the stand; and beginning Tuesday, June 29, cool-school trumpeter and vocalist **CHET BAKER** will lead his quartet. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and what's more, the shows usually begin on time. Wednesday, June 23, the Bongos; Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, singer and songwriter **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III;** Tuesday, June 29, bassist and singer **RICK DANKO;** Wednesday, June 30, rockabilly singer Marshall Crenshaw; and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Roomful of Blues and the **BIG SKY MUDFLAPS,** a Montana-based folk-and-swing sextet that features singer **JUDY RODERICK.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile all-star music. The current piano-bass lineup: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, June 26, and **TEDDY WILSON** and **TEDDY WILSON, JR.,** beginning Monday, June 28. Sundays belong to pianist **LARRY WILLIS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYONS,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and the more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music

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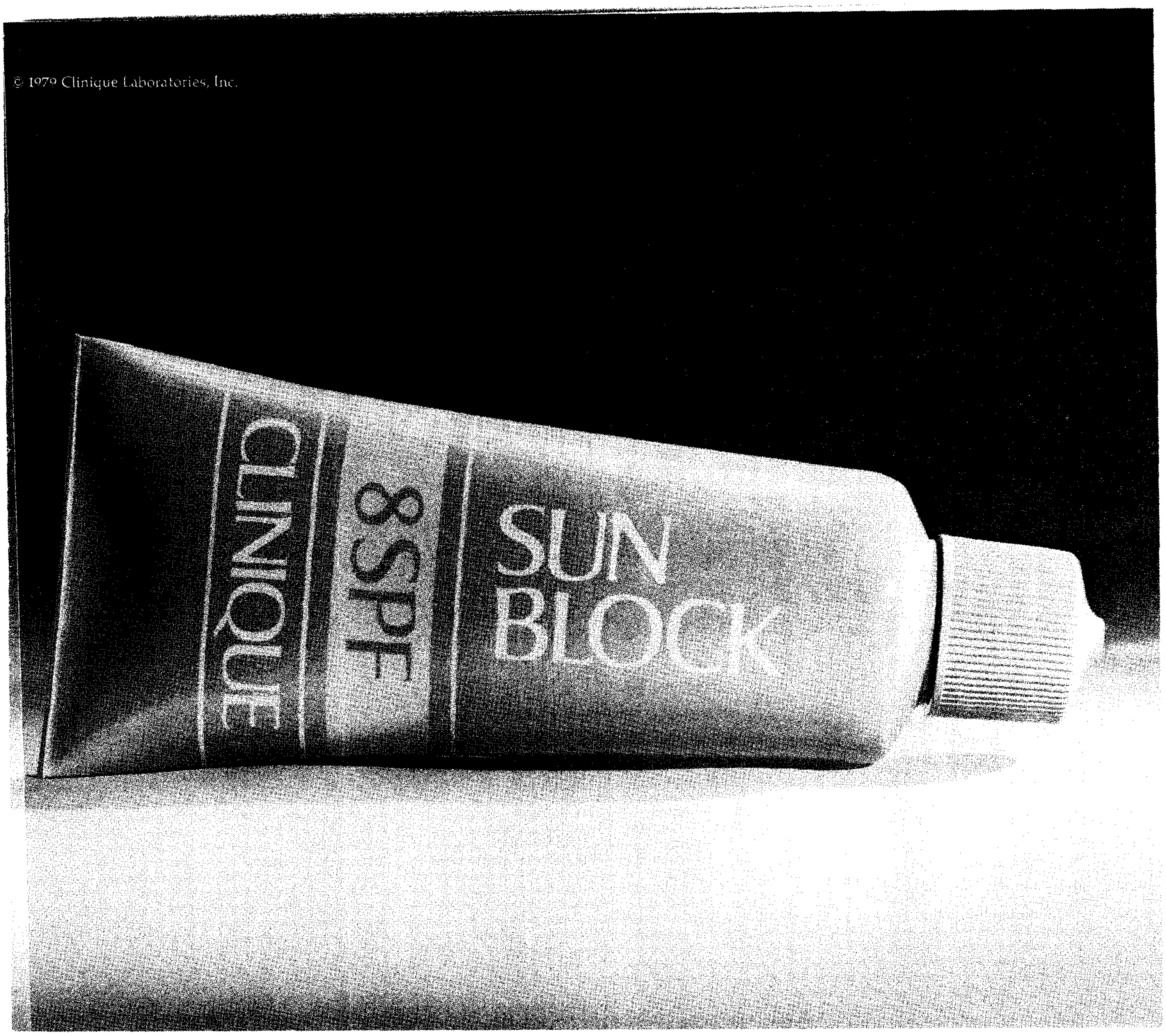

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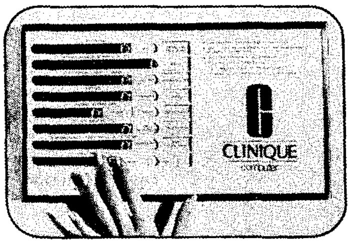

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his seamless infield, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**, through Saturday, June 26; shows begin at ten and midnight. Starting Sunday, June 27, pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will take over with her bassist, **STEVE LA SPINA**; their schedule runs Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, a singer and pianist who sometimes gets a look of wild delight on her face while she's at her nimble work, can be heard from nine-thirty every night but Sunday in the Bemelmans Bar.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS**, a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between eight and midnight nightly except Sundays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, June 23, Yap Yap Research, Male Model, Soviet Sex, and the Kool-Rays; Thursday, June 24, Richard Lloyd, the Arthur Monroe Zone, Candy Apple, and Going Straight; and Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, DNA, Rudolf Grey, and Public Servants. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining, you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO**, who sings Brazilian and American standards as well as an occasional funky number in her cool, clear, nondramatic voice, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Sundays and Mondays belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The schedule: Wednesday, June 23, Frank Harte & Mick Moloney; Saturday, June 26, Easy on the Tuba; Wednesday, June 30, Robbie O'Connell & James Keane; and Saturday, July 3, **FIDDLE FEVER**. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at eight-fifteen.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two; starting Monday, June 28, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will head the band. Wednesdays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, June 27, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will guide a quartet at nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A mini-festival lineup: Wednesday, June 23, saxophonist **PAUL WINTER** with percussionist **GUILHERME FRANCO** and his samba band; Thursday, June 24, the **TEDDY WILSON** duo and the **ADAM MAKOWICZ** duo; Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, **JOHNNY HARTMAN** and **MARLENE VER PLANK** singing with a quartet; Sunday, June 27 (at eight and eleven), Gallery and Paradise; Monday, June 28, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE**; Tuesday through Friday, June 29-July 2, saxophonist-composer **BENNY GOLSON** with **ART FARMER, CURTIS FULLER, ALBERT HEATH, MICKEY TUCKER**, and **RUFUS REID**; and Saturday, July 3, tenor saxophonists **CLIFFORD JORDAN, DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, and **CHARLIE ROUSE** with a rhythm section composed of **HANK JONES, RUFUS REID**, and **AL FOSTER**. The first set begins about nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Wednesday, June 23, Kevin Burke and Michael O'Domhnaill; Thursday, June 24, Marty Cutler & Charged Particles; Friday, June 25, Chris Smither and Catfish Hodge; Saturday, June 26, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki & the Golden Dragon; Sunday, June 27, **COUNTRY JOE MC DONALD** (at eight and eleven); Wednesday, June 30, Magenta Rose; and Thursday, July 1, Ruby and Snapshots. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Through Saturday, June 26, the New Christy Minstrels; Monday through Wednesday, June 28-30, singer **ETTA JONES** and saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON**; and Thursday through Saturday, July 1-3, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe. On Sundays, Kenia, a Brazilian-jazz singer, performs with a combo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thirty, and two. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio on Mondays and Tuesdays. Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist Scott Hardy, pianist Harris Simon, bassist Steve Alcott, and singer Alicia Sherman have the floor. Both these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when Kitt Moran sings with pianist Mike Moran.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—The plaza is the open-air terrace that wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern. **MAJOR HOLLEY**, the bassist who hums while he bows his bass, is here with a pianist through Saturday, June 26; on Tuesday, June 29, Leslie Pintchik will begin leading a trio. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. Pianist **JOHNNY GUARNIERI** has settled in at the dining-room grand to perform Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO** will be on hand with his group, which will feature singer **ANGELA SUAREZ**. Thursdays are the property of a young octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—tenor saxophonist **ION MUNIZ**, bassist **SERGIO BRANDÃO**, guitarist **DATCHA**, percussionists **CYRO BAPTISTA, DUDUCA FONSECA, TONY NOGUEIRA**, and **JORGE SILVA**, and trombonist **DAVID SACKS** (can you guess which band member isn't Brazilian?)—which plays satisfyingly wild sambas. Music from about eighty-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

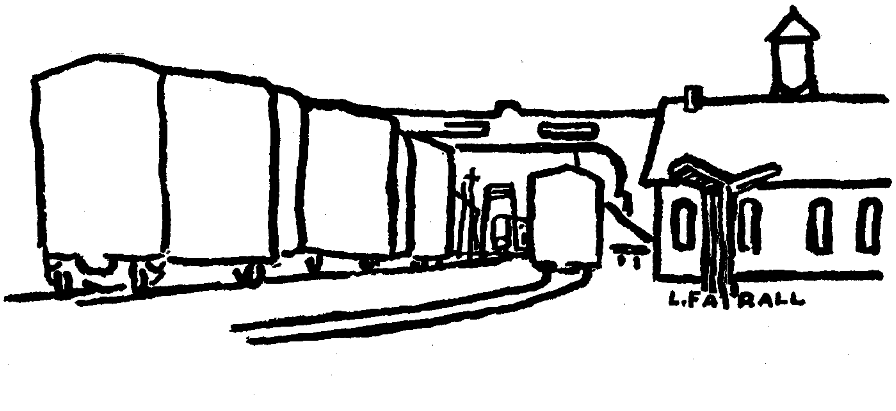
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** is the current pianist on the Tuesday-through-Saturday shift; he works with bassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, June 26, and with bassist **CECIL MC BEE** from Tuesday, June 29. The Sunday-and-Monday piano-bass duties are carried out by **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, June 23, Birdie Higgins and **TOMPALL GLASER & THE GLASER BROTHERS**; Sunday, June 27, Iron Butterfly and Morning; Monday, June 28, Ronee Blakley and the Wright Brothers; and Tuesday, June 29, Chicago blueswoman **KOKO TAYLOR**. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Guitarist **JOE PASS**, who is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the nonplaying laity—performs through Saturday, June 26; Monday, June 28, will belong to guitarist **JACK WILKINS**, a flashy but wonderful soloist; and starting Tuesday, June 29, the **CECIL TAYLOR UNIT** will move in. On Sundays, pianist and composer **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS** will guide a thirteen-piece orchestra. Sets begin at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room in this restaurant of many rooms (take a right, then a left to get to it) presents **CARMEN MC RAE**, who sings here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY**, drummer **SHELLEY MANNE**, and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** collaborate through Saturday, June 26; on Tuesday, June 29, pianist **DICK HYMAN** will arrive with guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**. Shows



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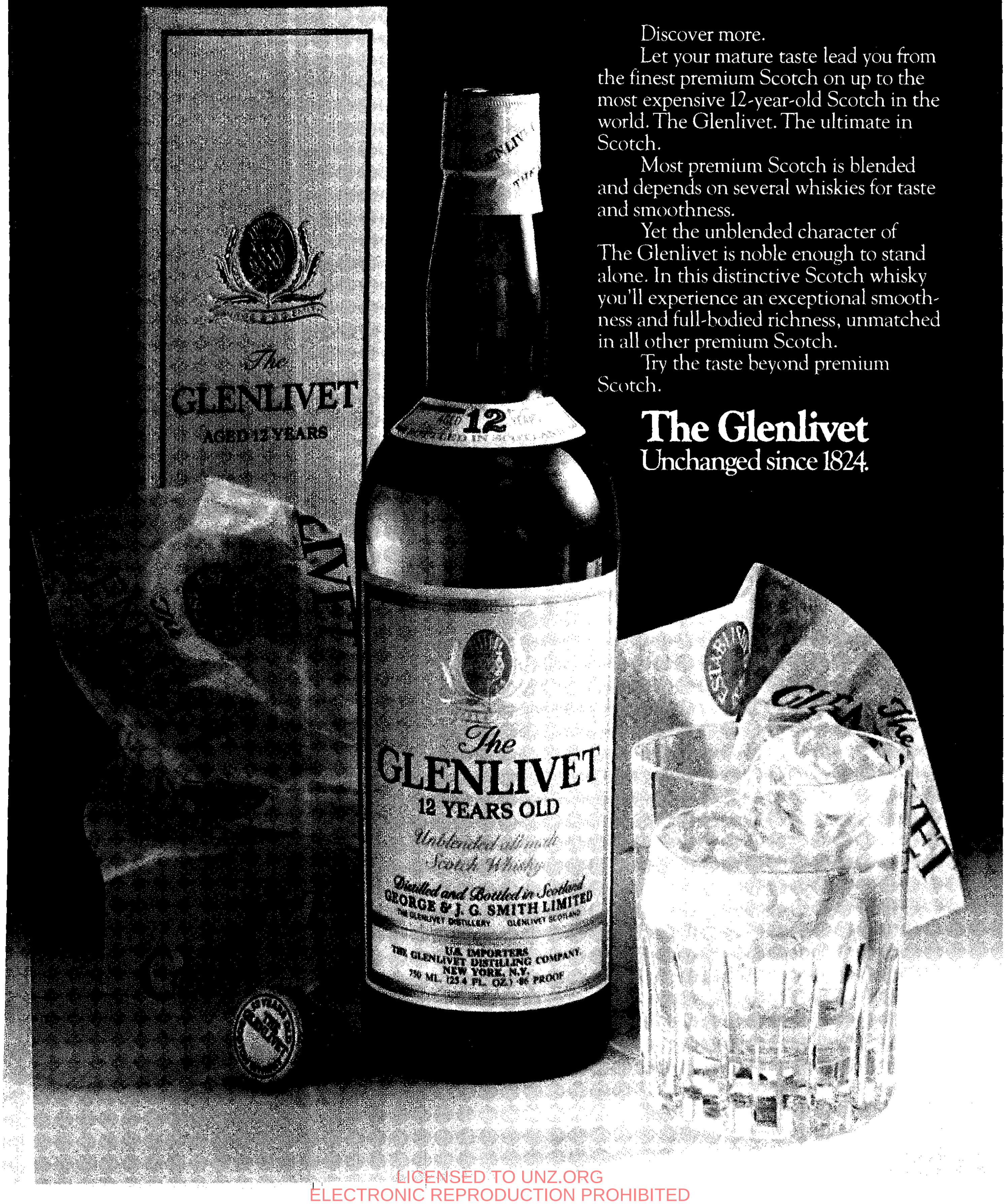
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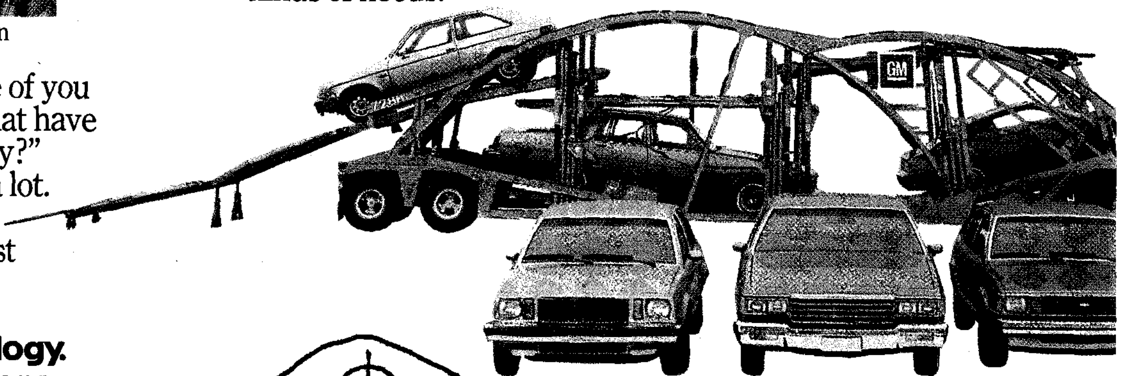

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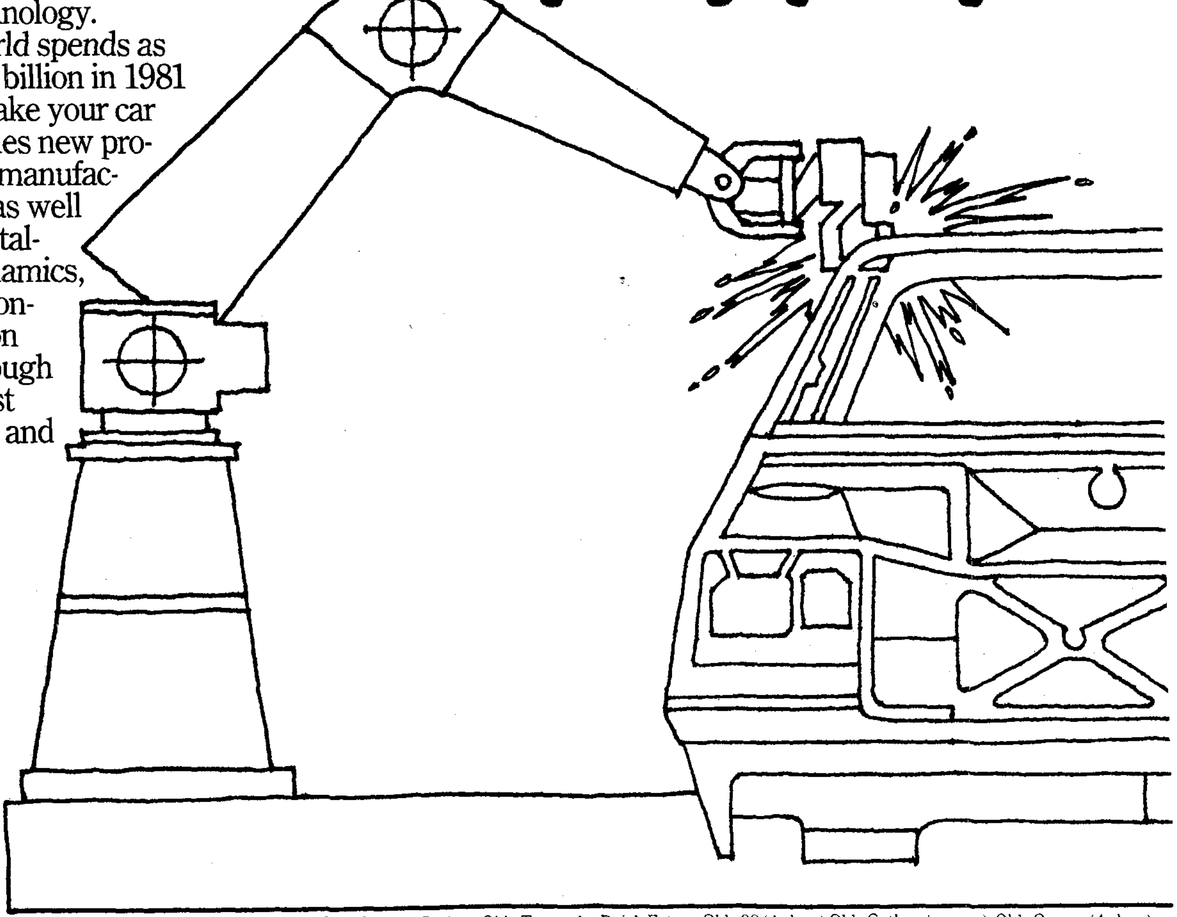

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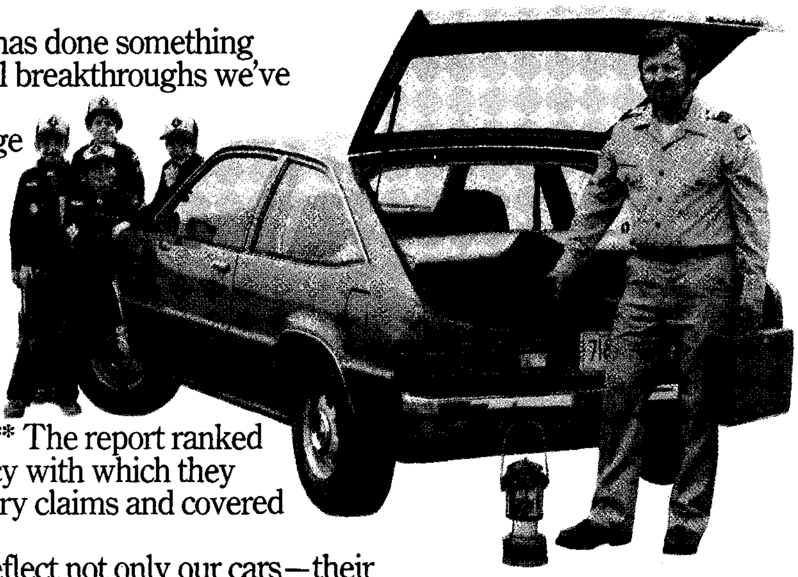

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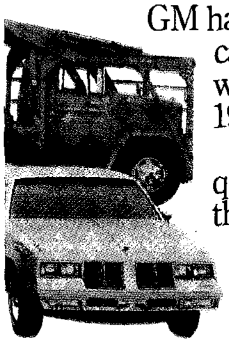

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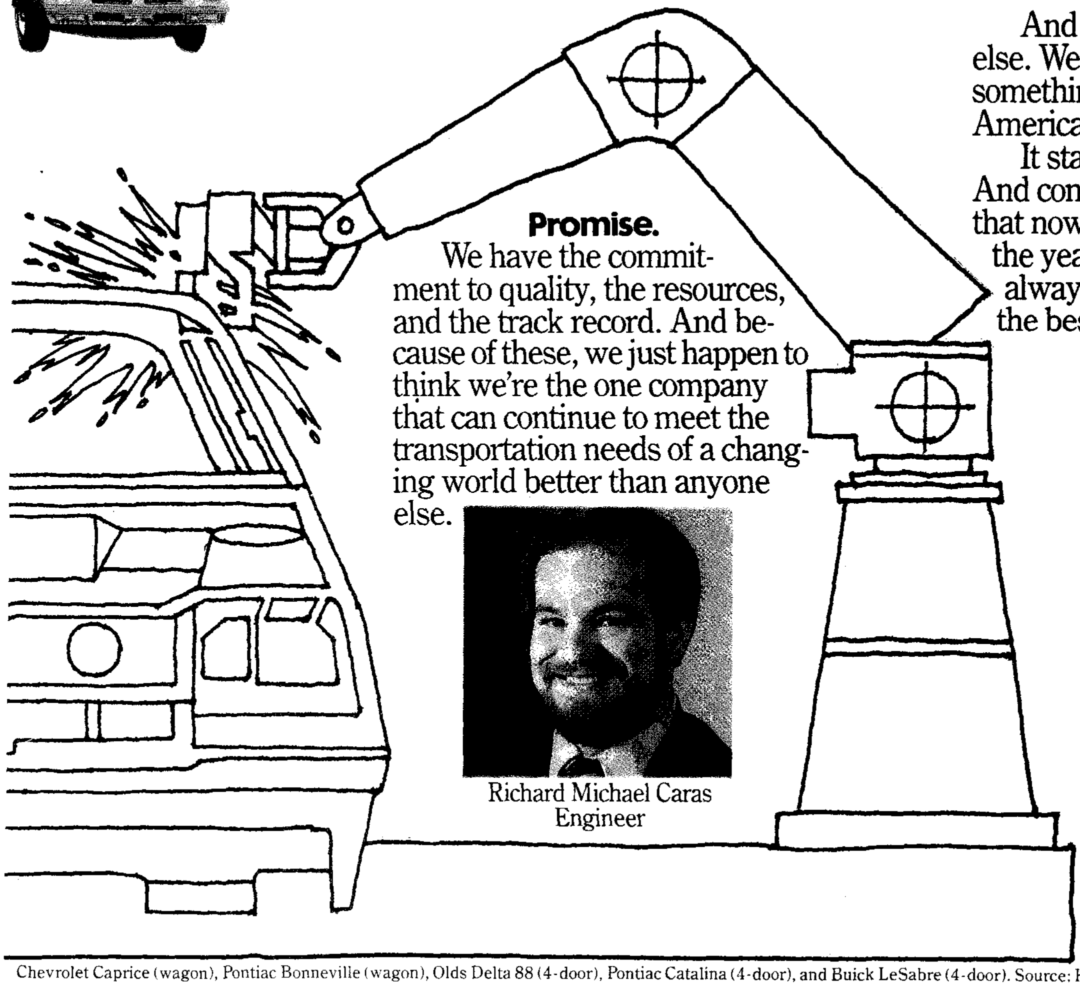

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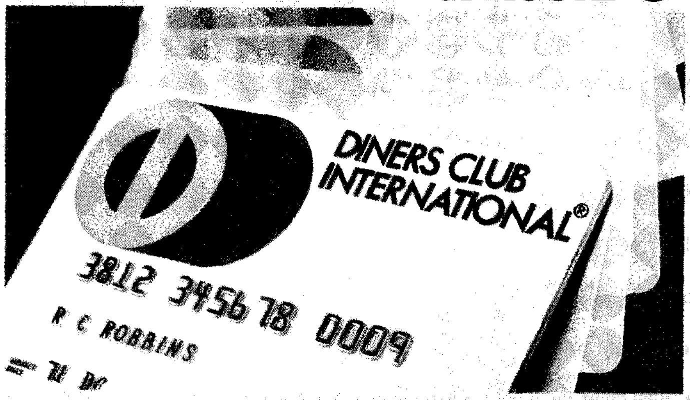

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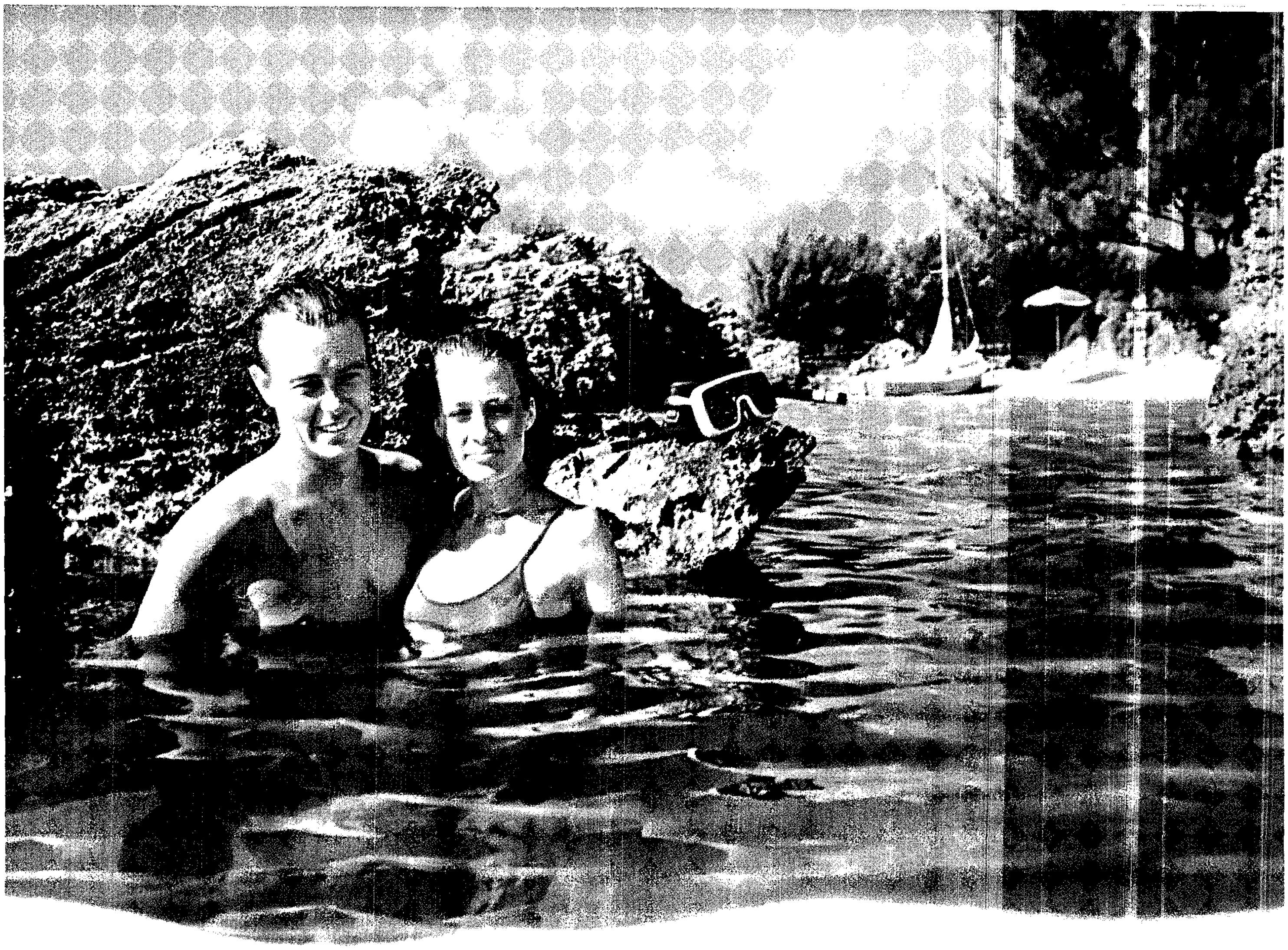

“We sailed to a lovely little Bermuda cove where we were the only couple.”

Scott and Karen Austin Carlson talk about their second visit to Bermuda.

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Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not interplanted with ageratum and marigolds; it is this R. & B. and jazz club. The lineup: Wednesday, June 23, Mark Houllis & Friends; on Sundays, **STRING FEVER,** a fourteen-piece string ensemble plus drummer which plays swing music. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The schedule: Wednesday, June 23, Harriet Leider and Sherri Hodes; Thursday, June 24, rock singer Ronnie Spector; Friday through Sunday, June 25-27, rock singer and songwriter **JONATHAN RICHMAN;** Tuesday, June 29, Steeple Chase; Wednesday, June 30, B. Willie Smith and Nonnie & the Onnies; Thursday, July 1, Nitesprite and Becky Curtis; Friday, July 2, jazz guitarist **EMILY REMLER;** and Saturday, July 3, Aztec Two-Step. Shows Tuesdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a bouncy dance septet under the direction of the sagacious trumpeter **SY OLIVER,** who was a singer and the chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band in the thirties. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, June 23, the Angelic Upstarts; Friday, June 25, Phil Seymour; Saturday, June 26, the **UPTOWN HORNS** and the Dance; Monday, June 28, Vōg and the Hooks; Tuesday, June 29, Chris Moffa; Thursday, July 1, the **AVERAGE WHITE BAND;** Friday, July 2, the **BUSH TETRAS;** and Saturday, July 3, Cameo. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Lately, it could be renamed the House of Tributes. The current tribute honors Frank Loesser. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley perform his songs through Saturday, June 26. Shows begin at nine-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, June 23, David Earle Johnson; Thursday through Sunday, June 24-27, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **PETER DONALD;** Tuesday, June 29, Ear Candy; Wednesday, June 30, pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT,** bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ,** and drummer **PETER ERSKINE.**

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Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can actually make one grateful for the age of the long, extended solo, will lead his trio; on Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, pianist **TEDDY WILSON** will drop by with a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

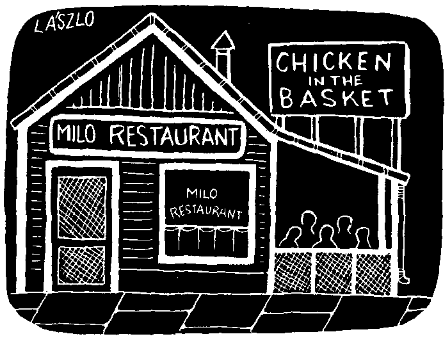
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine room. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays hard-swinging bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, winds up a week on Saturday, June 26; on Sunday and Monday, June 27-28, Bishop Norman Williams will be present; and starting Tuesday, June 29, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** will work with a truly great rhythm section—**KENNY BARRON, BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and **BEN RILEY.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, with Johnny Dollar & the Scan'lous band, and on Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, with Queen Sylvia Embry. **CHARLES BROWN,** a mellifluous R. & B. singer and red-hot piano pounder, will perform on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26. Tuesday nights, you'll find the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue soul nonet, setting fire to James Brown's "The Chicken," Steely Dan's "Peg," "Night Train" (that high-school stage-band chestnut), and Jackie Wilson's "Baby Work Out." Shows begin sometime after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, June 23, veteran rock singer and pianist **AL KOOPER** and Leslie Chase & the Chase Manhattan Boys; Thursday, June 24, **AL KOOPER** and Nancy West & the Trouble Boys; Friday, June 25, Armband and the Vanishing Breed; Saturday, June 26, Jail Bait and Regina Richards; Monday, June 28, David Hemmings and Doug Wayne & the Demos; Wednesday, June 30, Allan Holdsworth and Jama Jillio; Thursday, July 1, Bootcamp; and Friday, July 2, Park Rowe and Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine for exuberant audiences; on June 28, **RAY BARRETTO'S** band and **ROLAND VAZQUEZ'S** band will trade sets, and saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** will be the guest soloist. In the Top of the Gate, Fridays at ten and Saturdays at midnight are now devoted to the comedy of David Frye. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described his world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **JOHN HICKS** heads a fine sextet through Sunday, June 27; on Tuesday, June 29, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will arrive with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.



Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Bassist **BRIAN TORFF'S** trio is here through Sunday, June 27; on Tuesday, June 29, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will come in with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND.** Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands, of icicle-like glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, bebopping pianist Muni Mikami has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON,** a swing and R. & B. tenor player, guides a quartet through Saturday, June 26; Sunday through Tuesday, June 27-29, will be given over to Lenny Popkin; Wednesday, June 30, the Victor Lesser quintet will occupy the bandstand; and on Thursday, July 1, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will bring in his band. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** plays duets with bassist **JAY LEONHART** through Saturday, June 26; Monday through Thursday, June 28-July 1, will belong to pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN;** and Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, **NORMAN SIMMONS** will be at the keyboard. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Tommy Flanagan—Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 24, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band—With the Artimus Pyle band. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Kool Jazz Festival—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; the State University of New York, at Purchase; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 20, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 25, at 5: Art Hodes, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 7 and 10:30: Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson, with Panama Francis and the Stan Getz quartet. (Carnegie Hall.) ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8: The Great Quartet—McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, Elvin Jones, and Ron Carter—and the Max Roach Double Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ¶ Saturday, June 26, from 2 to 11. More than a hundred and fifty performers will, at some time or another, preside over the stage, among them Frank Foster and the Loud Minority, the Dorothy Donegan trio, the Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet, and the Paquito d'Rivera quintet. (State University of New York, at Purchase.) ¶ Saturday, June 26, from 4 to 10: "Piano Spectacular," with Art Hodes, Dick Hyman, Roland Hanna, John Bunch, and others. (Waterloo Village.) ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 5. Anne Marie Moss. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7 "Jazz & World Music," with Paul Horn,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rainbow, Codona, and Karl Berger's Music Universe Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8: Nancy Wilson and Joe Williams, with Nat Adderley, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, and Clark Terry (Carnegie Hall.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, from 1 to 9· The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, Doc Cheatham's All-Stars, Bucky and John Pizzarelli, Dick Sudhalter, and others. (Waterloo Village.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, from 2 to 11 Scores of participants, including the Gerry Mulligan quartet, the Roy Haynes Ensemble, the Nat Adderley quintet, the Dave Burrell sextet, and the Janet Lawson quintet. (State University of New York, at Purchase.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 2 Dick Hyman playing the music of Fats Waller and W C Handy on the organ. (*All Saints Church, Madison* Ave. at 129th St.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 5 "Friends of Alec Wilder," with Eileen Farrell, Mabel Mercer, Marian McPartland, Ellis Larkins, the Loonis McGlohon trio, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 8: Jaco Pastorius and the Word of Mouth Big Band, with Toots Thielemans. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 9: The Buddy Rich orchestra, with Mel Tormé, Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims, Jo Jones, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) .. ¶ Monday, June 28, at 5: Dolo Coker, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 6: Mabel Mercer and Eileen Farrell. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 7: The Phil Woods quartet and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 9: Count Basie and his orchestra and the Sy Oliver orchestra. (Roseland Ballroom.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 5: Mal Waldron, solo piano. (Forum Room, New York Sheraton Hotel.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 5: The David Murray octet and the Henry Threadgill septet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 8: Mel Tormé, the Gerry Mulligan orchestra, and George Shearing and Don Thompson in a tribute to Gene Krupa, Willard Robison, and Antonio Carlos Jobim. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 9: The World Saxophone Quartet, the Four Brothers, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

CATHY ROSE SALIT and **JUDY GORMAN-JACOBS**—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Friday, June 25, at 10:45.

PIANO IN THE FOREGROUND—The Duke Ellington Society annual concert, this one featuring pianists Patti Bown, Roland Hanna, Eddie Heywood, Adam Makowicz, Ram Ramirez, and Randy Weston in a program of Ellington and Billy Strayhorn works. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. Sunday, June 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

IRON MAIDEN—With the Rods. (Palladium. Tuesday, June 29, at 8.)

JOHN KAY & STEPPENWOLF—With Franke & the Knockouts. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, July 1, at 8.)

AFRO BRAZILIAN / INDO-JAZZ FUSIONS—Steven Gorn, Stan Strickland, Arooj Lazewal, Mike Richmond, Badal Roy, and Nana Vasconcelos. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, July 2, at 8.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ray Mantilla & the New Space Station and the Eddie Gomez–Jeremy Steig duo. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PAULA BUCKWELL—Realist paintings. Through Friday, June 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

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ROBERT DONLEY—Recent paintings and drawings. Through July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

SHEILA GIRLING—Abstract acrylics. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

CHAIM GROSS—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through July 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARGARET PRIEST—Precisionist drawings, in pencil on handmade paper, of architectural subjects. Through July 9. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

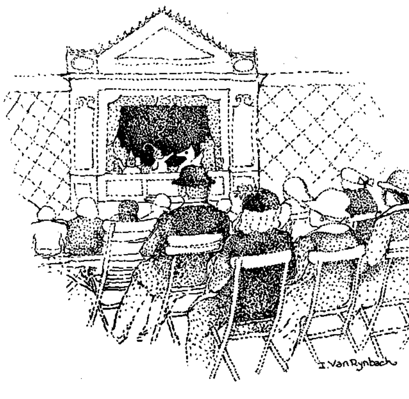
EDWARD SCHMIDT—Allegorical paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

RANDALL TIMMONS—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including Robert Henri, Joseph Cornell, Childe Hassam, and Georgia O'Keeffe. . . . ¶ In another room, there are works on paper by gallery artists, among them Jeffrey Kronsnoble, Lionel Kalish, and Fritz Scholder. Through Friday, July 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Gallery regulars Romare Bearden, Howard Newman, Margaret Israel, and others showing paintings and sculptures. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries" is the title for a show of paintings by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel—who share similar themes. Through Friday, June 25. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists, among them Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Antonio Segui. Through Thursday, July 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALANDER-O'REILLY,** 22 E. 80th St.: Welded-aluminum sculptures by William Noland, paintings on paper by Walter Darby Bannard, and drawings by Arshile Gorky are among the many works on view. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **URDANG,** 23 E. 74th St.: Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures, all from the past decade, by Pinchas Cohen Gan, Kay Walking-Stick, Karen Shaw, and others. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

GLEN BAXTER—Drawings (with captions) done in a humorous vein by a British artist. Through Friday, July 2. (Jacobson-Hochman, 25 W. 56th St Closed Mondays; open Saturday June 26.)



BARTON LIDICÉ BENEŠ—*Recent collages, including* one consisting of pieces snipped at random from original works by other artists (Picasso, Christo, Warhol, Chagall), affixed to black velvet, and then laid out on a grid format Through Friday, July 2 (Markel, 50 W 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER / DAVID HOCKNEY—Recent oils. / Standard-sized Polaroids (of people and studio interiors) arranged so that larger, Cubist portraits and studio still-lifes result. Through Friday, June 25 (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

FRANCO CIARLO—Recent works. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

WILLARD DIXON / PETER LOFTUS—Romantic oil paintings of the Northern California landscape. / A second California painter, this one showing coastal views of the Año Nuevo wildlife preserve. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

WIFREDO LAM—Early paintings and works on paper by a Surrealist. Through Saturday, June 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALICE TRUMBULL MASON (1904-71) **AND EMILY MASON**—Abstract paintings by a mother and daughter. Through July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. *57th* St.)

ELIE NADELMAN (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through July 16. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

JUDITH NELSON—Recent abstract paintings: *translucent geometric shapes superimposed* over grids of dots. Through Saturday, June 26. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

MIMMO PALADINO—Drawings, some incorporating papier-mâché. Through Friday, July 2 (Goodman, 25 W. 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

ST. CLAIR SULLIVAN / HITCH LYMAN—Oils of dancing figures. / Watercolors of Greece and Turkey. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—Works on paper in mixed mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who often leans heavily on bright red and dead black. Through Friday, June 25. (Del Re, 41 E. *57th* St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and other gallery artists showing new material. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Richard Bosman, Martha Diamond, Ken Goodman, Richard Mock, and Judy Rifka. Through Friday, July 2. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through July 30. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 26.) . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Kiki Smith and Justen Ladda (paintings), Rebecca Howland (sculptures), and John Fekner (small-scale wall pieces fashioned from plaques) are some *of the artists whose works are on view, all of* which make political statements about the uses and abuses of nature. Through Saturday, July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 25 W. 56th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Eugène Mihaesco, Egon Schiele, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists James Brooks, Biala, Reuben Nakian, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HABER THEODORE,** 29 W. 57th St.: Works in clay by Betty Woodman, Graham Marks, Maryann Harman, James Makins, and four others. Through Saturday, June 26. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: New York is the subject of prints by John Sloan, Jerome Myers, Glenn Coleman,

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and others. Through Wednesday, June 30. . . . **MARLBOROUGH,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, primarily from the past couple of years, by Europeans (Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi) and Americans (David Salle, Julian Schnabel). Seventeen artists in all. Through July 9. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes and interiors by Isabel Bishop, William Thon, William Palmer, Paul Cadmus, Margit Varga, and other gallery artists. Through July 30. . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Abstract landscape paintings by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and works on paper by Thornton Willis and Carol Haerer, and a sculpture in mixed mediums by George Mayocole. Through Friday, June 25. (Opens at noon.) . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: Three adherents of Constructivism—Vivien Abrams, Terry Lee Dill, and Peter Shire—exhibiting works in various mediums. Through Tuesday, June 29. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists whose abstract paintings are on view. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Troy Brauntuch / Matt Mullican—Photographs. / Paintings and banners. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Keith Haring—An expanded version of an installation from his "fireworks" series, which was exhibited at the Hirshhorn Museum. Some of its spinning blades and motors are in constant motion. / Commercial color posters of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, altered with black sumi ink. Through Saturday, June 26. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Italo Scanga / Dale Chihuly—Recent glass and wood-and-metal sculptures. Also, drawings. / Abstract glass sculptures. Through Saturday, June 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

James Tucker—Representational paintings of beach scenes. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL,** 383 West Broadway: Paintings by nine artists in this gallery's invitational summer show: Mike Howard, Ellen Lanyon, Susan R. Laufer, Nachume Miller, and others. Through July 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway: New works by gallery artists, including Stella, Rosenquist, and Lichtenstein. Through Sept. 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by a dozen artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through Saturday, June 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St.: Eighteen artists have paintings, drawings, and prints that as a body are described by the gallery as "urban and aggressive." Jane Dickson, Jonathan Borofsky, David Wojnarowicz, others. Through July 16. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Works in a variety of mediums by artists on this gallery's roster, including Jean Michel Basquiat, Mike Glier, and K. H. Hödicke. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 392 West Broadway: Paintings in different mediums by Nicholas Africano, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, Robert Kushner, and others. Through Wednesday, June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True, and others. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturday, June 26.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Jacqueline Freedman / Mel Katz—Abstract paintings. / Wood sculptures finished with polychrome. Through Saturday, June 26. (Foundations, 80 Warren St., one block south of Chambers St.)

Al Souza / Mary Stoppert—Boxed assemblages incorporating color snapshots, and works on paper. / A sculptural installation entitled "The Queen's Ring." Through July 29. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens daily, except Sundays, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At **THE DAIRY,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: A single large sculpture, "Galaxy," by Frederick Kiesler and nine sculptures by David Hare; postcard-size collages by John Stalin, a young British artist. Through Aug. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edouard Boubat—More than seventy prints from the past four decades. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

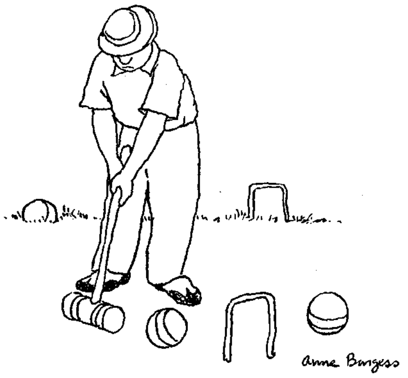
Mitch Epstein / Leon Levinstein—A dozen photographs documenting the filming of "Annie," and prints from a trip to India in 1981. / Scenes of New York during the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Friday, July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Cas Oorthuys (1908-75)—Photographs taken in Amsterdam, 1944-45, during the German occupation. Through July 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays, on Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Phillips—Forty photographs taken in France from 1937 through 1950, by the former *Life* photographer. Through Wednesday, June 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY,** 344 E. 14th St.: Fifty photographers have prints in the gallery's tenth-anniversary exhibition. Through Sept. 12. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgemheim, Alfred Gescheidt, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through July 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan, but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A recent bronze casting of Rodin's monumental "Gates of Hell" is now greeting visitors in the Charles Engelhard Court, and will be doing so for the next nine months. . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through Tuesday, June 29. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Tatyana Grosman's Universal Limited Art Editions workshop. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of ULAE prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show while an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by New York School artists, scheduled to open Thursday, July 1, is being installed. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Starts Thursday, June 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through Sunday, June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through July 5.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through Sunday, June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15 (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45, Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. ¶ Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. Through Aug. 22 ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even inconceivable) material and form, from shell to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. Through Aug. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through Sunday, June 27. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through July 30. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Israel in Antiquity," a new permanent installation of Biblical archeology in which recently excavated jewelry, weaponry, tools, pottery, and other articles dating back as far as three thousand years furnish rooms re-created to resemble those in ancient Lachish and Jerusalem. . . . ¶ A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of books containing the botanical illustrations of Pierre-Joseph Redouté, the French painter whose patrons included Marie Antoinette. Through Aug. 31 . . . ¶ Japan's Tōkaidō Road as depicted in works by two nineteenth-century artists: Hiroshige's woodcuts and Felice A. Beato's hand-tinted photographs. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Thursdays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of recently acquired paintings,

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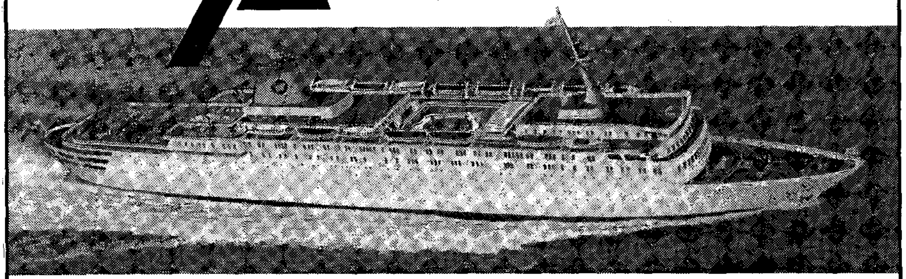

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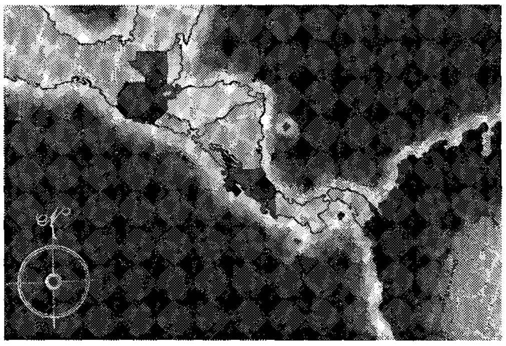

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works on paper, graphics, and photographs by more than twenty-five artists, among them Romare Bearden, Vincent Smith, Edward Clark, Michael Kendall, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe, and others. Through July 23. (Open daily except Saturdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—The opening of the museum's new six-story building is marked by no less than three exhibitions: A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ A show of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Federal Music Society—John Baldon conducting a program of nineteenth-century music performed on musical instruments of the period. (Terrace and Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., Wednesday, June 23, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Gothic Concert—A program of Italian and German baroque music performed by Jaap Schröder and Nelva TeBrake, both baroque violin; Myron Lutzke, baroque cello; and Elaine Thornburgh, harpsichord. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Summermusic at the Y—The first three in a series of six chamber-music programs. The participants will be Jaime Laredo, Dong-Suk Kang, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, Walter Trampler, and Michael Tree, viola; Joel Krosnick and Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, double bass; Marya Martin and Carol Wincenc, flute; Anthony Newman, harpsichord; and Yefim Bronfman, Claude Frank, and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, June 29, at 8, a Schubert-Mendelssohn program; Wednesday, June 30, at 8, an all-Bach program; and Thursday, July 1, at 8, a Beethoven-Ravel-Schoenberg program. Each program will close with a work by an American composer to be announced.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, June 30, at 8.)

Note—*Judith Norell will give a harpsichord recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 7, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, June 28, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.*

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 29—Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Mr. Kalish, and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, in an all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Mr. Kalish, and Miss DeGaetani in a Haydn-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8:30: Lena Horne in a performance of "Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music," the same show that ends its engagement on Broadway a few days earlier. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program, with Dylana Jenson, violin. ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and Louise Schulman, viola, in a program of music by Haydn, Berlioz, Brahms, and Ives. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 4:15: Charles Wuorinen conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a program of music by Ravel, Rossini, Mr. Wuorinen (a première), and Gounod, with David Taylor, bass trombone, and Barbara Allen, harp. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of music by Copland, Gershwin, Ives, and Scott Joplin, with Kathryn Selby, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 23, at 7: Asia. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8:15: Peter Allen. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 7: Joan Baez. . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 7: The Steve Miller band. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **kool jazz festival**—Saturday, July 3, at noon: Didier Lockwood, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie and his orchestra, Maynard Ferguson and his orchestra, Anita O'Day, the Benny Goodman sextet, Roy Haynes, and others. . . . Sunday, July 4, at noon: Ella Fitzgerald, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, George Benson, Herbie Hancock, Gerry Mulligan and his orchestra, Sonny Fortune, and others. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets through June 27, call 977-9020, in New York. For information about tickets to the Kool Jazz Festival concerts, call 787-2020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with six performances by soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, June 29, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, June 30-July 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, July 3, at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

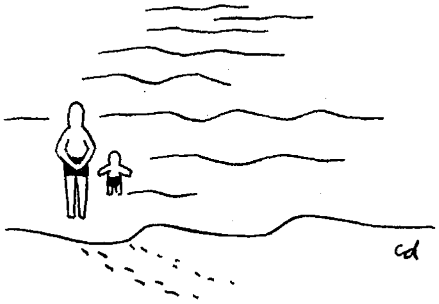
Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, July 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 3, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Thursday through Saturday, June 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, June 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Tuesday through Thursday, June 29-July 1, at 8.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, June 24-27.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 23; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 26; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, June 27; and the True North Handicap, Saturday, July 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 3. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Sunday, June 27.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, June 23, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Edmonton, Sunday, June 27, at 2:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13.



ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, June 23, at 10:15: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 24-25, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints; contemporary prints; American, English, and French decorative prints; and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 26. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, together with paintings and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 10:15 and 2: Books, maps, and letters. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, from the collection of Bob C. Stevens. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, European ceramics, and decorations and clocks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 29, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 24. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 30-July 1, at 2: Americana. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 26. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 10 and 2: Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 10: English and Continental furniture.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Molière's **don juan,** with John Seitz, Roy Brocksmith, and Pamela Payton-Wright, will start on Friday, June 25, and will run through Saturday, July 24. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—The final performance—"Fidelio," with Teresa Kubiak, Robert Nagy, Peter Glossop, Ara Berberian, and Eleanor Bergquist; conducted by Thomas Fulton. (Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Friday, June 25, at 8:30; for a rain date, call 362-6000.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 8: Thiago de Mello and Amazon. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8: Teruo Nakamura and the Rising Sun Band.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Jazz in the Park—John Shaw and Assemblage. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, June 27, at 3.)

New York Grand Opera Company—Vincent La Selva directing the first of three Verdi opera productions, this one "La Traviata," with Patricia Corbett, soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Richard Torigi, baritone. (Central Park Mall. Thursday, July 1, at 8:30.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening performances of the Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, June 23, at 7:30: Gordon Lightfoot and Tom Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 7: Split Enz and Duran Duran. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7: The Outlaws and Duke Jupiter. . . . ¶ Monday, June 28, at 7: Third World and Nona Hendryx & Propaganda. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 30, at 7: Joan Baez. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will start at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets on Sunday, June 27, at 1:30. For information, call 534-1672.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10:30 to 4:30.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through June 27: Preview showings of eleven Japanese films, each of which will have a week's engagement here sometime during the next three months. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.
From June 29: "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947; directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From June 25: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 24: "Quest for Fire" (†); and "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
June 25-July 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
From July 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 24: "Missing" (†).
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 24: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
From June 25: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Kahn" (†).
Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Fabian" (Wolf Gremm; in German), with Hans Peter Hallwachs.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through June 24: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
From June 25: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 24: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
From June 25: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Bolero" (Claude Lelouch; in French and English), with James Caan and Geraldine Chaplin.
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2. "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1. "Star Trek II. The Wrath of Kahn" (†).
Theatre 2 "E.T The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 24: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
From June 25: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Kahn" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Poltergeist" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of ten new animated British films.
Theatre 2: June 23: "Zazie" (1960; directed by Louis Malle; in French), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (1960; Bert Stern), a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials. June 24-26: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca, in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret. June 27-28: "Henry V" (†). June 29-30: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (†) and "Freaks" (†). July 1-3: "42nd Street" (†) and "Singin' in the Rain" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard. From June 25: "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From June 25: "Smash Palace" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. From June 25: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 24: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.
From June 25: "Missing" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 24: "Atlantic City" (†).
From June 25: "Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl," a concert film.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Chariots of Fire" (†). June 25-26: "Manhattan" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). June 27-28: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Sleeper" (†). June 29: "Love and Death" (†) and "Stardust Memories" (†). June 30: "Love and Death" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 1-3: "Bananas" (†) and "Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.
Theatre 2: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura. From June 25 "Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From June 25: "Bambi" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 1. "Poltergeist" (†). From July 2: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 1: "Firefox" (Clint

Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 2 To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 1 "Rocky III" (†). From July 2 To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1 Through June 24 "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 25 "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
Theatre 2 Through June 24: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From June 25 "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1 Through July 1 "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter From July 2 "Chariots of Fire" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
Theatre 2 Through June 24: "Missing" (†) and "Continental Divide" (†). From June 25 "Victor/Victoria" (†); and "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (†); and "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton. From June 25: "Blade Runner" (Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 2: "Author! Author!" (Arthur Hiller), with Al Pacino and Dyan Cannon.
Theatre 3: Through June 24: "Dawn of the Dead" (†); and "Mother's Day" (1980; Charles Kaufman), with Nancy Hendrickson and Deborah Luce. From June 25: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 4: Through June 24: "Missing" (†). From June 25: "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.
Theatre 5: Through June 24: "Quest for Fire" (†). From June 25: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 6: Through June 24: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward. From June 25: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

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Theatre 2 Through June 24 "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone. From June 25 "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 3 "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.
Theatre 4: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1. "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Kahn" (†).
Theatre 2: "Humongous" (Paul Lynch), with Janet Julian and David Wallace.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through June 24: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
From June 25: "Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 24: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Assault with a Deadly Weapon." From June 25: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through June 24: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From June 25: "Megaforce" (Hal Needham), with Barry Bostwick.

REVIVAL HOUSES

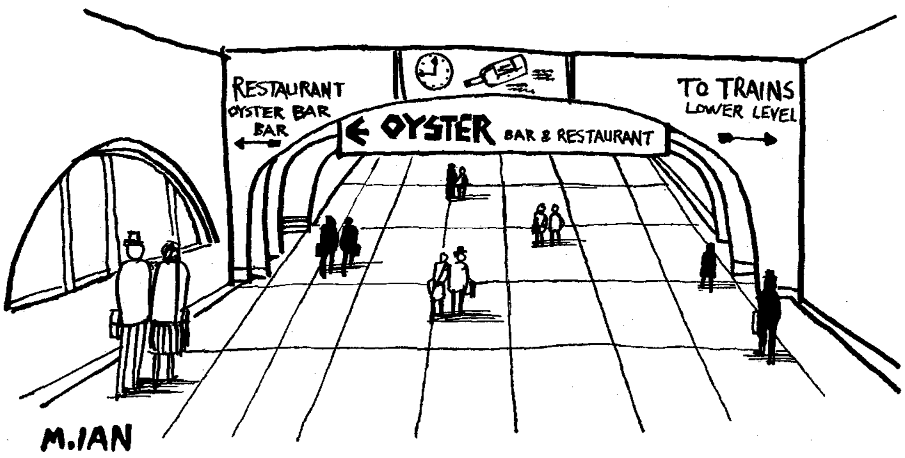
Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 29: "Race d'Ep" ("Homosexual Century;" 1979; directed by Lionel Soukaz and Guy Hocquenghem).
From June 30: "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 23: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre; and "La Jette" (1963; Chris Marker; in French).
June 24: "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck, and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
June 25-26: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971, George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie.
June 27 "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Bedazzled" (1967, Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
June 28: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976; Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland.
June 29: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Rickshaw Man" (1958; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese).
June 30: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961, Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.
July 1: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; and "Quintet" (†).
July 2-3: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 24: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci, in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.
June 25-26: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
June 27: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
June 28: "Camille" (1921; Ray C. Smallwood; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino and Alla Nazimova; and "Anna Christie" (†).
June 29: "The Lady Vanishes" (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.
June 30-July 1: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth, and Leigh Lawson.
July 2-3: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 24: "Debbie Does Dallas" and "Urban Cowgirls." Both X-rated.
June 25-26: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.
June 27-29: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
June 30-July 1: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
July 2-3: "Fritz the Cat" (†) and "Heavy Traffic" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 23: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas; and "Norman . Is That You?" (1976;



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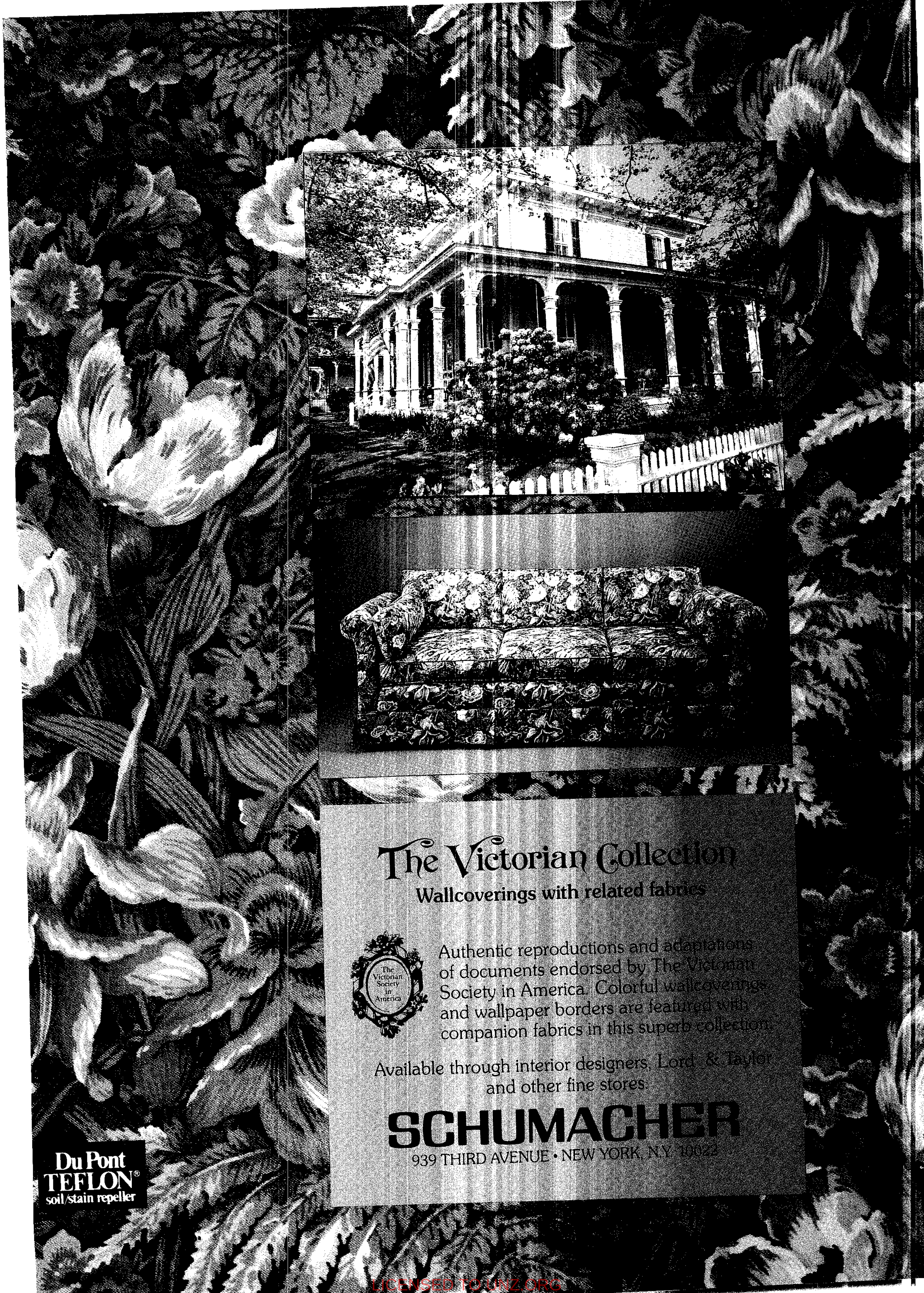

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June 24: "L. A. Plays Itself" and "Sex Garage."

June 25-26: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

June 27: "Word Is Out" (1978), a documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women.

June 28-29: "This Special Friendship" (1967; Jean Delannoy; in French); and "Les Enfants Terribles" (†).

June 30-July 1: "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson; and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald.

From July 2: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 26: "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish.

June 27-29: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers.

June 30-July 3: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 26: "True Confessions" (1981, Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

June 27-29: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.

June 30-July 3: "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif; and "Hello, Dolly!" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 23: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (1945; Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders, and Angela Lansbury.

June 24-26: "The Time Machine" (1960; George Pal), with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.

June 27-28: "Village of the Damned" (†) and "The Haunting" (†).

June 29-30: "Them" (1954; Gordon Douglas), with James Whitmore, Edmund Gwenn, and Joan Weldon; and "Curse of the Demon" (1958; Jacques Tourneur), with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis.

July 1-3: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Yellow Submarine" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 23: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance; and "Angel and the Badman" (1947; James Edward Grant), with John Wayne, Gail Russell, and Bruce Cabot.

June 24: "Force of Evil" (1948; Abraham Polonsky), with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson; "Pitfall" (1948; André de Toth), with Lizabeth Scott and Dick Powell; and "Strangler of the Swamps" (1946), with Rosemary La Planche.

June 25-26: "Cocktail Molotov" (1981; Diane Kurys; in French), with Elise Caron; and "Serie Noire" (1979; Alain Corneau; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Marie Trintignant.

June 27: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, and Lotte Lenya; and "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy.

June 28: "Rock Around the Clock" (†); "Don't Knock the Rock" (1957), with Bill Haley and Alan Dale; and "Rock 'n Roll at the Apollo" (1955), a revue film.

June 29: A program of cartoons.

June 30-July 1: "War and Peace" (1968; Sergei Bondarchuk), with Bondarchuk and Ludmila Savelyeva. Part I will be shown on Wednesday, June 30, and Part II will be shown on Thursday, July 1.

July 2-3: "The Willi Busch Report" (1981; Niklaus Schilling; in German); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 23: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, and Anne Baxter.

June 24: "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan; and "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

June 25-26: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both with Warner Oland as Chan.

June 27: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

June 28: "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Gabriello, Jeanne Marken, and Sylvia Bataille; and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet.

June 29: "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Night and the City" (†).

June 30: "Red-Headed Woman" (†) and "Personal Property" (†).

July 1: "Remember the Night" (1940; Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray; and "Lady of Burlesque" (†).

July 2-3: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. The script is by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; June 27-28.)

Atlantic City (1981)—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews Paramount; through June 24.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Gramercy, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting June 25.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Lincoln Plaza; July 1-3.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (72nd Street East ¶ Murray Hill, and Lincoln Plaza, through June 24 ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 2.)

Continental Divide—John Belushi plays a muckraking Chicago reporter so famous that everyone on the streets knows him, and Blair Brown is a saintly ornithologist who lives on a mountaintop in Colorado studying the American bald eagle. Then the scriptwriter, Lawrence Kasdan, is at an impasse: how can he get these two together in marriage without taking either away from a dedicated endeavor at one particular site? Kasdan has eliminated all the conflicting interests and the psychological impediments to a happy marriage, leaving the physical separation as the only obstacle. There's nothing left for the movie to be about except how the hero and the heroine can conquer space. (And at the end, the picture fudges even this.) The characters' mild quandary drags on and on, while the director, Michael Apted, tries to create a little texture out of the void. What the movie never even whispers (because it would be bad sexual politics) is the simple fact that neither of these people cares enough about the other to give up anything. With Tony Ganios, Allen Goorwitz, Carlin Glynn, and Val Avery (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; through June 24.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (5/18/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 24.)

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Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959 Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Baronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

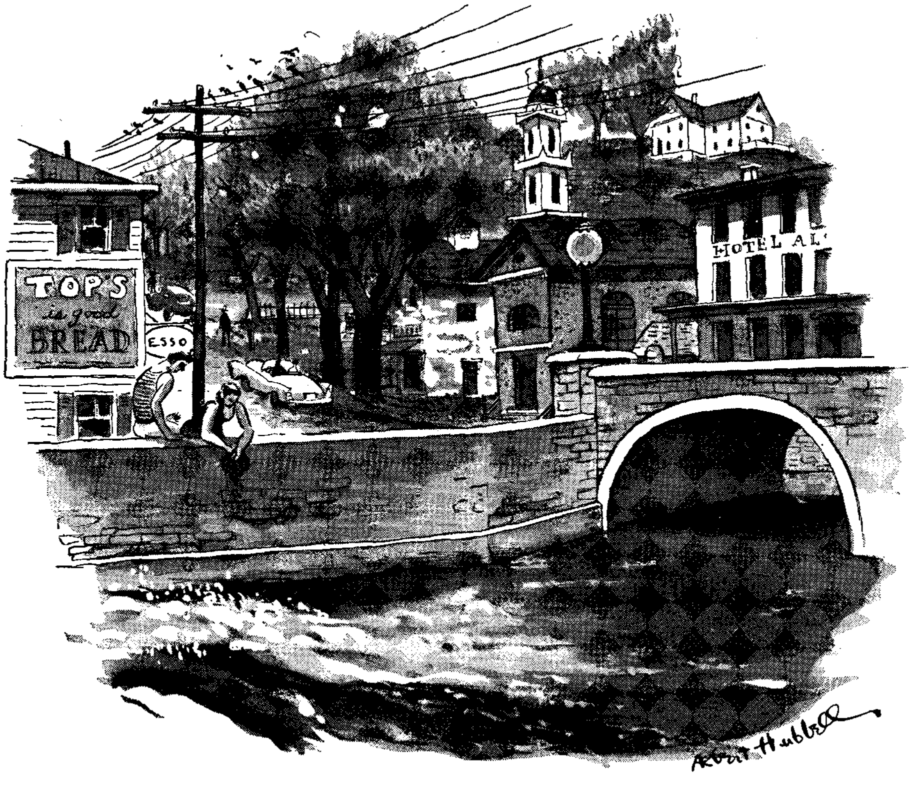
Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy The movie glides along, gathering intensity as the characters move—compulsively, as in a dream—toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha, Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (8th St. Playhouse; June 28-29.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; June 25-26.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written by, acted in, and then disowned by Roman Polanski, who made it in Britain under the title "Dance of the Vampires." When the picture was first shown in the United States, eighteen minutes were cut. The full version is being shown here—cut dance sequences have been restored, as well as the use of Polanski's own voice, which was dubbed in the original release. The film flails, but the talent is visible somewhere. (Film Forum; June 29-30.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx (1981)—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend



(2/23/81) (Criterion Theatres; through June 24.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was based on a novel by Bradford Ropes but was also an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show;" it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy—what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The backstage story is pleasantly tawdry and corny. Warner Baxter is the great Broadway producer-director (with heart trouble) who makes the memorable (and much lampooned) speech: "Miss Sawyer, you listen to me . . . and you listen hard. Two hundred people, two hundred jobs, two hundred thousand dollars, five weeks of grind and blood and sweat depend upon you! It's the lives of all these people who've worked with you. You've got to go on and you've got to give, and give, and give! They've got to like you, got to. You understand? You can't fall down, you can't. Because your future's in it, my future and everything all of us have is staked on you. All right now, I'm through. But you keep your feet on the ground and your head on those shoulders of yours, and, Sawyer, you're going out a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!" Peggy Sawyer, the understudy who has to go on for the star, is Ruby Keeler, who wears little puffed sleeves (for innocence) even in her rehearsal clothes; training her for the opening, the tough Baxter never tells her to stop looking at her feet—and neither, apparently, did the film's choreographer, Busby Berkeley. It's hard to decide which is klunkier—her dancing or her line readings—but it's just about impossible not to like her. (She had to play the nice girl—what else could she play?) Bebe Daniels is the fading star (in fox furs) who breaks her ankle; George Brent is her lover; Dick Powell is the singing and smiling twerpy juvenile; Ginger Rogers is the gold-digging chorine known as "the Countess;" Guy Kibbee is a sugar daddy; Una Merkel and Toby Wing are in the chorus. Also with Ned Sparks, Allen Jenkins, George E. Stone, Robert McWade, Eddie Nugent, and Henry B. Walthall. The songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin (who make brief appearances) include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," "Young and Healthy," and, of course, "42nd Street." Lloyd Bacon directed; the screenplay is by Rian James and James Seymour; cinematography by Sol Polito. It may be noted that there's no penetrable internal logic for the variations in Busby Berkeley's kaleidoscopic dance numbers. (That's part of their surreal charm; so is his indifference to the dancing—he's interested only in the patterns.) And they have no external logic, either—what conceivable story-line Broadway show could they fit into? Apparently Berkeley devised his choreographic spectacles on his own, without reference to the script of the movie, and without worrying about whether they would pass as parts of one musical. In this picture, Lloyd Bacon and the editors couldn't figure out how to insert them strategically, and so at the end there are three big numbers, one right after another. (Film Forum; July 1-3.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential for horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Film Forum; June 29-30.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Cinema Village; July 2-3.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Regency; June 27-28.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat" (see above), wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Cinema Village; July 2-3.)

Hello, Dolly! (1970)—The whole archaic big-musical circus here surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 30-July 3.)

Henry V (1944)—Shakespeare's "Henry V" is the story of the playboy Plantagenet who grew up to become a great leader and, at twenty-seven, defeated the Armies of France at Agincourt. There, at the last major stand of medieval chivalry, the English archers, outnumbered five to one, cut down the fatally encumbered knights of France. Laurence Olivier once said that it was the sort of juvenile role that you can't play when you're a juvenile: "When you are young, you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it. It isn't until you're older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism." He came to it at the right time. His production—it was his first time out as a film director—is a triumph of color, music, spectacle, and soaring heroic poetry, and, as actor, he brings lungs, exultation, and a bashful wit to the role. The film has true charm. With Renee Asherson as Princess Katherine, Leslie Banks as Chorus, George Robey as Falstaff, Esmond Knight as Fluellen, Leo Genn as the Constable of France, Felix Aylmer as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Niall MacGinnis as MacMorris, Robert Newton as Ancient Pistol, Harcourt Williams as Charles VI, Max Adrian as the Dauphin, Robert Helpmann as the Bishop of Ely, and Ernest Thesiger as the Duke of Berri. The music is by William Walton; the cinematography is by Robert Krasker and Jack Hildyard. (2 hours and 14 minutes.) (Film Forum; June 27-28.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. It's a puzzle movie, constructed like a well-made play (such as "Craig's Wife") from the American past, and given the beautiful, solemn visual clarity of a Bergman film, without, however, the eroticism of Bergman. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. (Alvy Singer, the role Woody Allen played in "Annie Hall," was just such a compulsive, judgmental spoilsport, and Allen's original title for that film was "Anhedonia"—the lack of the capacity for experiencing pleasure.) The mother's impoverished conception of good taste is sustained in the style of the film. It's a handbook of art-film mannerisms; it's so austere and studied that it might have been directed by that icy mother herself—from the grave. Her soul is in Woody Allen. He's still having his love affair with death, and his idea of artistic achievement (for himself, at least) may always be something death-ridden, spare, perfectly structured—something that talks of the higher things. People who watch this

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movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; June 30.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, and burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, is pretty successful. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 1.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Lincoln Plaza; June 29-30.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; June 25-26.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Gramercy, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through June 24 ¶ Festival; starting June 25)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre

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director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser is a factually based variant of the lost-or-abandoned-child, Mowgli-Tarzan myth; Kaspar, who appeared in a German town in the eighteen-twenties, was raised not among wolves, bears, or apes but, rather, in isolation. In this nightmare version, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits and try to educate him, but as he begins to learn he balks at what he is taught, and becomes obstinate, trying to retain his new, mesmerized pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Herzog achieves a visionary, overcast style; his images look off-balance—crooked, as if the cameraman were wincing. Herzog is a film poet, all right, but he's a didactic film poet, given to heavy, folk-art ironies; he says that society puts you through pain in order to deform you, and he makes it impossible for you to identify with anyone but Kaspar, who hasn't lost his innocent responses. Herzog's people are alone, immobilized, unanimated; life is dormant in them. Though one could not fault this in a painter's vision, in a filmmaker's it is numbing. In Herzog's conception, Kaspar is the only one who has still got his soul. This conception has a flower-child fashionableness, but Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Thalia, July 2-3.)

Night and the City (1950)—Several years before he made "Rififi," Jules Dassin directed this less flamboyant thriller, which is much less well known but in some ways better. Dassin's shocking speciality—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has possibly his best role, as Harry Fabian, "the artist without an art"—a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and—as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki—Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. Script by Jo Eisinger; cinematography by Max Greene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29.)

Personal Property (1937)—H. M. Harwood's comedy "The Man in Possession" was pleasant enough in the 1931 movie version, starring Robert Montgomery, but this one, starring Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, is a dud, despite the efforts of Una O'Connor, Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, and Cora Witherspoon. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 1.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism; he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (St. Marks Cinema; and Criterion Theatres; through June 24.)

Quintet (1979)—When Robert Altman enters his allegorical, poetic phase, he goes into his own fugal version of dreamtime, which means, in practice, that he puts the audience in such a depressed state that people are fighting to stay awake even before the titles come on. Electronic sounds and a lot of white on the screen can do it—especially when the camera travels with one person trudging along in the snow, offering views of nothingness for our admiration. You get a sense of eternity fast. The picture is like a Monty Python show played at the wrong speed. It's set in a post-apocalypse ice age in which the scattered survivors of a highly technological society live without hope in decaying, vandalized structures that suggest public housing designed by a drunken spider. (The interiors were shot in the remnants of Expo 67 in Montreal, with the "Man and His World" photomurals still visible; they enrich the visual texture in an accusatory way; we're made to feel vaguely guilty.) To alleviate the boredom of survival, the last men and women play a death game called Quintet, which appears to be an elaborate form of Arctic roulette. The corpses of the losers are tossed outside into the frozen waste, to be devoured by packs of Rottweilers. Paul Newman plays Essex the seal hunter, who appears to be the last potent man left; Brigitte Fossey is lovely in a too brief appearance as his fresh-faced, pregnant companion. Also with Bibi Andersson, Vittorio Gassman, Fernando Rey (who seems crippled by his struggle to speak in English), Nina Van Pallandt, Monique Mercure, and Craig R. Nelson. Cinematography by Jean Boffety; the ominous, dissonant score is by Tom Pierson. Screenplay by Frank Barhydt, Patricia Resnick, and Altman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 1.)

Red-Headed Woman (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage, and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 30.)

Rock Around the Clock (1956)—Fifties rock, in one of those blatantly cheerful cheapies that Sam Katzman produced. With Bill Haley and His Comets, The Platters, Johnny Johnston, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys, etc. Fred F. Sears directed. (Thalia; June 28.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St. and R.K.O. Century Cinerama. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 1.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant satire of Hollywood in the late twenties, at the time of the transition from silents to talkies, is probably the most enjoyable of all American movie musicals. The teamwork of the stars, Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds, is joyful, and the material is first-rate—ranging from parodies of the Busby Berkeley style of choreography to the Charleston and Black Bottom performed straight. The film falters during a too long love song on a deserted studio stage and during a lavish oversize Broadway ballet, but these sequences don't seriously affect one's enjoyment. With Jean Hagen as an imbecile movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, Rita Moreno as a flapper actress, Madge Blake as a syrupy columnist, and Douglas Fowley as a distraught director. Directed by Kelly and Stanley Donen from a witty, affectionate script by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The songs, by Nacio Herb Brown, with lyrics by Arthur Freed, include "All I Do Is Dream of You," "Make 'Em Laugh," "I've Got a Feeling You're Fooling," "Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Fit as a Fiddle," "Should I?," "You Were Meant for Me," "Good Morning," "You Are My Lucky Star," and, of course, "Singin' in the Rain." The song "Moses" is by Comden and Green and Roger Edens. Cinematography by Harold Rosson. (Film Forum; July 1-3.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; June 27-28 and July 1-3.)

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter Georgie scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. This affable, intelligent man isn't driven mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but in a special, modern, obsessed way. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Quad Cinema; starting June 25.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 2-3.)

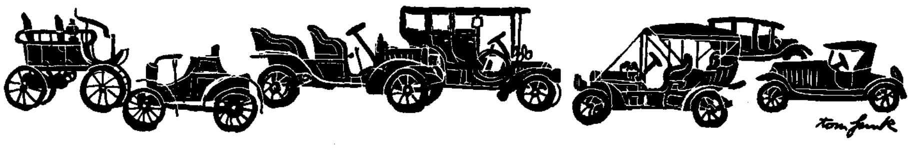
Stardust Memories (1980)—Woody Allen wrote, directed, and stars in this obsessional pastiche, modelled on Fellini's "8½" and shot in black-and-white, that suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½." Allen plays Sandy Bates, a comedian-writer-director who goes to the Hotel Stardust to be the celebrity-in-residence for a weekend film seminar and is besieged by his fans, who want him to make more comedies, though he doesn't want to, because all he sees is human suffering. The pushy fans are photographed as Diane Arbus grotesques—big-nosed, fat-lipped, with outsize thick goggles—and Sandy Bates is presented as their victim. To say this picture isn't funny is putting it mildly; it isn't good, either. With Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper. (10/27/80) (Lincoln Plaza; June 29.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—With William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, directed by Nicholas Meyer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting June 25.)

Village of the Damned (1960)—A little-known thriller about wicked kids. It's clever and has some really chilling moments. George Sanders is the lead, and Martin Stephens is the scariest of the cold-eyed children from outer space. From John Wyndham's novel "The Midwich Cuckoos;" made in England and directed by Wolf Rilla (a terrific name for the director of this particular film). (Regency; June 27-28.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and saving them from the Blue Meanies by using the weapons of love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). The brightly colored animation is so blatantly derivative that it's an amusing catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. One sequence—the dancing couple for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"—is a stunning use of stylized human figures, an apotheosis of Rogers and Astaire. Directed by George Dunning; the chief designer was Heinz Edelmann (Regency; July 1-3.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who is a tireless walker writes:

Most people go to Central Park only in good weather, but I walk there three hundred and sixty-five days a year—winter or summer, rain or shine, disarmament march or no. Last Sunday, I put on my boots and raincoat, took my umbrella, and, as usual, went for a walk, in the drenching rain. I entered the Park at the Eighty-fifth Street Transverse, on the side opposite the children's playground, which a three-year-old I know calls "the pigeon place," because when he is taken there he sees lots of pigeons and many old ladies feeding them. Sometimes there are bums sitting there; they try to shoo the pigeons away, but as a rule the pigeons and the old ladies win out. I went along the back of the Metropolitan Museum, which looked stunning in the rain, crossed the road, and walked to Cleopatra's Needle. I strolled down and said hello to the Polish King. I made my way to Alice; she and the White Rabbit and the others were doing fine in the rain. I walked along and had a word with Hans Christian Andersen. I passed the Bethesda fountain, whose jets didn't seem at all redundant. Then I reached my favorite promenade in the Park. Every time I set foot on it, I feel all over again that I'm Louis XIV taking the air at Versailles. It is a stately walk, with old trees and some of my favorite people—Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Columbus, Shakespeare.

During my walk, I passed a few police cars, but I didn't meet a single walker and, except for portable latrines, didn't see any sign of the seven hundred and fifty thousand marchers of the day before. This puzzled me. When I came home, however, the radio solved the riddle. Some city official was being interviewed, and he said, "The marchers must have been like angels." I knew exactly what he meant, for although they had left a mark on contemporary history, the Park was exactly as it always is: a lively presence in the head and under the feet of every walker.

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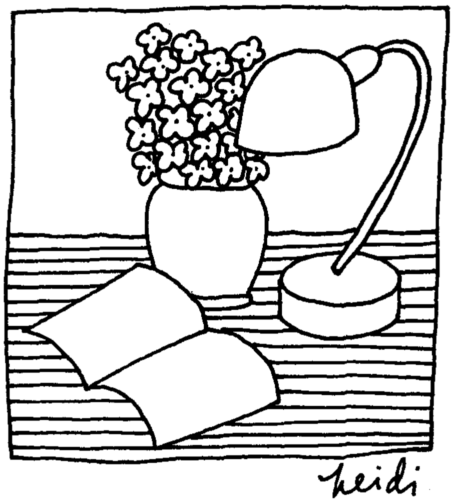
Tower Crane

ON a recent afternoon, we were standing on a catwalk on top of the nearly finished I.B.M. Building, forty-four stories above Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, listening to John Farrell, a stone-derrickman and rigging foreman for Peter Bratti Associates, tell us about guy derricks, catheads, cats, dogs, jimpoles, stiffiegs, tower jacks, hod hoists, and tower cranes. The view was magnificent. All around us were the tops of skyscrapers, odd atolls rising from the urban sea: General Motors, two blocks to the north; the new A.T. & T. Building, a block to the south; and, a rivet's throw to the west, the Trump Tower, on Fifth Avenue. A Goodyear blimp was drifting over from New Jersey, riding a light breeze. Mr. Farrell, a tall, burly, amiable, gray-haired man in a plaid shirt and khakis (with pliers, knife, marlinespike, and walkie-talkie attached to his belt, and a folding rule in his back pocket), was pointing to the Trump Tower—already a few stories higher than I.B.M., and climbing—where an enormous tower crane was hoisting concrete from the street. "The tower of that crane is about a hundred and five feet high," he said. "The operator sits on top of it. The boom is about a hundred feet long, and there's a diesel engine. That crane will pick up a three-cubic-yard bucket of concrete—that's about three tons—and lift it five hundred feet a minute."



We had met Mr. Farrell a few days earlier. We were walking past the I.B.M. site and wondering how the huge cranes could possibly get up onto the tops of buildings (and down again), so we stopped and asked a hard-hat. "They go up with the building," he began. Then he paused. "It's hard to explain," he said. "You better ask John Farrell." He hailed Mr. Farrell, who invited us to come back later for a full explanation and a trip to the top of I.B.M., where we could get a good look at a tower crane in action.

"A tower crane is trucked to the site in sections," Mr. Farrell said now, leaning against a railing on the catwalk. "Then it's assembled by a smaller crane—what's called a cat crane—and placed on a hydraulic cylinder that can expand like a telescope. The building goes up around the tower crane, so what you really have is a tower within a tower. Along both sides of the crane, steel plates with rungs, sort of like ladders, are hung from beams high up on the building, and the crane is attached to the rungs by hooks called dogs. A tower jack is placed on the base of the crane, and when the jack pushes down, the hydraulic cylinder expands and the crane moves up. It's similar to jacking up a car, except that in this case the jack is *inside* the car. It's like pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps. Is that clear?"

We nodded.

"The crane keeps moving up, floor by floor, as the building is built," Mr. Farrell continued. "When the job is finished, the tower crane pulls up a smaller crane called a stiffleg, and that's used to dismantle the tower crane and lower it, section by section, to the street. Then they bring up a smaller hoist, to lower the stiffleg—they boom that down. Then they use something even smaller—say, a cathead, which is a horizontal beam with a block on it, or a jimpole, just a pole with a small engine—to lower the hoist. Finally, you have the last pole lowered by a rope, or even dismantled and carried down on an elevator."

Mr. Farrell looked around at the city. "It's nice today," he said. "Look—you can just see LaGuardia. We had thirty-two riggers, two operating engineers, and six or eight stone setters working on the stone here. See where they're working on the A.T. & T. Building now? They're setting stone by hand, bolting it on. That small elevator on the side of the A.T. & T. Building is a hod hoist. It takes the stone up. When I started in the building trades, in the fifties, tower cranes were just coming over from Europe. We were mostly still using old-fashioned cranes, like guy derricks. The operator might be twenty or thirty stories below, on the ground floor, and he had a bell on a spring. There'd be something like a clothesline going from the setting floor all the way down to the engineer. If the bellman wanted the crane to stop, he gave the rope a tug for one ring. One ring also meant 'Go up on load.' Two rings meant 'Come down on load,' three meant 'Boom up,' and four meant 'Boom out.' Now it's all electric, and the men on tower cranes use phones. My first job was with a company that worked on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We had a stiffleg made of wood." Mr. Farrell gazed out over the parapet. "I've worked on so many buildings over the years," he said. He pointed this way and that as he talked. "The New York Telephone Building at Forty-second and Sixth—Carrara marble. And 345 Park Avenue. And the Ford Foundation. St. Peter's, over there. The Pahlavi Foundation—granite. Sperry Rand. The Hilton Hotel. The one I liked the best was the Payson House, which is part of New York Hospital. It was an interesting rigging job, and one of the best uses of precast concrete at the time. See that pinkish building? The Solow Building, off Second Avenue. That's Canadian granite."

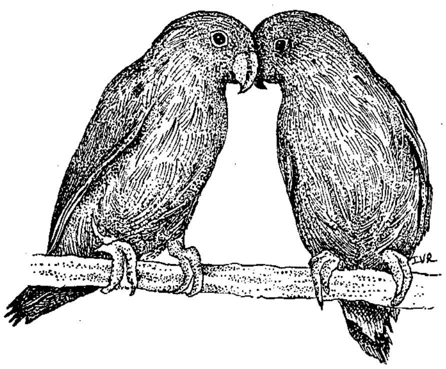
We went down the steps from the catwalk to the roof. "I really enjoy the work," Mr. Farrell said. "I have a brother who's a stone rigger, too. He's foreman on a building at 85 Broad Street. Another brother is in sheet metal. He's doing duct work on St. Vincent's Hospital."

We entered the building on the forty-fourth floor and walked down a staircase. "There's the mechanical floor," Mr. Farrell said, pointing to air-conditioning and heating equipment on the forty-third. When we had descended another flight, we got into an elevator with plywood walls and went on down to the street. "My father and grandfather were carpenters in Brooklyn," said Mr. Farrell. "I've got eight children, and I've brought my two boys—Martin and Joey—up here to see the work, and they love it. They're ten and thirteen. Maybe they'll go into the building trades. I don't see them working in an office."

We stood on the sidewalk on Madison Avenue for a moment, saying goodbye. A plumber's truck went up the avenue, and the driver leaned out. "Hey, John!" he yelled to Mr. Farrell, waving a hand at the I.B.M. Building. "It looks good!" Mr. Farrell grinned.

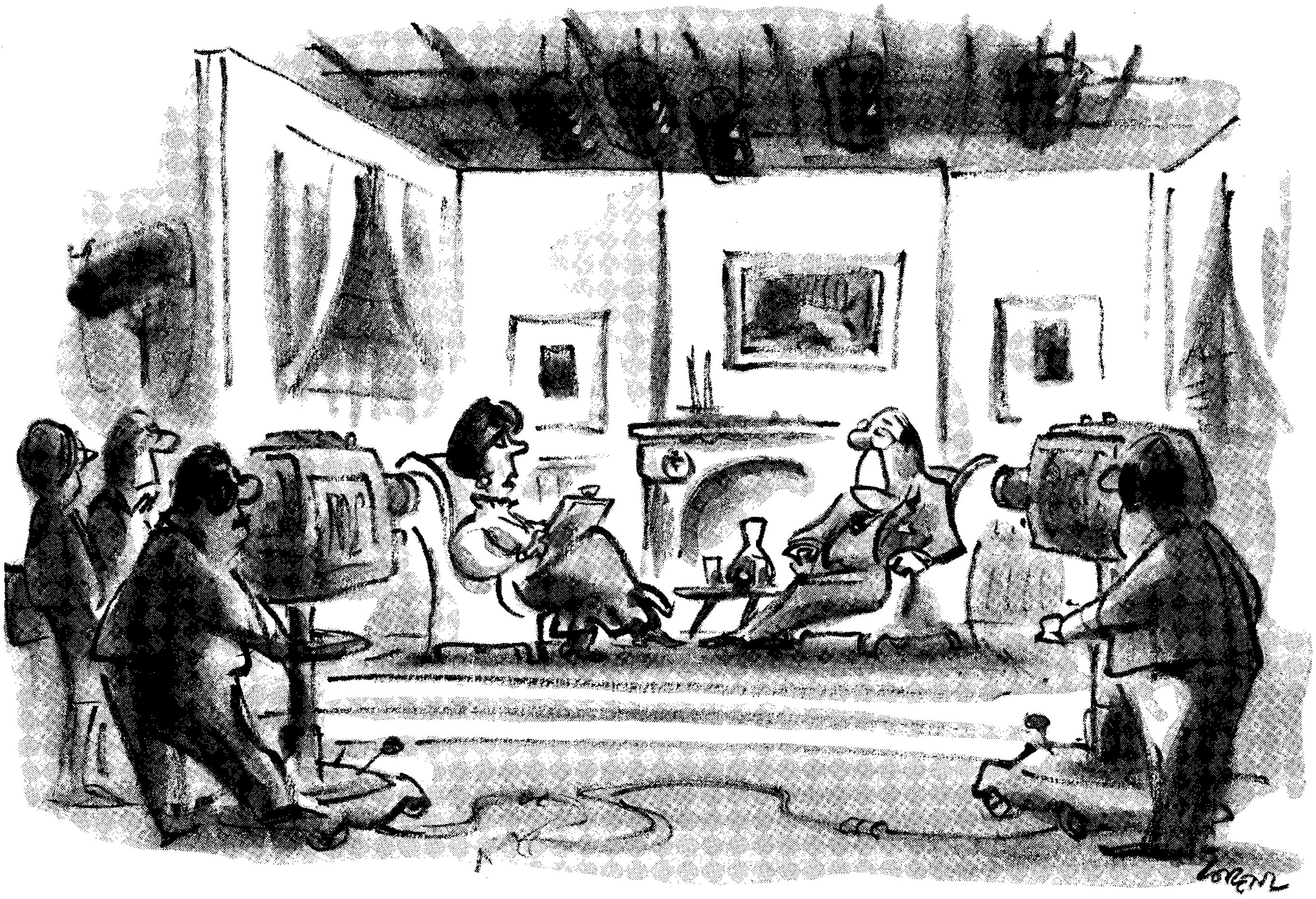
Orchids

A Four-Day orchid show was sponsored not long ago by the Greater New York Orchid Society at the New York Botanical Garden, taking place within the glass walls of the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, and leaving behind—for us—a small, green memory that it had been, as these things go, a very fine show. The N.Y.B.G. reports that the gate receipts totalled close to ten thousand dollars. More than fifty thousand dollars changed hands for orchids. Scores of photographs were taken and plant anecdotes exchanged. Approximately eighty-five hundred people viewed more than a thousand varieties of orchid. The orchid family, we learned, has thirty-five thousand registered species and so is one of the largest families of flowering plants. Over the four-day period—a Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—the weather held to sunny perfection. On the afternoon we decided to visit the show, the outdoor café beside one of the Conservatory's reflecting pools had exhausted its supply of sandwiches. After we'd eaten a chocolate-chip cookie (by sheer coincidence, flavored with vanilla, a product of the climbing orchid *Vanilla planifolia*, native to tropical America), we went downstairs to the basement level of the Conservatory, where we found Henry Rothman, co-chairman of the show, bending over a table covered with living green things. Mr. Rothman was adjusting a display he had assembled to illustrate the stages of an orchid's life, from seeds the size of a pinprick to an adult, four-year-old, ten-inch-high cattleya with vibrant white blooms.



Mr. Rothman beamed when we asked him how the show was going. "It's marvellous," he said, gazing around at the people who were looking at exhibits or filing in for informal workshops. "It's the biggest event the Garden has ever had."

One of the Garden's small, everyday events—plant cloning for commercial purposes and also for hobbyists—was the subject of an exhibit set up by the Cell and Tissue Culture Lab. Frank Alberti, a quiet-spoken, slender young man with brown hair and a mustache, who works as a volunteer in the lab, explained the plant-cloning procedure. "Essentially, what's done is to take a few cells or pieces of tissue from a plant, disinfest the tissue, place it in a culture, and control its growth with plant hormones," he said, handing us a sealed test tube containing a cymbidium clone that was six months old. "At a certain stage of development, the cells can be manipulated to reproduce themselves in such a way that, theoretically, you can have a large population of identical plants from an original source of just a few cells." Mr. Alberti seemed so interested in his work with the lab that we were surprised to learn that he makes his living as a traffic cop in midtown Manhattan; when he is not cloning, or



"Senator, you have been described as lazy, humorless, uninformed, unscrupulous, lacking in compassion, and totally unfit for public office. How would you respond to that?"

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sorting out traffic jams, he is pursuing a bachelor's degree in biochemistry at City University. We took a look at the clone. It was about an inch and a half long, with two green shoots and three roots, and seemed just an ordinary, innocent-looking little plant resting in a clear, jellylike culture. "You can grow a very large population of anything you want," Mr. Alberti said, showing us another clone (of an African violet). "You can start with a little bit of nothing and end up with millions of plants. You can keep these if you like."

We put the clones in our pocket and moved on to eavesdrop on Al Rutel, a member of the Greater New York Orchid Society who had just presented a workshop on how to grow orchids under lights. Mr. Rutel is a robust man who works in the carpets-and-draperies trade. Though he has the no-nonsense demeanor of a carpets-and-draperies man, he appears to care deeply for orchids. "It's O.K., if you really have to do it, but be a gentle potter," he advised a woman who had asked about the wisdom of repotting a plant that was in bloom. "There are mad potters and there are gentle potters. Just be gentle." When another woman complained that her orchid grew "like a beast" but did not flower, Mr. Rutel said that he knew of a man who had an orchid that did not bloom for twenty-one years. Mrs. Rutel, sitting off to one side and looking pretty in a gray blouse and black pants, leaned forward. "Check your four conditions," she said, raising four fingers. "Light, humidity, food, and temperature." When Mr. Rutel discovered that most of his audience had not seen the floral displays upstairs but had come to hear him first, he chided them. "How can you come down here?" he asked. "Go upstairs and look at the orchids."

Upstairs, the display areas and the sales area were jammed with people and orchids. Each exhibitor—the Connecticut Orchid Society, for instance, or Zuma Canyon Orchids, of Malibu, California—had been assigned a limited space in which to arrange a floral scene. (The Connecticut group chose a New England waterfront motif: lobster pots, buoys, fishnet, orchids.) Almost without exception, the exhibitors, having to decide whether to display a few prize specimens in elegant isolation or crowd in a lot of blooms, had chosen the tight fit. The orchids—nestled together like too many children in a schoolroom—came in a dizzying array of colors, shapes, and patterns, and their blossoms ranged from tiny to hand-size.

"Look at those little devils," a woman murmured.

Another woman exclaimed, "Oh, Bobby, look at this!"

We located Bobby, a fiftyish man in a blue shirt with a camera around his neck, and learned that he was Robert Simon, of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and was an orchid fancier of three years' standing.

We asked Mr. Simon to find something simple for us to look at.

He pointed out a stand of lavender, or orchid-colored, blossoms with large, flouncy petals. "Those are cattleyas," he said. "They're the usual mother-in-law variety. They're very showy, very spectacular, and many are deliciously fragrant." He next indicated a white flower with waxy-looking petals. "That is a phalaenopsis. It's a very popular genus. There are thousands of varieties of them—they are intensively hybridized. Their blooms last a long time. Brides like them for wedding bouquets. And these are oncidiums." He motioned toward a long, fragile green stem bearing tiny yellow-and-orange blossoms. "Their petals look almost like the skirts of dancing girls or ballerinas."

Mrs. Simon called to her husband again. "Bobby, look at that one up there!"

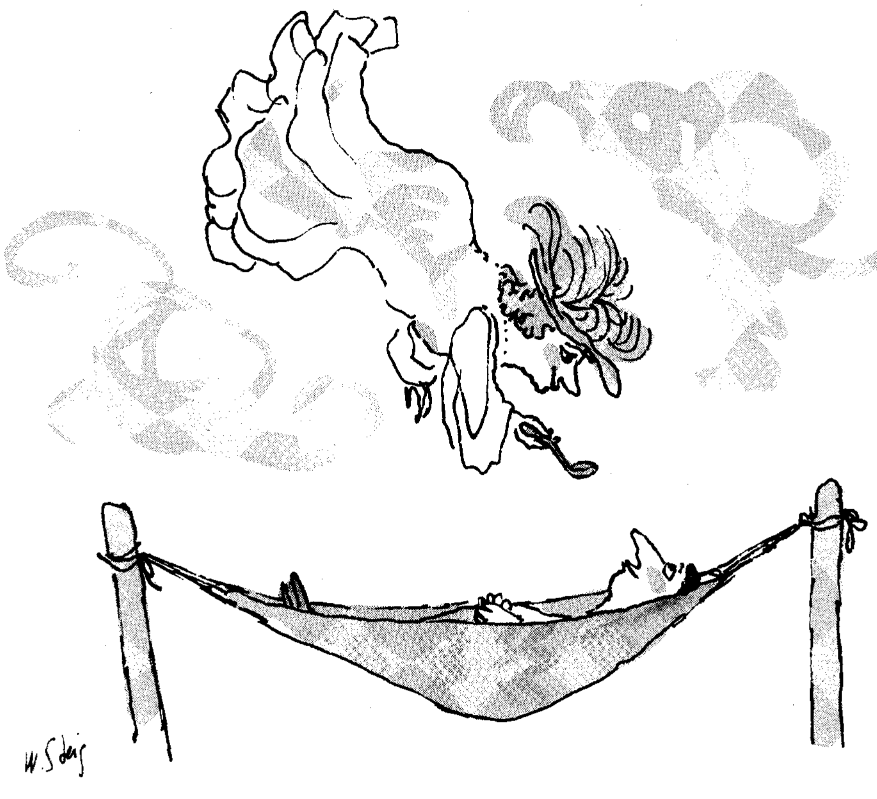
We said goodbye, and walked into the sales area, where we met Jean and Peggy Merkel, a friendly couple from Delray Beach, Florida, who have been dealers in orchids and tropical plants for many years. Mrs. Merkel was sitting next to a good-looking piece of luggage, a two-suiter with the lid up, that was filled with young orchid plants in plastic pots and wrapped in cellophane, all ready for sale. Mr. Merkel told us that when he and Mrs. Merkel flew up from Florida their orchids travelled in the plane's animal compartment. It seemed appropriate that their plants had travelled that way. Our afternoon visit had convinced us that most orchids have a certain petlike, animal quality. They do not give off a wispy aura, like other flowers. They project individuality, mystery, and strength.

Bert's Place

A MAN we know told us the other day that he had met Earl Monroe while the former basketball star was taking a large group of children from North Carolina on a personally guided tour of his accountant's office, in midtown Manhattan. Our friend did not seem to have been surprised by the circumstances of the meeting. "Bert Padell is not your usual accountant," he said. "They call him 'the accountant to the stars,' but that's sort of misleading. He's an accountant, but he's also an investor, a business manager, and a career planner—and, more than that, he's so deeply committed to stabilizing the lives of his clients that he becomes a crucial part of their creative process."

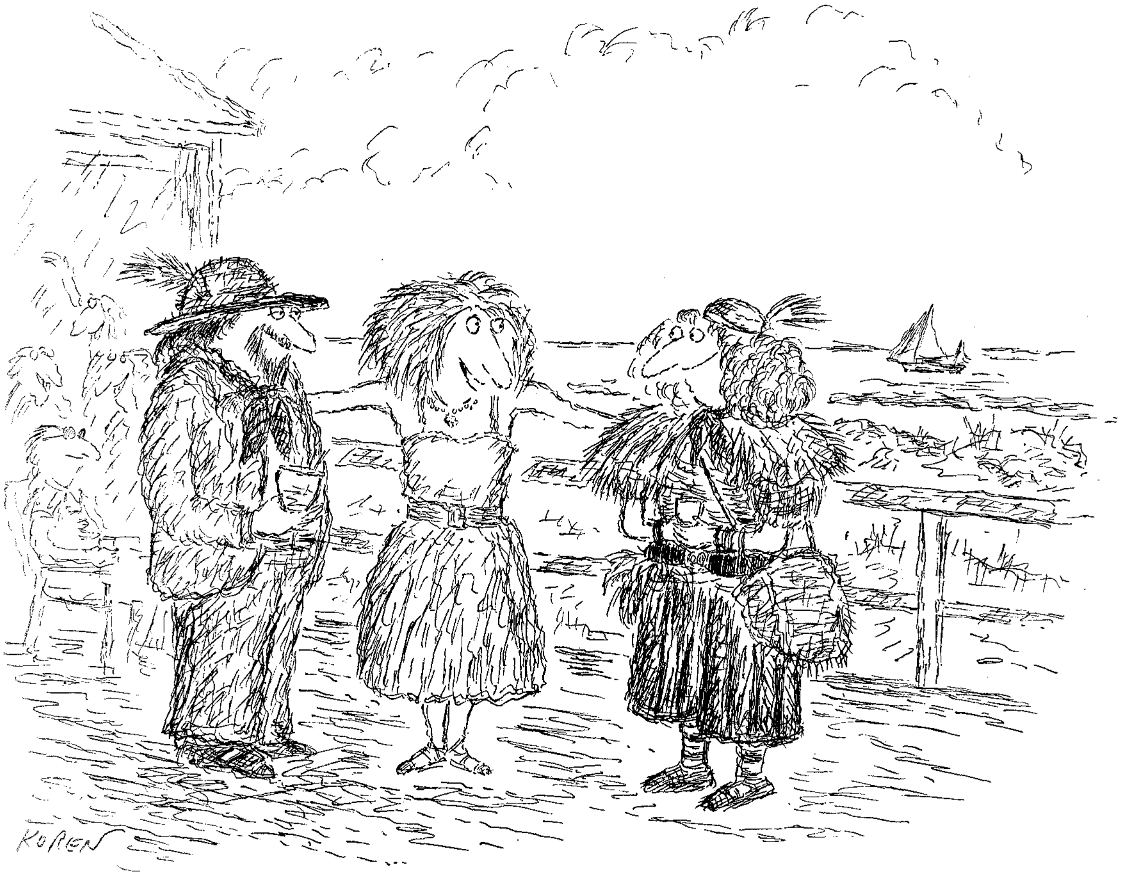
The office of Padell, Nadell, Fine, Weinberger & Company is testimony to the fact that Bert Padell enjoys being in proximity to creative people. The reception area alone is drenched with testimony. A large aquarium whose fish share their habitat with exotic flora outlined in multicolored neon stands next to the reception desk. Behind that stands an elaborate antique chair upholstered in a fabric with dappled colors which recalls the Pointillism of Seurat; the chair is flanked by two large paintings—one of Willi Mays, done by LeRoy Neiman, an the other a psychedelic-style abstract done by Peter Max. To the left of th reception desk is a door on which i mounted a wood carving of a G cle and several whole notes floating of curved staff lines, and behind whic we could hear someone playing th piano and singing a soulful riff; an across the room are two facing low-slung love seats and a cocktail tabl holding copies of *Billboard*, *Vide Review*, and *Variety* and a copy of book entitled "Bert's Words." This when we sat down on one of the lov seats and leafed through it, turned ou to be a book of romantic poetry writte by the senior partner of the firm While we waited, we read a poem called "Enjoy!" The first stanza went:

> We must never accept
> either in thought or deed
> what we have.
> Accept it,
> Strive for better if your
> inner feelings desire so.
> Strive for it!
> But, most of all, enjoy
> the fruits of life.



A Dream of Chicken Soup

A tall, blond secretary came out t collect us, and as we passed through an antechamber where several other secretaries were seated behind desks with typewriters and mail trays and invoices on them we thought for a moment we actually were in an accounting office. Then we were ushered into Mr. Padell's private office. It is a large room, and it gave us the feeling that it was a clearing house for attic-bound collectibles belonging to ten people. First, we encountered to the right of the door a stuffed-toy polar bear about the size of a real cub, behind which stood a ceramic troll family the size of Snow White's dwarfs. Behind *them*, an aquarium stocked with round, flat silvery fish occupied an entire wall. To the left, along a window ledge, framed photographs of Mr. Padell's clients were crowded together like votive candles in front of an altar; a ledge running perpendicularly away from that one, along the far side of the room, was equally crowded, but with antique clocks, cars, and trains, and with framed signs and cookie jars. (Some other antique objects were suspended from the ceiling.) In the area describing the arc of this right angle was a square, heavy desk jammed with smaller knickknacks, behind which sat Mr. Padell, almost incidental to the scene. He waved us to a seat in front of the desk while he continued a phone conversation, in which, we gathered,



"You two are perfect for a folie à deux."

he was trying to get credit cards for the rock group called The Clash. When he had finished, he welcomed us in a soft voice with a distinct New York accent. A medium-sized man with a dark-brown mustache, a beard, and a slightly asymmetrical hair style, he was dressed in a brown-and-rust checked sports jacket, a shirt with a yellowish tint, and a brown tie—an outfit that was correct but not overtly fashionable.

We asked Mr. Padell how he went about handling the financial affairs of show-business people.

"Each client has his or her own special problem, but there is a difficulty common to nearly all my clients—and I represent people like Faye Dunaway, Ben Vereen, Blondie, Meat Loaf, Lou Piniella," Mr. Padell said. "That is trying to keep them in the station of life that they're accustomed to. They have a lot of pressures, they live a fast life, but they all want to be home with their families. That's one thing. Another is that every human being wants nice things. The question is: How can one get them without spoiling one's way of life? I try to guide clients in their spending. I try to be their sensibility about money. I *try*. Don't forget—it's their money. I always quote to my clients from Rudyard Kipling: 'If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch . . .' I wouldn't want to represent any other kind of person. Did I mention Madeline Kahn? Joe DiMaggio? The Talking Heads?"

Mr. Padell told us that he got his first glimpse of the lives of stars when he served as a batboy for the New York Yankees, in 1949, and that ten years later, after he had received his accounting degree, he joined David W. Katz & Company, which was then one of the largest accounting firms on the East Coast catering to a show-business clientele. "I had been working as an accountant for construction firms and garment-center companies," he recalled, "but when I walked into Katz's office for an interview and I saw a carpet on the floor and an oil painting on the wall I said, 'This is the place for me!'" His first clients were fashion models, and when he speaks about how a young model should invest for her future (he still represents a number of them) his manner becomes paternal. When he speaks about former clients who are now represented by what he terms "the California clique of lawyers," he could be a parent bemoaning the loss of a child to a religious cult. "I did say Pink Floyd, didn't I? Spencer Haywood? Miles Davis?"

We were momentarily distracted by someone playing the piano from behind double doors marked by a sign that said "BERT'S PLACE," at the far end of the office.

"Clients come up here all the time to work," Mr. Padell said, anticipating our question. "Some of their personal managers keep offices here. Some artists do their writing and recording here. We have a facility for doing demo tapes, and we have a couple of music rooms with pianos. We have a projection room for film and video. Anybody can come in and feel free here. I like to encourage talent. Before I went to work for Katz & Company, I worked for businesses where you couldn't get involved, really. They did a lot of their own work, and I was merely their auditing arm. Here it isn't just numbers. When I was with Katz, I saw that you could care for a client as a person and could help create the foundation of that person's finances. You could help paint the picture—if they'd let you. Some don't let you help them, and for some you become a scapegoat. It's particularly true these days, because the business is soft and talent simply isn't enough to make it."

The intercom buzzed, and a voice said, "Faye Dunaway's on the line." Mr. Padell said that he had to turn back to business now but that we should tour the rest of the offices before leaving. "Normally, I'd offer you some cake," he added apologetically. "I spend every weekend at home baking, and I always bring cake into the office for everyone. This week, though, I baked specifically for my daughter's Sweet Sixteen. We held it at the One If by Land–Two If by Sea restaurant, in Greenwich Village. They're clients, too. I think I mentioned that."

THE BOND

WE sat in a sort of combined café and garden. It was summer, when twilight in Warsaw lasts for a long time. The sun sets, but the sky remains light, retaining an early-evening glow. Birds still chirped in the branches of the trees. White-winged insects madly circled the globes of the lamps. The sweet smell of flowers blended with the aromas of coffee, cocoa, and freshly baked pastries. An August moon loomed in the sky, and near it a bright star.

We sat in a small group—several writers, a painter, and a sculptor. Soon all left except for one Yiddish writer, Reuven Berger, and me. Reuven had early become known as a great talent but then stopped writing altogether. We drank coffee, ate buns with jam, and discussed women. Reuven told anecdotes and smoked one cigarette after another. In a remote corner of the café someone tinkled the keys of a piano. From the fields and orchards on the other side of the Vistula scents of late summer wafted in.

Reuven Berger flicked the ashes from his cigarette into an ashtray and said, "There are cases when a man is forced to slap a woman. No matter how considerate he may be by nature, he has no alternative. You know that I have a reputation for being overly gentle to the fair sex, but the story I have in mind is so crazy and unlike me that each time I recall it I must laugh. Such a thing is only possible in life, not fiction. It is just too ridiculous to be believed."

"Enough suspense. Let me hear it," I said.

"All right. You know that from the age of fourteen I was involved with women. I loved them and they loved me. This event took place about eight years ago, perhaps ten. I lived with a woman who was terribly in love with me. With her kind, love becomes a total obsession. Her insane jealousy made a hell out of my life. Thousands of times I broke up with her and each time she came back. Her father was a pious Jew, an owner of a house. Her name was Bella. She used to move in our literary circles long before you began to come to the Writers' Club. She had studied in an exclusive *Gymnasium* for girls and had the manners of a well-bred lady. She was beautiful, too. But she began to drink on account of me. At that time I was still married. Bella would sit in her room alone, drink vodka from the bottle, smoke, and quarrel with me on the telephone if she could find me. I had to run from her. She grew worse from day to day. She tried suicide on several occasions.

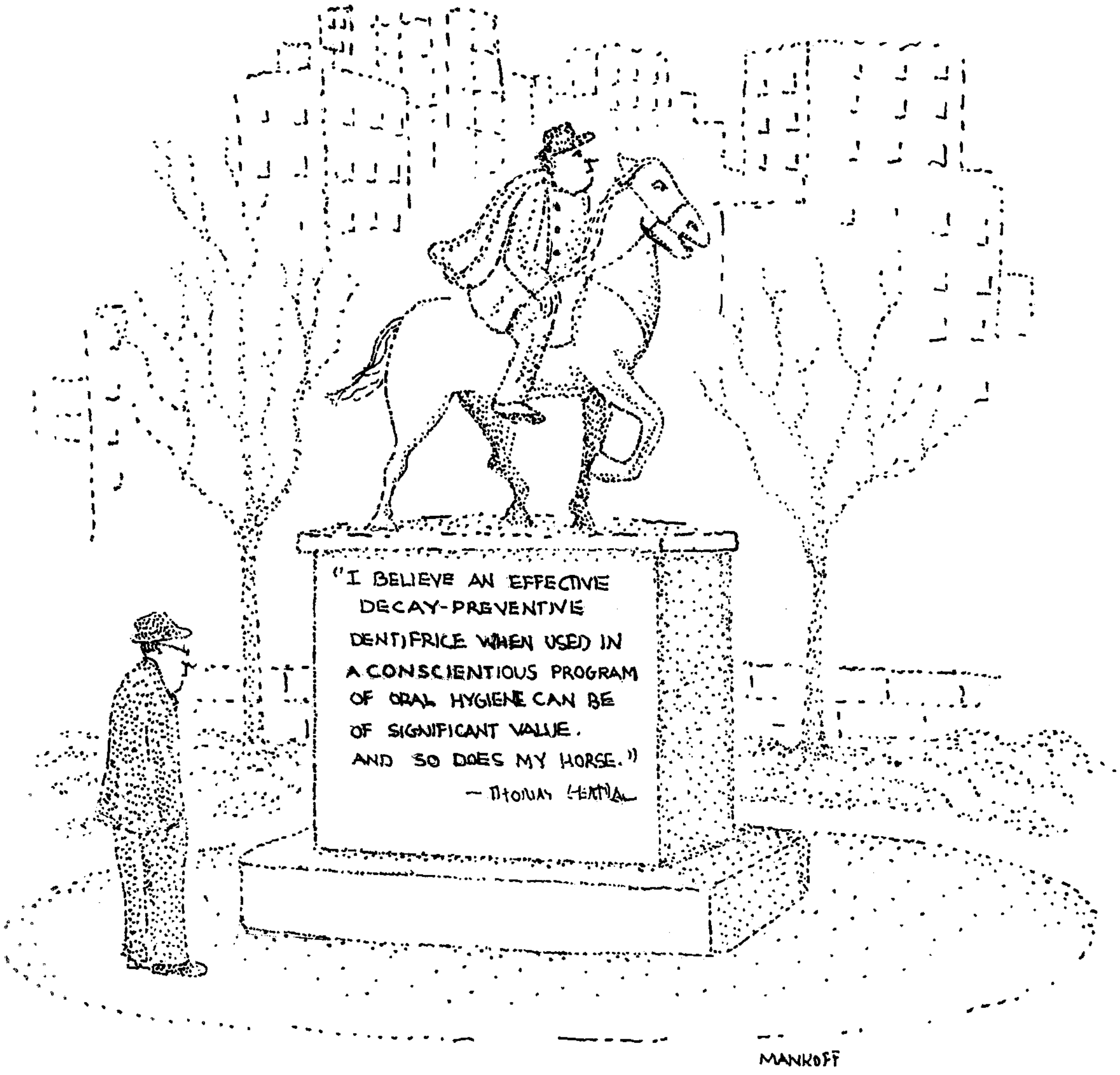
"When she was in the midst of these fits, there were wild scenes. One thing alone could stop her delirious outbursts—slaps. I was forced to slap her repeatedly, and this immediately brought her to her senses. She would regain her composure, become logical and calm. I often drew an analogy to war. When a nation becomes destructively belligerent, there is only one way to bring it to its senses—defeat. If a pacifist heard this he would tear me to pieces, but it's true.

"Get rid of her? I did not want to leave her altogether. In my fashion I loved her. If not for these mad scenes, I could have been quite happy with her. But she was capable of tearing the dress from her body in the middle of the street or of trying to throw herself under the wheels of a streetcar. She would attack an innocent woman with whom I exchanged a word or two. On one occasion she was arrested for disturbing the peace. Her mother came to me to ask me to break up with Bella. But how does one end an affair with this type of woman? I would have had to run away to America or commit suicide myself.

"Now, I guess you know that for years I made a living from lecturing. But it had come to such a pass that I could not go anywhere without her appearing out of nowhere and rushing to see what I was up to. If I had to go to a lecture, she would follow me. I learned every trick in the art of conspiracy. I had a secret address, an unlisted phone number. Once I discovered a private detective lurking at my gate. Her father was quite rich."

REUVEN paused and tried to balance a little spoon on the edge of a glass. He continued, "At this particular time, I was scheduled to lecture in Jedrzejow. It was a cold, rainy day. I was certain Bella knew nothing of my plans, but the moment I entered the train she was there. I will never know how she discovered I was taking this trip. The car was empty. I was too enraged even to scold her. We sat down in complete silence. After a while, she started, as I knew she would, with bitter reproaches and warned me not to attempt to put her out of my life. She was ranting and raving, as always. She became louder and more offensive from minute to minute and resorted to every type of threat and insult. I knew I had to slap her or there would be no lecture. I was so wrought up I didn't notice that at a stop other passengers had entered the car. She was, in fact, begging to be slapped. I gave her a smack across the face—one, two, three. It had the miraculous effect. One minute she was mad. The next minute the hysteria was gone. She smiled, became loving, coherent. Those who have never witnessed a sudden change like this could never imagine how complete it was. Bella leaned against the train window, still weeping a little and pressing my hand to her lap. I was so confused that I didn't notice that directly across from me sat a woman looking furious, ready to swallow me alive. She seemed a small-town woman—not young, not old. Perhaps in her late twenties or early thirties. I still remember that she wore a hat which resembled an inverted pot. She reminded me of the suffragettes one saw photographs of in illustrated magazines, or possibly of the sort of female who would help manufacture bombs to be thrown at the Czar. She carried a library book, the jacket carefully protected by a paper cover. Once or twice she opened her mouth as if about to blast me, but she seemed to control herself. More people entered the car and momentarily I lost sight of my angry copassenger. Bella by now was absolutely normal, again and again apologizing, kissing me and promising to behave forever and after.

" 'Why did you follow me?' I asked her. 'This is a business trip, not a vacation.' She said meekly, 'Since I'm already here, allow me to stay with you the rest of the way. I'm dying to hear your lecture! You need not introduce me to anyone. I will stay away from you when we get off, and in the evening I will just come to hear your speech. I will find out when you are leaving and arrange to go back with


"I BELIEVE AN EFFECTIVE DECAY-PREVENTIVE DENTIFRICE WHEN USED IN A CONSCIENTIOUS PROGRAM OF ORAL HYGIENE CAN BE OF SIGNIFICANT VALUE. AND SO DOES MY HORSE."
MANKOFF

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you.' In short, she was not the same Bella but a quiet and humble lover. This change in personality always perplexed me anew. I thought, Who knows, perhaps slaps could be a cure even for some organic maladies. In these moments, rare though they were, she regained her old allure and I fell in love with her again. However, peace never lasted longer than a few days.

"We arrived at our destination and I took my suitcase from the shelf; I said goodbye and we kissed. A committee was scheduled to meet me at the station and I didn't want them to see her. She might have created a new uproar. I got off the train and there was the welcoming committee. They were the typical provincial intelligentsia. Once they get an opportunity to attach themselves to a writer from Warsaw they cling and do not leave him for a moment. I don't need to tell you that every one of them had ambitions to write. I was sure that each had ready a poem, a novel, or a play. What else can they do in their godforsaken villages?

"The village itself looked to me like a miniature Siberia—dreary, muddy, with small cottages and one two-story hotel, where there was a reservation for me. The rain had stopped, but the sky was boding snow, hail, a blizzard. Nowhere, not even in the open fields, is the sky so wide and so otherworldly as in these bleak villages—the kind of sky that hovers over cemeteries.

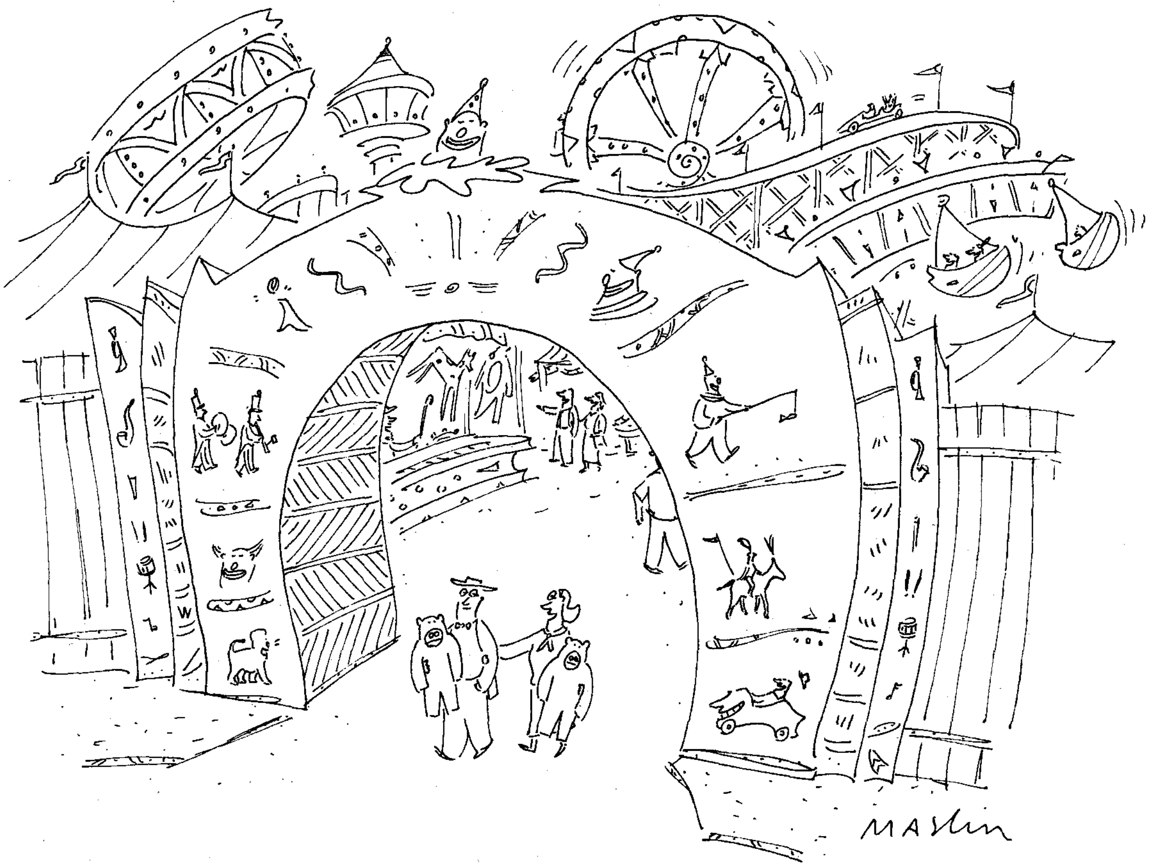
"They began with the usual amenities—'Honored to greet you,' 'How was your trip?'—and the usual quasi-literary talk, with its errors and mispronunciations. The young men escorted me to the hotel and on the way they plied me with questions: How do you write? When do you write? Where do you get your inspiration? One of them started to criticize me for not being progressive enough and for not caring about the future of the masses. In those places you have to be prepared for all this nonsense. It was almost time for the lecture and I had to ask the committee to leave me so I could change my shirt. I had to practically put them out by force.

"Thank God, they finally left me alone. I bolted the door and had started to undress when there was a knock on the door. Who could it be? A female voice called, 'Open the door. I am the one who will introduce you tonight.' I quickly put on my jacket again, opened the door, and who do you suppose was there before me? The woman who sat across from me on the train.

"I have experienced all sorts of surprises, but this surely was the biggest of them all. She, too, seemed startled. She looked at me and her eyes seemed to turn over. I asked her to come in, but she stood rooted to the spot, not believing what she saw. When she finally entered the room she began to speak. I don't remember exactly what she said; the sum of it was that she had read me and considered me one of the most romantic and gentle Yiddish writers in Poland. She had gone to visit a sick sister in a nearby town but came back a day sooner to introduce me. She was the Jedrzejow librarian and the chairman of the committee. She cried out that she had always been fascinated by the deep insight and understanding of women which my books revealed. 'God in Heaven, how is it possible you are the same man I saw on the train? No, it isn't possible. Tell me I am in error,' she pleaded dramatically, with solemn face and clasped hands. She repeated, 'Is this really you? Is this true? Please tell me that I am mistaken!'

" 'I am sorry, you are not mistaken,' I told her, 'but I will explain everything to you later.'

" 'What? You are capable of such behavior?' she shrieked. 'If that is so, then everything is false. If that is possible, then the whole of literature is a



"You were sensational."

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sham and a fake and nothing but the meanest hypocrisy.'

"She kept on berating me, screaming louder and louder, until I managed to break in: 'Miss or Madam, whatever you may be, I must prepare for my lecture and I am already late. I will talk to you at the reception.'

" 'So! You are throwing me out?' she squealed. 'Don't you have any decency or shame? You who should be the pacesetter, the example for our lesser people! This is prostitution, sheer prostitution!'

"Her voice rose to a more hysterical pitch, while my watch showed that any moment the committee would come to escort me to the lecture. I knew from experience that they always arrive earlier than they say. I fell into real despair. Just a short while ago, I had had to rid myself of Bella's onslaught and here I was beset by a second one. I realized that in some uncanny act of female imitation she sought to create the same scene Bella had—a tirade of threats, abuse, tears, name-calling that could go on forever. I let out a mighty shout: 'Are you leaving, or do I have to throw you out?'

" 'Throw me out!' she yelled. 'Let the whole world know what a charlatan you are! You and all writers! You and all men—one bunch of liars, cheaters, seducers, murderers! Let the whole world know what a foul game you play to deceive the honest reader—to fool us, trick us with your falsehoods and cynicism. You devil, you monster. You demon!'

"Yes, you guessed it. I rushed over to her, seized her, and started to drag her toward the door. She let out a terrible howl, tried to resist violently, and I began to slap her just as I did Bella in the train. It all happened so fast I could hardly believe it myself. I threw the door open and pushed her out. I expected to hear her bang on the door and bring the whole village to the show. For a while I was ready to catch up my valise and run for dear life, but instead there was complete silence outside the door. I imagined she was lying in a faint. Perhaps I had killed her. How ironic it would be if this idiotic lecture of mine ended with a murder! I opened the door, but the corridor was dark and empty. She had left. It was only then that I realized what had happened to me. My hands trembled, my legs buckled under me, and no matter how I tried I could not button my shirt collar.

"I had prepared a manuscript for that night but could not remember where I had put it. Perhaps it would be best to flee from the village after all. At that moment, I heard steps and voices. Two young men were coming for me. One of them asked, 'Was Zipporah here?' I understood that Zipporah was the librarian. My throat had constricted and I couldn't bring out a single word. The two men gathered how upset I was, and one of them helped me with my collar button. The other asked, 'Why have you strewn your manuscript on the floor?' He picked up the pages and put them together. We then walked down the steps. There was no sign of the woman anywhere. Outside it had become dark and a wet snow was falling.

"We finally arrived at the hall, and there was quite a large audience awaiting us. The committee representative, or whatever he was, inquired as to Zipporah's whereabouts. She was not in the hall. There were those who wished to wait for her. She had worked on her introduction for weeks. Others pointed out that it was getting late. Finally, a young man appeared and planted himself before the speaker's table. I could not make out what he was saying. One word stood out sharply in his oration—'which,' a word he repeated again and again, probably because in the provinces this word denotes high language. When he finished, I started my lecture. My words resounded hollow and remote in my ringing ears—almost as if I spoke in some foreign tongue. I expected jeering to break out from the audience at any moment, but there was complete silence in the hall. After my lecture, I went on to read one of my stories, but the letters danced madly before my eyes, and the print changed color. Luckily, I knew this story almost by heart. It was about the encounter of a boy and girl on a moonlit night—as tender and romantic a story as I have ever written. My reading was interupted by applause many times, and I egan to regain control of myself. My ision cleared, and the first faces I ecognized in the audience were Bella's and Zipporah's. They sat side by ide in the first row, cheering me and applauding. Their eyes shone with nthusiasm. I started to laugh out loud. My audience seemed momentarily puzzled, because this was a serious story, not a humorous one. But laughter is infectious, and soon the entire crowd joined me. Never before had I made an audience laugh like that. Oh, I must laugh again . . .” Reuven giggled into his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his high, lined forehead. “I could write a story about t,” he said, “but I have lost my appetite for the dirty scribbling profession.”

“What happened to Bella?” I asked.

Reuven became serious in an instant. “She died. No, not suicide—not really. She killed herself gradually. She got jaundice. She ruined her kidneys, her liver. Everything. I will never know how she held out so long.”

“And what about Zipporah?”

“She is still the librarian, as far as I know. From time to time she used to come to Warsaw, and on each visit she would call me on the telephone. She began each call with ‘This is the woman you slapped.’ She invariably asked for some small favor—for my opinion of a book, for a pair of complimentary tickets to a lecture, for an autograph. I would always accommodate her. She remained a friend of Bella's in all the time of her sickness. She visited her whenever she was in Warsaw. She sent her little presents for her birthday and for other occasions. Many times she asked me to lecture in the village. I just could not go there again. But I always promised. I would say to her on the telephone, ‘Yes, my dear, I will come, and I swear to you by everything that is holy to me that I will not slap you this time. The opposite—I will kiss you if you will allow me.’ And she would say, ‘You had no choice. It was all my fault. As a matter of fact, what you did has created a kind of secret bond between us.’ She has not called me for a long time. I hope she is all right.”

“Was she ever married?” I asked.

Reuven shook his head. “Never. Sometimes I suspect that what happened between us was the closest contact she ever had with a man.”

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Lester Goran.*)

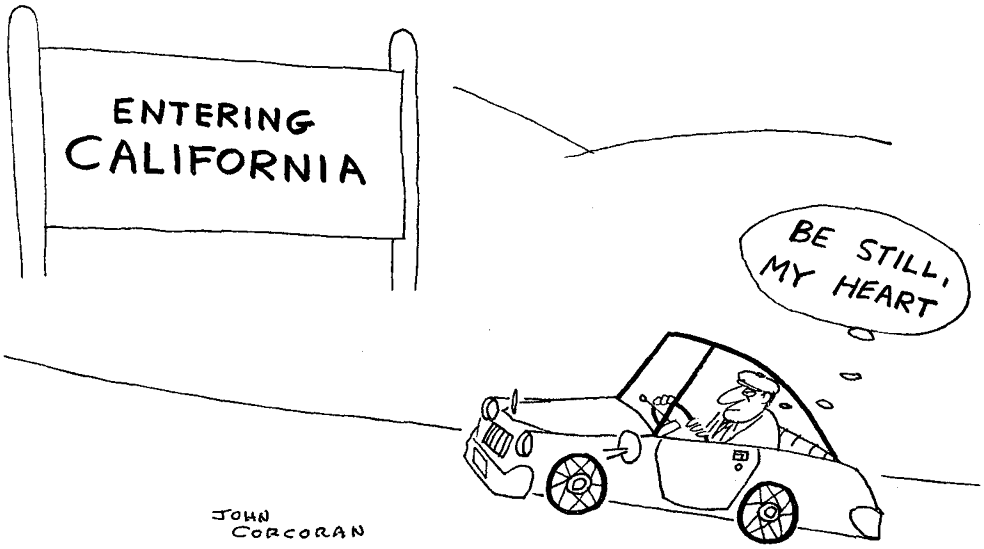
STAINER REIGNS AT McNAIR-RAIDER

Betty Prashker, associate publisher and vice-president of Doubleday, has been named vice-president and editor-in-chief of Crown Publishers. Prashker . . . has been with Doubleday for 21 years . . . She replaces Carole Baron, who left Crown last October to become publisher of Dell Publishing, a Doubleday subsidiary.

The move comes after other management changes in the past six months at Doubleday and Dell in addition to Baron's appointment. Linda Grey, who had been editor-in-chief of Dell Books, became editorial director of adult fiction and nonfiction at Bantam Books . . . Ross Claiborne, vice-president and editorial director of Dell for 13 years, joined Warner Books as vice-president and publisher of its hardcover division . . . Robin Smith, president and general manager of Dell, became president of the Publishers Clearing House . . . And James R. McLaughlin, Doubleday's group vice-president of publishing, was given the additional position of president of Dell.—*Publishers Weekly.*

McNair-Raider has announced the appointment of Corley Stainer, formerly chief procurement adviser for Beach Books, as inspector general of its mass-market division. Beach Books was at one time a subsidiary of TerraTexts, now owned by the Shirley Story family, recently accountants for Blacktop Books. Mr. Stainer, at one time editor-in-chief of the Macadam Conglomerate (partially underwritten by the Dutch publishing association, Esertvine), pawed his way to the top as assistant receptionist at Basic Novella, a firm specializing in narrative tragedies for children, under the imprint One for the Birds. Corley Stiner, who engineered the Beach Books takeover of Medea Mementos, said of the appointment of Mr. Stainer, “It couldn't have happened at a better time. We haven't sold a book in years.” Mr. Stiner was himself replaced, after the announcement, by Doria Fenbeck, former director of the Chapbook Cartel and associate carbon-copier for Laissez-Faire Paperbacks. She had replaced Ms. Ula Spiner, top typewritist for Latitude, Inc., and Longitude, Ltd., the Canadian pulp and belles-lettres firms, by-products of Lumber Along, Winnebago. (Ms. Spiner is credited with having typed up the Dead Sea Scrolls in her own apartment.) The ex-chief typist-designer, Santafierre Lamanta, now resides in a small phone booth in Malibu, which has recently been converted into a co-op. She was not available for comment, but her longtime companion, Sheila Doublenight, says Mrs. Lamanta is thinking, and not for the first time. Ms. Doublenight has been involved in promotion work for Lake Tahoe, and was the 1980 American Book Award winner in placemats. Mr. Stiner, a recent associate of Mr. Stainer, developed the highly successful series of gothic romances under the Philo colophon, Goosepimples. Mr. Stainer replaces Sharon Leahy, who has moved on to Better Things as group manager and messenger-leader for underground mimeographs, home memos, and computer printouts. Ms. Leahy, the originator of the surprising best-sellers “Make Lint Pay” and “The ‘Quest for Fire’ Cookbook,” makes her home in a public monument whose location she refuses to divulge. Interviewed by phone, she said, “I love my new job, of course, but, between you and me, I suspect there'll be an opening soon at McNair-Raider.” In her spare time, Ms. Leahy runs the Thunder School for Dogs, in Mount Kisco, New York.

—Howard Moss



BOX STEP

Ann is pretty, divorced, a product model who didn't go far because of her skin, which is very fair and freckled. After lunch, she comes into my recently redecorated office—the company has done both of its floors in charcoal carpet, ribbed wallcovering, chipboard-gray upholstery, and gunmetal Levolors; the windows were already tinted. "I feel like I'm inside a felt hat," she says, waving a manila folder to indicate the room. "Your socks don't match, Henry." She points to my feet, which are balanced on the taupe Selectric II, then holds the folder out at arm's length. "The arrangements. You want to check me?"

The arrangements are for a regional sales meeting we've scheduled for the Broadwater Beach Hotel, in Biloxi; with the meeting still two weeks off, the preparations are complete. We picked Biloxi because of the beach, the Gulf, the rest of that; Ann did most of the work.

"What I really need is a new game."

She tosses the folder on my desk and stands by the window, smoothing her salmon-colored skirt with both hands. "What happened to the Ant Farm?"

"Died. The ants ate parts of each other. The parts they didn't eat they carried around—it wasn't fun."

She swings one of the gray Italian visitor's chairs around to face the window. "People don't have Ant Farms anymore anyway."

"I put it in the closet."

She nods, then puts her handbag on the corner of my desk and sits in the chair. "We should get a radio."

"I want you to come for drinks," I say, rolling my executive armchair to the window to inspect my socks. She meant they don't match each other.

"Is that a good idea?"

"I need help with these," I say, pointing to the socks.

"I'm flattered." Her skirt splits over her knees as she crosses her legs. She looks outside at a wet tree and at the startlingly bare office park. There's a seam in her hose across the open toe of one of her apricot pumps. "But you hate drinks, I'm vulnerable, and it's unseemly."

"Probably damage our working relationship." In the three months since Ann started working for me, she's been to my apartment once, to get a signature on some papers the week after my tonsillectomy; having her in the apartment made me nervous.

Karl Peters, a co-worker who wants to be a supervisor, sticks his head in my office door. "Hard at it?" he says, cracking his knuckles by pressing his fingers against the metal doorframe.

"Not me," Ann says. "I'm watching this rain and planning a giant party tonight at Henry's."

Peters hitches up his slacks, steps into the doorway, then turns sideways and leans against the frame. "You're serious? Hank's having people to his house?"

"No," Ann says, not looking away from the window. She doesn't like Karl; he knows it and can't leave her alone.

He wags a thumb at her back and gives me a knowing grin with lots of beige teeth. "I'd like to bring you know who, but I guess she's working." Then he slaps the wall and says, "I'll be there at eight, ready for anything."

When he's gone, I say, "Earth to Ann," and she twists her head backward over the chair to be sure we're alone.

"He's a spook," she says. "Why'd you invite him? Now you have to invite somebody I like or I'm not coming. I'll go to the movies instead."

I swivel the chair through a complete circle. "Maybe Amos. You like Amos, don't you? I like Amos."

"He's wonderful, but I want somebody else, too. What about Gillian?"

Gillian's my older sister. Ann talks to her on the phone every week when she calls to see how I am. Gillian sells real estate out of a room in her house on Short Bay Street; she's single and the black sheep, and the only member of my family it is always a pleasure to see.

"O.K. What's Amos's number? You call Gillian." I pick up the receiver. "Karl won't come anyway. I promise."

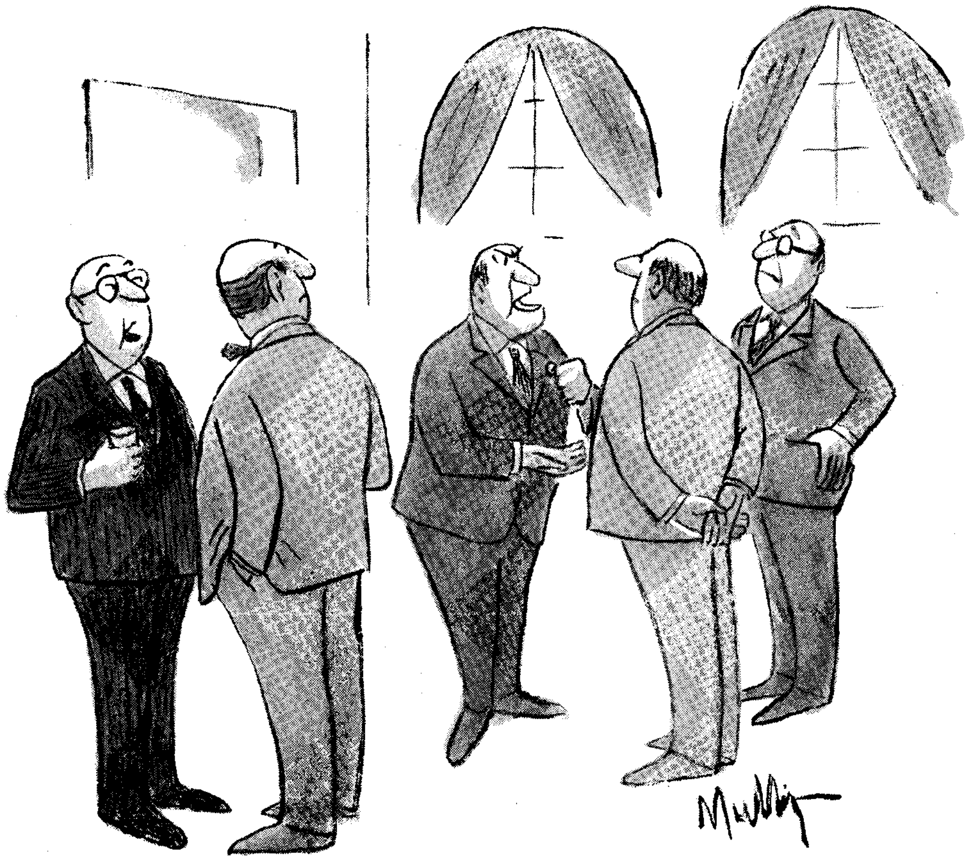
"I play hostess? Are we sure about this?"

"We could go out."

"Maybe next week," Ann says.

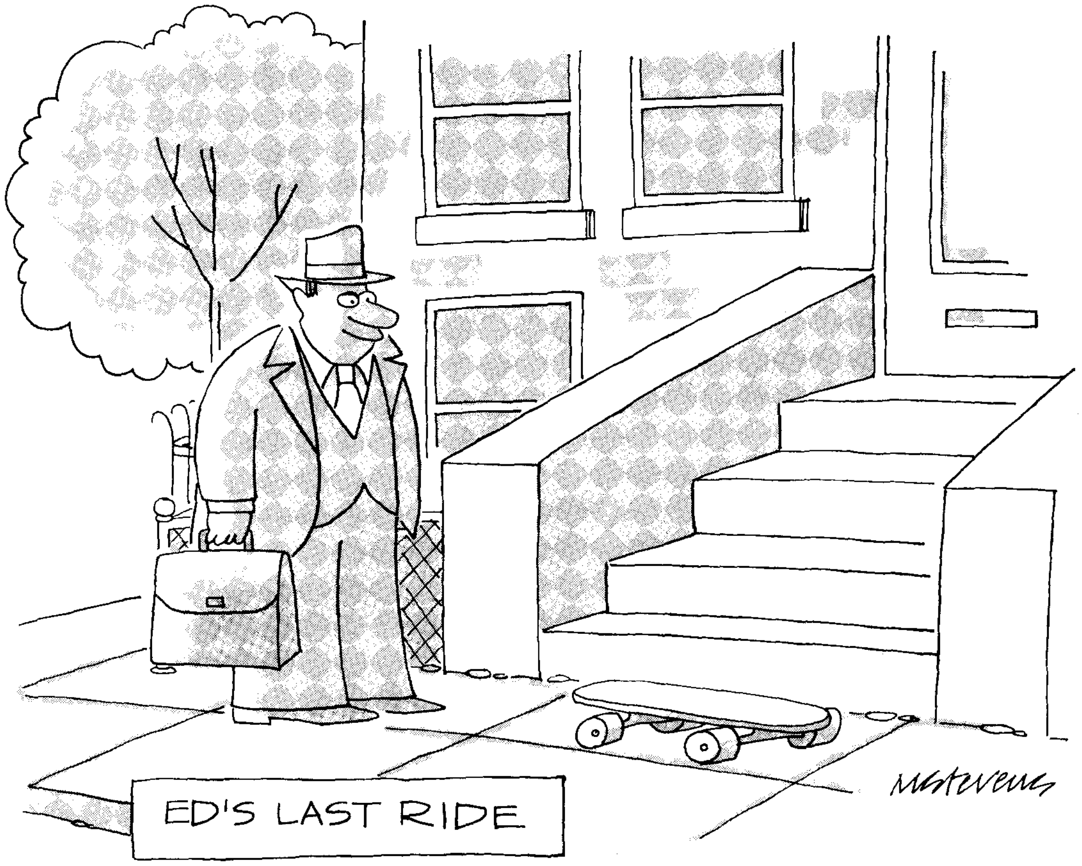
I call Amos and invite him for after dinner. He says he'll talk to his wife and get back to me. "He's going to ask Felicia," I tell Ann.

"She'll probably hate me. Are you sure Karl won't come? I'm nervous."



"That's exactly what President Reagan said—only he was smiling."

"Me too, all the time. I don't know why."



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I HAVE a new dinosaur, a toy eight inches tall with an oddly human torso and perfectly proportioned legs. On its belly, in a small raised script, the word "Continental" curves over an embossed crown. The toy is a rubbery dirt-black with green trim, which looks sprayed on, and red eyes. At home with Ann and Gillian I turn it upside down, spilling wonton soup and rice out of its hollow inside onto my placemat. I ask the dinosaur if it wants a Gelusil, then wipe the toothy mouth with a napkin. The women laugh.

"He's a jerk," Gillian says.

"He had too much to eat," Ann says. She starts to clean up the mess I've made, but I elbow her away and clean it myself, wiping at the soup with a napkin, sweeping the rice into my palm from the edge of the polyurethaned white-pine tabletop.

"Henry I mean," my sister says.

Ann walks across the room and sits on the Victorian sofa. "He's a trifle nervous, the Hulk is, socially."

"That's not attractive," Gillian says. "Hulk."

"Can we get this cleaned up before the guests arrive?" I say, waving my fistful of rice at the dinner table.

"Do our best, Chief," Gillian says. She carries her plate to the kitchen.

Ann gets off the sofa and comes up to me with her palm out. "The rice, please." I give her the rice and the soupy napkin, then take the dinosaur into the bathroom to rinse its throat.

Amos and Felicia are early. I answer the door, follow them into the living room of my apartment, then do the introductions. Felicia's making fun of Amos. "He's wearing this Izod shirt, did you notice? He's very style-aware."

Gillian hugs Amos and frowns over his shoulder at Felicia. "I think he looks nice. The shirt's yellow."

"So this is Ann," Felicia says, shaking hands with Ann. "We hear a lot about you at our house." Felicia does an ugly little twist of her lips and then turns away, looking around the apartment.

"Hi," Ann says.

Amos picks Ann off the floor, twirls once, and puts her down on the sofa.

"Aren't you afraid you'll break her bones?" Felicia says.

"She's got bones like a horse," I say.

Felicia makes a face at me. "That's exactly what I mean, Henry."

Gillian says, "He doesn't mean the leg bones, Felicia, he means the other horse bones."

"Right," I say.

"Just beer for me," Amos says. He's in the corner of the room, looking at the zither, which is balanced on top of one of the natural-finish stereo speakers. He plucks a few strings, then looks at himself in a mirror mounted on the wall. "This reminds me of something," he says.

The doorbell rings. Ann pops up from the sofa and starts for the door. "Who's that? Is that Karl?"

"I hope so," Felicia says. She's leafing through an *Artscanada* from a stack of magazines on the coffee table. She turns to see Ann leave the room, then says, "What's so special about her?"

Amos sits on the sofa next to Gillian, who's brought a tray of Löwenbräu bottles and Pier 1 glasses. "My Felicia," he says, pointing to his wife.

Ann has a conversation at the door, but in the living room we can't quite hear what is being said. Amos hands a bottle of beer and a glass to Felicia and sits down again, taking a second bottle off the tray. He drinks from the bottle, then throws his arm over the back of the sofa and sighs. "This is nice," he says.

Felicia walks around the room filling her glass, ducking her head to suck the foam before it drips on her hand.

When Ann comes back from the door, she says, "Paper boy. I told him we take already."

"We?" Felicia says.

Gillian makes a little snorting sound. "Some of us are crazy for friendship."

Amos points around the room at the pictures and the few pieces of furniture. "You've changed it again, Hank. How come you're always changing it?"

"He doesn't want anybody to know what it looks like," Ann says. "I guess."

"This is new," Felicia says. She's standing in front of a framed Hockney print. "This one of those fifteen-dollar things he did a million of?"

"Wow," Gillian says, wiping her mouth with her wrist.

Amos slides forward on the peach-colored sofa and turns to look at Gillian. "So, what's new in real estate?"

"Henry got a new dinosaur," she says, nodding toward the toy, which is on its back legs, poised, on the dining table.

"Yeah," Amos says. "I saw it first thing when I came in. Is it yawning? Where'd you get it, Henry?"

I hold up the dinosaur. "T.G. & Y. Where else?"

Felicia wheels around and stares fiercely at me. "That's clever, Henry," she says, and she picks up her tan purse and stalks out, slamming the apartment door as she goes.

"Mistake?" I say.

"I'd better go after her," Amos says. He gets up from the couch and clicks his bottle back onto the tray. "It's nothing, Henry. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

I walk him out; when I come back, Gillian is stretched on the sofa, unscrewing the cap of a new beer, and Ann is sitting at the table eating raisins out of a big red box.

"What's that about?" Gillian says. "They O.K.?"

"I guess. What did I say?"

"Said you bought this dinosaur," Ann says, picking up the toy. "That's all I heard." She gets up from the table, taking the dinosaur with her, and starts dancing, doing the box step, with the toy her partner. She hums and circles the room like a girl in a cowboy movie anticipating her first gala. When she's finished, she holds the dinosaur at arm's length, then pulls it to her and kisses it solidly on the jaw. "You're light on your feet," she says to the toy. "Or whatever these things are."

At nine the next morning Karl is sitting on the edge of Ann's desk, sipping coffee from a gray company mug. "Sorry I missed the party, Hank. I hear Felicia threw a fit."

"Don't look at me," Ann says.

I look at her. "Did we get the mail yet?"

She points at my open office door. "Karl was telling me that he went to a topless bar last night," she says. "All the women looked like me. He's going back tonight."

I look at Karl. He pushes off the desk, puts his mug on the blotter, and straightens his vest.

"And he thinks my underclothes don't fit."

"She's mad at me," Karl says, shrugging. "By the way, how's the meeting? Everything set?"

When I nod, he says, "Great," and walks off quickly. Ann follows me into my office. The mail is stacked in two piles on my desk. I start throwing away the junk while she adjusts the blinds to cut out the morning sun.

"Julio called last night," she says.

AGO BAY: THE REGATTA IN THE SKIES

I

For hours, our Pullman (half sleeper,
half parlor car), crammed with vagabond backpackers
and holiday executives,
burrows into denser clotted passages of Ise-Shima National Park,
the woods often crowding the tracks
so narrowly we seem to be boring a tunnel as we advance, pine boughs
and foliage coalescing
behind us. . . . Flashes of blue glitter, to our left
and below; the woods thin out; stretches of aquamarine run together
in a continuous unwound ribbon flanking
our descent to sea level—the parallel band grows wider,
suddenly leaping alongside
the tracks and flowing, at last, in a bright tributary below us
deepening to turquoise, bottom rocks

glinting in the shallows. We climb a short overpass, our tracks
an elevated scaffoldwork
flung across trestles, and we burst into the clearing,
forest walls falling away on both sides in a swiftly widening V

at our backs. Ahead, we bisect
a long isthmus—propped on our raised causeway—yoking
the wooded land mass
to a narrowing funnel of pasturage. *Goats and calves graze.*
A stray bull lopes up to the train,
springs back with a grimace, horns upraised for attack. . . . Water
to left and right,
all woods left far behind—a shrunken blur—
we seem to gain speed as we traverse the contracting strip
of land, hastening toward land's
end, our destination, Kashikojima, the town
fixed to the tip
of the peninsula, a great jetty curved like a boot toe to fit
the looping contour of shore.

The train seems aimed to overshoot town, docks, the coastline
mishmash of urban
and nautical traffic—our engine may vault
the lovely outlying islands! . . . Spray from Ago Bay, saturated

with scents of pearl-oyster beds
and nori-seaweed, floods in upon our nostrils—and now
flowery jasmines, lilacs,
sea grapes, as the wind shifts. Mountain breezes give way to sea gusts
billowing up from the bay. We advance
to the forward car, maneuvering to view the approach to Pearl World.
An island-studded seaway
rushes to meet us, the miniaturist color-engraving
on a postage stamp of moments before, pulling us into its ballooning
enclave. The maritime scene expands

• •

into a panoramic bustle of countless land and sea vessels. . . .
Exiting from the train,
I check my footing—the platform sinks a few inches, pitching
this way and that. Seaweed tufts—

sweeping across the city-long quay, blown in eddies,
commingled with lines
and cables of ship moorings—now settle
on the multiple decks of tri-levelled luxury steamboats. . . .

II

Passing under one low arch
of railroad viaduct—
at right angles to the pier and dockyard—we seek out
the buried hamlet.
We thirst for contact with townspeople,
the local populace! . . . Scouting for an urban interior,

we track uncertain footpaths
up a steep hillside.
The summit, a broad mesa, stretches to the horizon—
silhouetted on the sky,
a few marshmallow cloud puffs, rushing
to keep pace with jibs and spinnakers, match the sails

for size; flanking the low trim hulls,
the cloud balls unravel,
tails and tatters flaring out behind them,
their sister sails intact,
but forward edges luffing from time to time
in the strong headwinds. Cloud and canvas ride

the same fierce currents. . . . We stroll
across the raised
plateau, arm-linked, enchanted by the regatta
in the skies. The bay surface,
dismantled by the sun's glare, grows
invisible. We advance for a detailed view—the sea,

a mirror now, doubles the fleet
of clouds into two tiers,
an echelon above, twin echelon below.
We behold the spectacle
of white spheroids, ruffled quadrilaterals,
and cupped triangles converging—amassed and fluctuant—

upon the horizon. Ascending into a bloom
of thunderheads, banked
and swelling in the east, the whole galaxy
of vessels and frayed cloudlets—
airborne—swept past the quarter-moon's
pale crescent, flies higher and higher. . . .

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

• •

Julio is her ex-husband, a photographer; he lives in Atlanta. "He wanted to know all about you."

"He should get together with Felicia. Where'd you put the baseball game?"

She bends across the desk and tries to open one of the drawers, but the desk is locked. "There," she says, tapping the drawer.

"So you told him what? About me I mean."

"I told him you weren't just a jerk." She pushes back off the desk, straightening the mail as she does so.

Amos comes in, carrying a small glass vase with two flowers in it. He presents the flowers to Ann.

She makes a joke out of the present, but it's obvious that she's touched. "Thank you," she says, leaning forward to kiss him on the cheek.

I unlock my desk and open the drawer Ann pointed to; the three-year-old electronic baseball game is in its box at the back of the drawer. "You want to play me, Amos?" I push the remaining mail to one side and point to the chair opposite mine. "Just one inning, what do you say?" I switch the game onto automatic for some practice, but even that's too hard for me. I miss several pitches.

Amos comes around behind my desk to look over my shoulder. "Sorry about last night," he says. "Connie—you remember our daughter Connie, don't you? Well, she's living with the manager of this T.G. & Y. over here on Snap Street—the one where you got the dinosaur, I think—and anyway, Felicia's upset. Connie's quit school again, and the guy's been married a couple of times—it's not a great deal."

A pitch goes right by my batter, making the third out, and I switch off the machine. "I'm sorry, Amos."

"Felicia has her abandoned with a kid already," he says. "I don't like it either, but—" He raises his hands and shakes them at the ceiling, goes back around the desk, and looks out the door at Ann, who is standing by her desk, facing away from us. "She won't be mad, will she? Ann I mean."

"Don't be silly. She likes you."

"I hope so," Amos says.

Ann's skirt is made out of a shiny red fabric that looks as if it could be used for space suits. She's wearing a transparent chiffon blouse and her usual three-inch heels—today they're opera pink. When Amos leaves, she catches me staring at her and makes a fish face.

AT four o'clock I ask Ann to give me a ride home. "I was going shopping," she says, putting the papers on her desk into stacks, and putting objects—the tape dispenser, the stapler, the pencil holder—on top of the stacks. "I'll go to a movie, maybe." She tucks a rose straw handbag under her arm. In the parking lot I get into her new Ford sedan, banging my knees on the dashboard because she has the seat pulled so far forward.

The theatre is small, one of four in a storefront that's part of a shopping center near the office—the shopping center where I got the dinosaur. By the time we get inside, the four-twenty show has started. Ann leads the way in the darkness, carrying popcorn and

Coke. Halfway to the front she stops and steps aside. "Here," she whispers. I take the second seat in and she takes the aisle. The seats are dark plush—blue, or purple—and they rock. As the screen brightens after the credits, I see that there's no one else in the theatre. We hand the popcorn back and forth, staring at the screen.

After the movie we stop outside the theatre to look at the coming-attractions posters. It's just beginning to get dark, and the street lights are lime against the pale sky. The store signs have come on, blinking in oranges and blues and bright whites; along Snap Street the cars have amber and red running lights. The parking lot has fresh yellow lines on new blacktop, and off to the right clear bulbs dangle on black wires over Portofino's Fine Used Cars.

"Pretty," she says, looping her arm through mine and pulling us off the curb toward her car.

"Wait a minute," I say. "I'll be right back. I'll be just a minute." I trot along the edge of the parking lot in front of the stores; when somebody honks, I jump up onto the curb and go along the covered walkway in front of the big display windows, slapping at the square metal columns that support the overhang.

Amos's daughter is the only person in the T.G. & Y.: she's tall and thin, with jagged-cut almost silver hair and punk-rock makeup. I say hello and tell her I don't know how I failed to recognize her yesterday.

"I recognized you," she says. "Did you want another dinosaur?"

"Sure." We walk down the aisle to the toy dinosaurs. Yesterday they were all jumbled together, but someone has straightened them, arranged them in flat-footed rows, so that the thirty or so rubber toys stare straight at us, scarlet eyes glaring, jaws wide, square white teeth silhouetted against dark throats.

"Which kind did you want today?"

I wonder why I've forgotten the names of the dinosaurs.

"Mr. Pfeister?"

"I think—one of these." I pick up a fleshy green dinosaur with a double line of large triangular fins running down its back. "You like this one?"

Connie giggles, then stops suddenly and stares at the toy in my hand. She seems nervous, and she doesn't know what to say; she wants me to leave. I stroke the toy's head as if it were a cat's. Finally Connie says, "Yeah. That's my favorite."

As we walk toward the cash register, I toss the toy from hand to hand, almost dropping it once because of the fins. Ann has pulled the car up along the curb in front of the T.G. & Y.

"You want a bag for him?" Connie asks.

"I don't think I need a bag, really." I strip the price tag off the dinosaur's foot and press the adhesive square onto the cuff of my shirt. "What's the tax on a dollar ninety-nine?"

"Twelve cents. It's two-eleven."

I give her two bills and drop two nickels and a penny into her cupped palm. When she starts to go behind the register, I grab her shoulder. She turns around, not sure what is coming next; I smell her perfume, which I think is the same one Ann wears. "I talked to Amos."

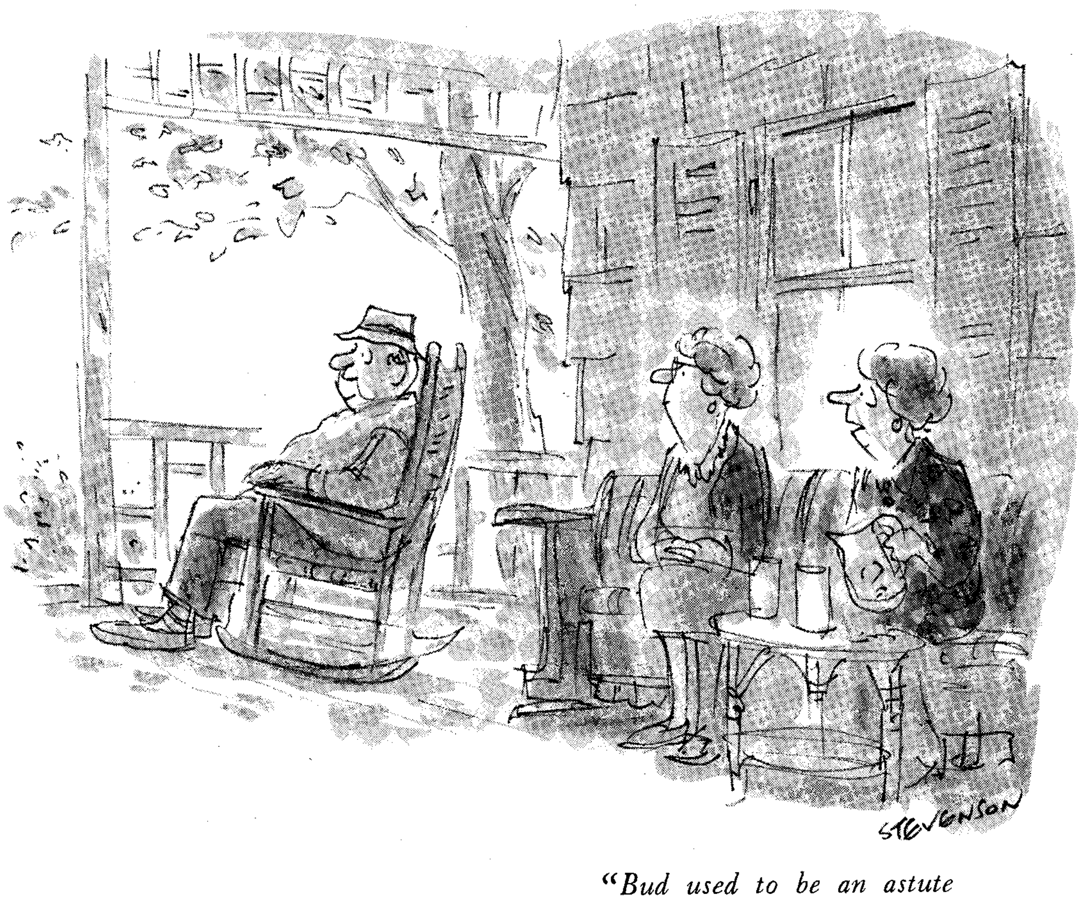
"I know," she says. She looks sad, resigned. "They talked to me. I don't know what to do about them."

I look outside at Ann, sitting in the Ford, her head turned toward the street, and I watch a short woman usher two small kids into the store. "Here's the answer: Do what you want and have an O.K. time. You can change it all later if you want to."

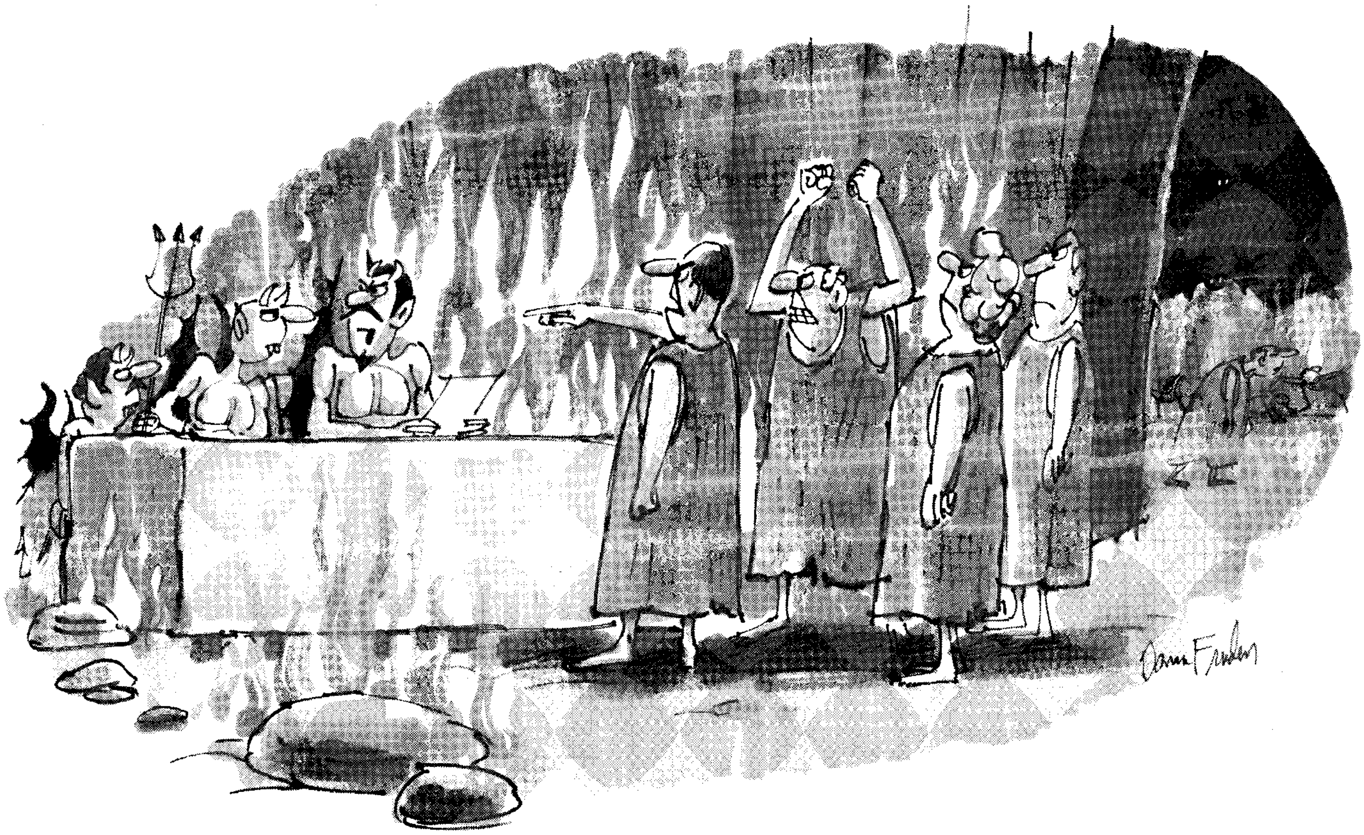
The woman with the kids has stopped just inside the door. She stares at us, pulls a can the size of a deodorant spray out of her purse, and advances, pointing the nozzle at my head. "You'd better ease up," she says. "You'd better just back off."

Connie is laughing—she can't stop laughing. A skull-and-crossbones is printed on the label of the can the woman is waving at my face. I let go of Connie's shoulder, but Connie doesn't move. "No, no," she says to the woman. "We're all right. Mr. Pfeister's a friend—really he is." Connie grins and wraps her arm around my back, pressing her cheek into my shoulder. "He works with my father," she explains to the woman.

"You're sure?" The



"Bud used to be an astute observer of the local scene. Now he just watches."



"Frankly, I'm sick and tired of always hearing about what's wrong with Hell. Once in a while I'd like to hear about what's right with Hell."

* * *

woman is wary, reluctant to put away her weapon. "I can still blast him if you want me to."

Connie shakes her head.

"Well, it was hard to tell at first, the way he was holding you." The woman caps the spray can and drops it into the crinkle-finish plastic purse strung over her shoulder. "No offense, guy."

I shrug and show her the dinosaur. "Can't be too careful."

There's a click-click on the window glass; it's Ann, standing on the sidewalk, making a gesture that I take to mean "What's going on?" I wave at her and say, "Be out in a minute," and she does a puppet-like step and starts for the car.

"Is that your wife?" Connie asks, pointing outside.

The woman with the can moves off toward the back of the store to collect her kids, who are riding the cheap tricycles in circles around the inflatable swimming pools.

"Yes." I fluff the collar of Connie's blouse, then look at Ann. "Yes, it is."

Connie goes behind the counter and starts punching buttons on the register. When the cash drawer slides out, she catches it with her hip and slaps my two bills into the dollar compartment. "She seems very nice. When did you get married?"

"Recently. A couple of months ago. She was my secretary."

"No kidding?" Connie grins pleasantly, then reaches under the counter and pulls out a white T.G. & Y. bag, which she holds open alongside the register. "Do you mind?" she says. "It's store policy. Nothing goes out without a bag."

Ann drives us to a restaurant on the edge of town. I tell her about Connie and the manager, and about the woman with the aerosol; she smiles and then laughs. The restaurant is an old house that somebody has recently redone, extending it out in back over a shallow ravine. It's called the Blue Crab, but it has an automobile-size lobster hovering over the entrance. We get a table by a window and, because Ann is hungry, order at once. There are blue lights strung over the ravine.

She looks at the lights and at the flat, peanut-butter-colored water below them. "This isn't so bad," she says.

"Thanks."

"I mean, it's at least possible." She shakes her head a couple of times and fingers the clean black dish ashtray. "So—you want me to teach you to smoke?"

"I forgot something," I say, sliding my chair away from the table. I go out to the car and retrieve the T.G. & Y. bag from the floor in the front seat; there's a little chain of perspiration on my forehead when I get back to the table and make the presentation. The appetizers arrive. Ann loosens the staple at the top of the bag with her fingernail, hands me the receipt, opens the bag, and peers inside.

"I deserve this," she says.

She takes the dinosaur out, hops it onto the table, and stands it up between our place settings. The toy rests on its hind feet and tail; the fins on its back gleam; it looks as if it's singing. Ann shakes hands with the dinosaur the way one shakes hands with a dog; then she feeds it one of her tiny white shrimp. She says, "Welcome to America, Reuben."

"Welcome to Romper Room," Felicia says. She and Amos and Karl and his wife have come up alongside our table.

Amos moves behind Ann and puts his hands on her shoulders. "You guys want to join us? They've got to have a table for six somewhere." He scans the room, still holding Ann's shoulders.

Karl starts to introduce his wife, but she stops him and says, "Hi, I'm Celeste Peters. You're Henry's Ann?" She reaches past her husband to shake hands with Ann, then nods at me. "Hello, Henry."

"Why don't you join us?" Karl says. "You can't work all the time."

"We're not working, Karl," I say.

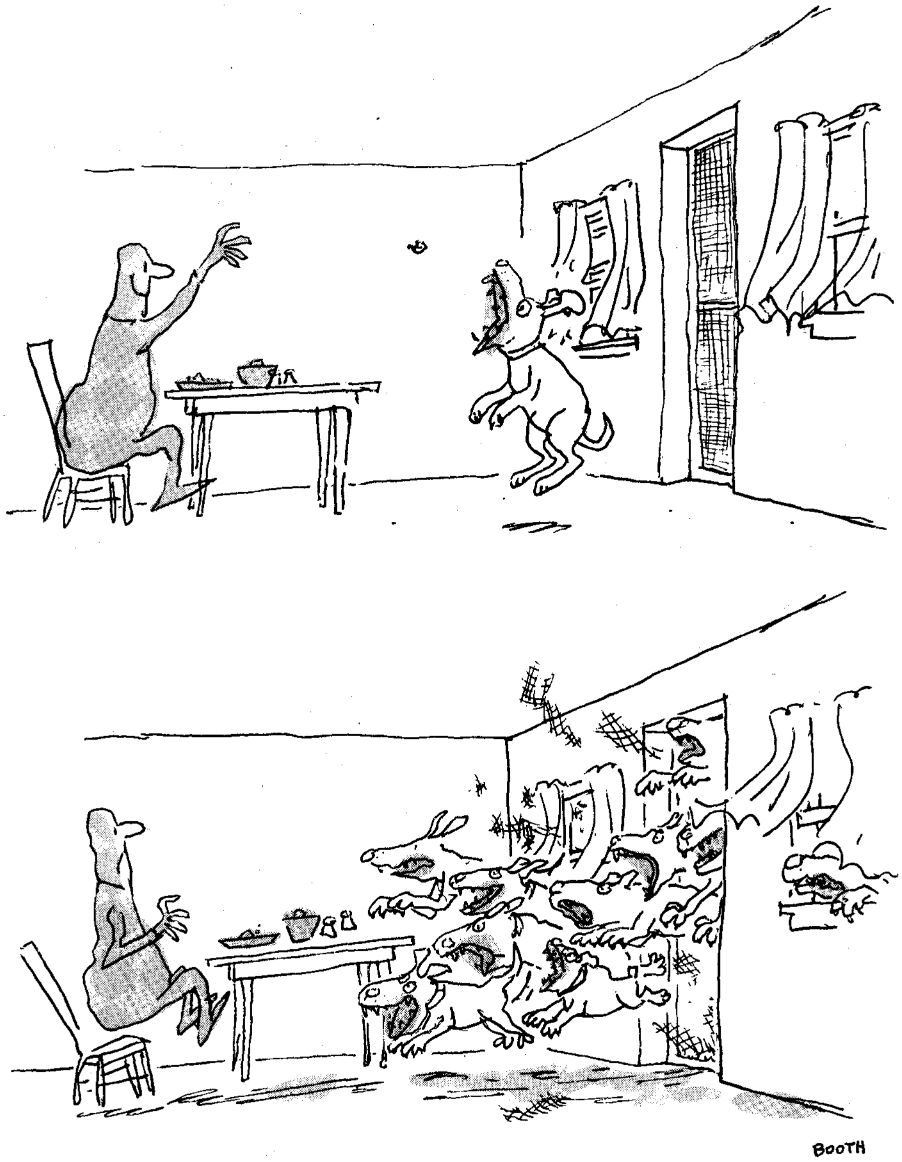
Ann reaches up and rubs the back of Amos's hand. "We had to go see this Amy Irving movie," she says, looking up at Amos. "He's sick for Amy Irving."

Karl snickers and slaps me on the back. "What he needs is a visit from the Girl Fairy. No offense, Ann."

Amos moves back to Felicia and puts his arm around her waist. "Well, we can't stand here all night. Let's get a table and eat. I'm starved." He nods at me as he guides Felicia away.

The four of them follow a short Chinese waiter off toward one of the other rooms in the restaurant. The guy who's sitting immediately behind Ann turns around and frowns at me, then watches Amos and the others walk off. When he's made his point, he turns back to his table.

The food arrives, and we eat without saying much. Ann repeatedly glances over her shoulder; I push my snapper around on the plate, and after ten minutes I signal the waiter. He comes with the check and is very careful—sliding his little tray onto the thick white tablecloth—not to upset the dinosaur.



IT'S two hours to Biloxi. I drive. The highway is white and empty, and Ann falls asleep sitting sideways in the passenger seat. The Ford seems to float on the road; I like the sound of it—sealed and moving fast through the narrow landscape. I go in through Gulfport, then along the water until the Broadwater Beach sign comes into view. The parking lot needs repair; the car hits a hole and the jolt wakes Ann, who yawns discreetly as I steer into a space between two Volvo station wagons. When we get out of the car, there's a terrific wind blowing in off the Gulf, bending the palm trees and a big live oak that looks as if it must be two hundred years old. The wind pushes our clothes around; we have to lean into it just to get to the outer edge of the parking lot for a look at the beach. Some cars go by. Out over the water there's a helicopter with a police-type searchlight that flicks on and off at intervals; now and then I hear the thuck-thucking of the helicopter blades. High-school kids run back and forth across the four lanes between the hotel and the beach. They go by in groups—mostly all boys or all girls—yelling to each other, waving beer cans. Some of them are wearing cutoffs, school jerseys, and beat-up running shoes; others have on high-waisted white slacks and open Hawaiian shirts. The wind is loud; when it hits, it feels thick on my skin. A couple of blocks away, on the water side of the highway, there's a large, turreted building, a souvenir palace, bright against the dark sky, all lighted up with colored floodlamps—salmon pinks and hot violets—and, surrounding it, an elaborate miniature-golf complex of castles and spaceships, with monsters guarding the holes. On the roof, shuttling back and forth over the tops of the letters in "Souvenirs," a hugely swarthy 3-D pirate in pirate boots and polka dots brandishes a neon cutlass and cackles mechanically. Ann takes a close look at my face, then at the pirate's, loops her arm through mine, and yanks me into the traffic.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

•

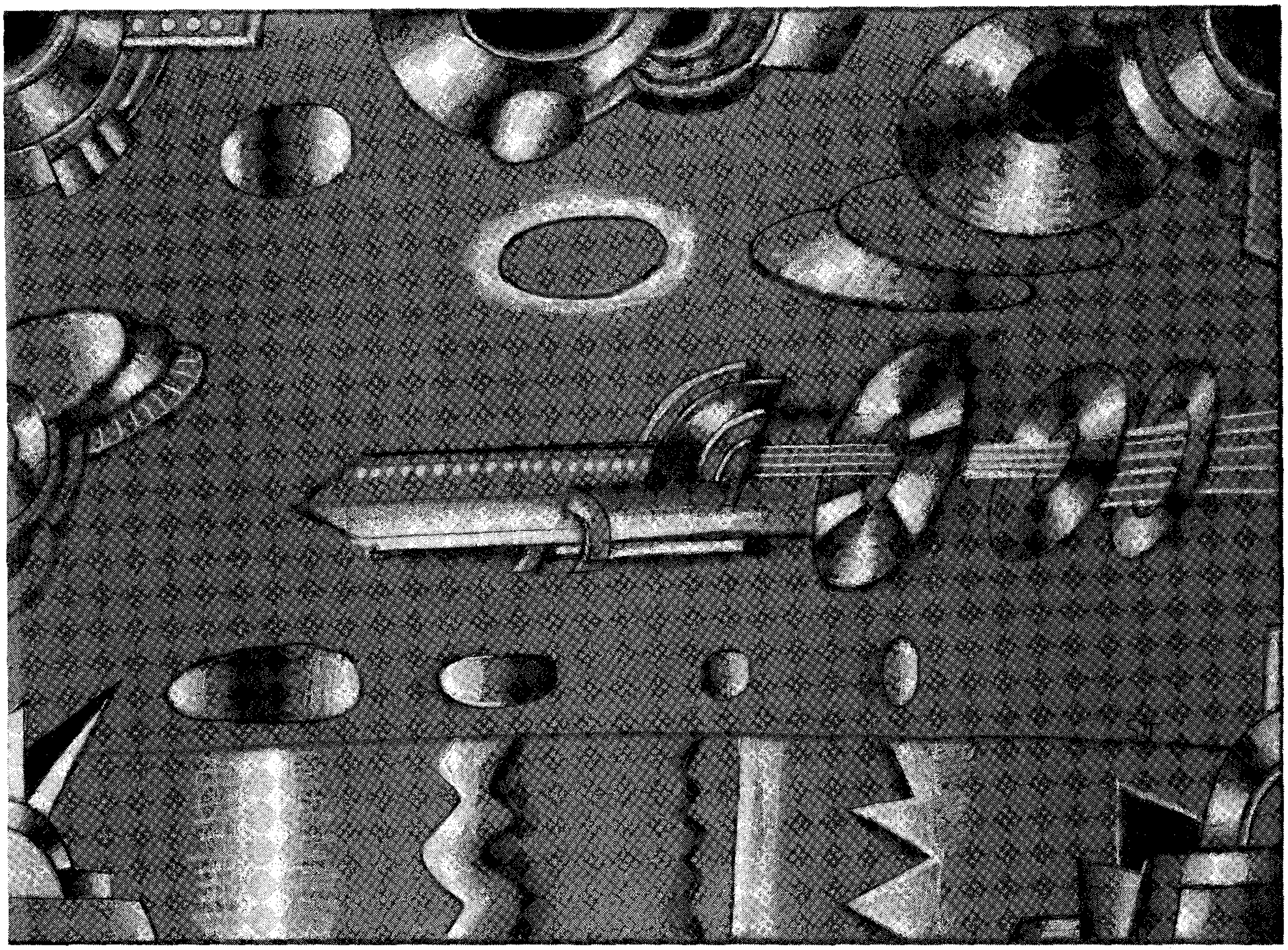
Shakespeare didn't have the Atlanta Braves and Montreal Expos in mind when he wrote, "Methinks he doth protest too much."—*Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

You're just guessing, aren't you?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

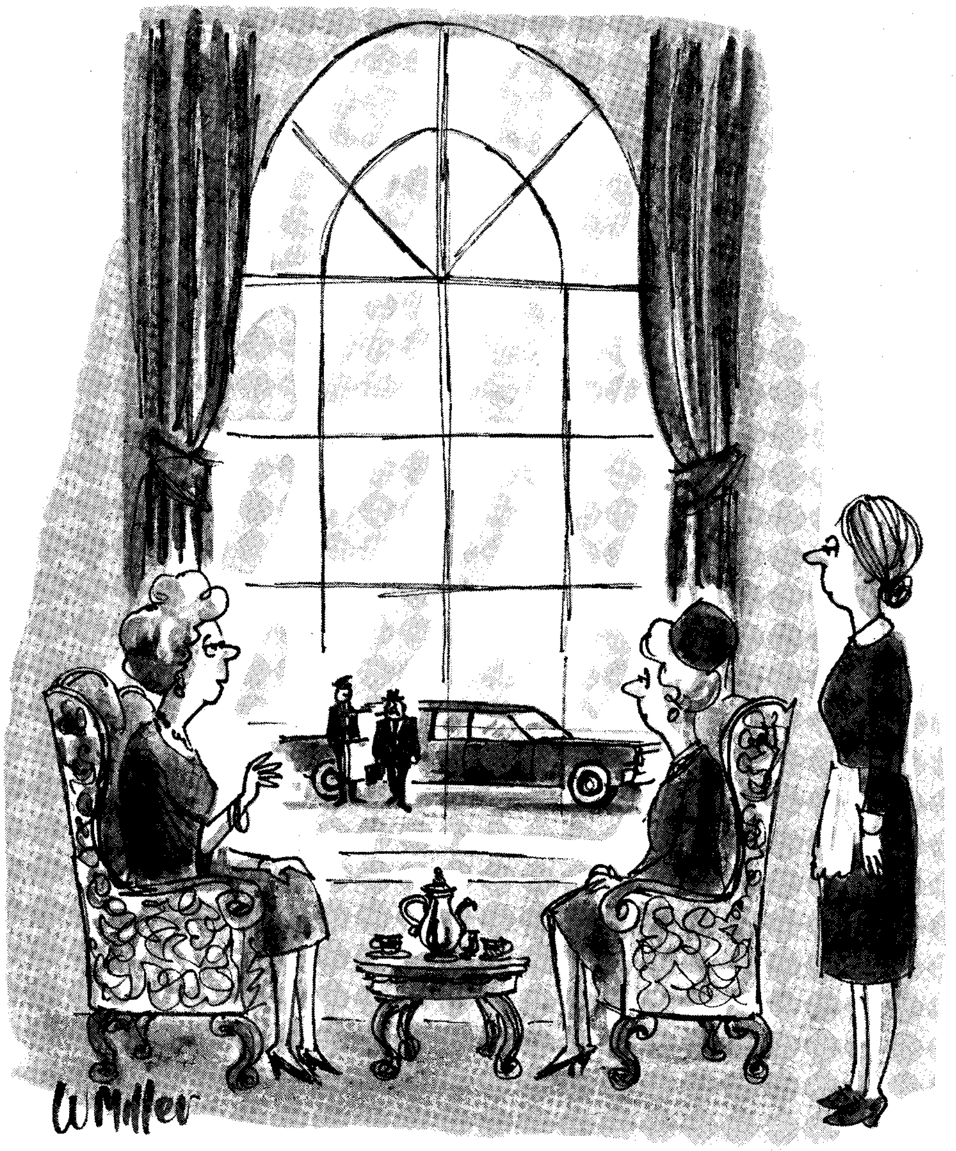
A SPORTY GAME

III—BIG, BIGGER, JUMBO



IN the mid-nineteen-sixties, the makers of passenger airplanes and their customers saw themselves as standing at the gates of El Dorado. All forecasts of growth in passenger traffic showed a steeply rising curve; analysts in banks, industry, and government jointly proclaimed an uninterrupted annual growth rate of fifteen per cent. During the first decade of America's jet-powered transports—1958 through 1968—the airline industry prospered as never before. Its earlier experience—in the era of propeller-driven aircraft—sank rapidly into the past. Jet engines, aided by improved wing design, increased the cruising speed of airliners by more than fifty per cent. Bigger airplanes, their wings swept back and thinner, flying at close to the speed of sound, primarily meant greater revenue. The cost of a seat per mile flown—the airlines' economic gauge—was cut in half by the first of the larger and faster airplanes, even though they consumed much more fuel. Improved versions of the same airplanes further reduced seat-mile costs. The airlines bought the new equipment as fast as their suppliers, the Boeing Company and the Douglas Aircraft Company, could produce it—faster, actually, in the case of Douglas.

The mid-sixties were indeed years of transition. What the airlines and the aircraft companies were heading toward, however, was more like purgatory than like eternal glory. Neither the companies nor the federal agencies that regulated them took notice of the latent inflationary force of the war in Vietnam. And no one, of course, foresaw the energy squeeze that lay some years ahead and would give the current era much of its definition. The trouble that quickly engulfed the airlines and the suppliers was magnified by their own mistakes and excesses. Experience should have cautioned restraint, but restraint and common sense were pushed aside by illusion and, even more strongly, by the exuberance that is natural to both airlines and the makers of airplanes. Airliners are sometimes created for the same reason that mountains are climbed—for sport. In any case, the moment did seem to be supremely rich in opportunity. Fresh technological breakthroughs were offering the prospect of airplanes that would be either much faster or much larger, or both, than the first-generation jet transports, which were already doing so well. The profits that seemed certain to flow from long leaps in productivity would more than justify the heavy costs of developing and deploying the new equipment. The flight time on long-range routes could be drastically cut by the marvel of supersonic speed. The problems caused by rampant growth in passenger traffic, including too many airplanes competing for limited runway space, could



"Oh, here's Mortimer, home from work. Gertrude, put 'Chariots of Fire' on the record-player."

• •

be eased by wide-bodied subsonic airplanes—flying buses—that would pare the cost of transporting passengers, because they could carry so many of them: hundreds, in fact. As it turned out, the attempt to develop supersonic airliners was, at best, premature. The technology was well within reach, but the ability to exploit it for profit was not. (The only example of that difficulty is the Anglo-French Concorde—a distinguished technological achievement and a commercial failure.) Therefore, change of a novel kind was about to take command. Speed, because it gives airplanes their main advantage over surface vehicles, had normally dominated progress in air transport. Starting in the late nineteen-sixties, size displaced speed as the focus of progress. However, a major increase in the volume of airliners was entirely dependent on progress in engine technology, just as greater speed had always been. A new airplane is normally designed around an engine—rarely the reverse. The wide-bodied airplanes would require engines with nearly three times the thrust of those which launched the age of jet airliners.

The jet engine is a kind of boiler; it creates hot gas, which produces thrust when it is forced out the rear of the engine. The earliest ancestor of the jet engine is said to have been the aeolipile, a steam turbine invented in the first century by Hero of Alexandria. However, the principle of action-reaction on which jet aero-engines rely was laid down by Sir Isaac Newton in his third law of motion in the seventeenth century: For every action, there is a reaction, equal in force and opposite in direction. The first patent on a modern jet engine was granted in 1930 to Sir Frank Whittle, an Englishman, who is now seventy-five and lives in Columbia, Maryland. Sir Frank says that the idea predates Newton and everyone else. "It is as old as nature—as old as, say, the squid," he explains. "If you push air back, you push yourself forward." The actual process is similar to that of air rushing from a balloon. In a jet engine, air is drawn into compressors and, after being squeezed to a pressure that is many times normal atmospheric pressure, is forced into a combustion chamber, where it is mixed with fuel and ignited. Part of the burning gas drives a multibladed turbine, which, in turn, drives the compressors. The rest of the burning gas, expanding rapidly, is blasted out through the engine's exhaust nozzle. Because the air is being exhausted at a speed higher than that at which it was ingested, it pushes the airplane forward.

Earlier jet engines functioned in exactly this fashion. By today's standards, they were not only very noisy but very expensive to operate, because they burned too much fuel. If, in the nineteen-sixties, there had not been major advances in jet-engine technology, the idea of wide-bodied airliners would not have occurred to anyone. The relevant step forward—it, too, was conceived by Whittle, in 1936—amounted to putting a large fan, with forty or so blades, at the front of the engine. Part of the air sucked in by the fan is shoved through a duct, bypassing the combustion section of the engine and mixing with the other, heated air as it blasts out of the nozzle. Fan engines, because they handle a larger mass of air, develop far greater thrust than their less astonishing antecedents. In effect, the fan pulls the airplane while the jet exhaust pushes it. And since more of the airflow is actually channelled around the engine's hot section (the balloon) than passes through it, fan engines consume relatively less fuel. They also make less noise, because the volume of air, though larger, moves less rapidly.

The first fan engines were not awesome. Their bypass ratios were so low as to be almost without consequence. Exploiting the potential of the bypass procedure posed many intimidating problems, of which the most formidable was heat. All jet engines run at high temperatures. The added burden on an engine of driving a huge fan with a diameter of eight feet makes the turbine blades, of which there are per-

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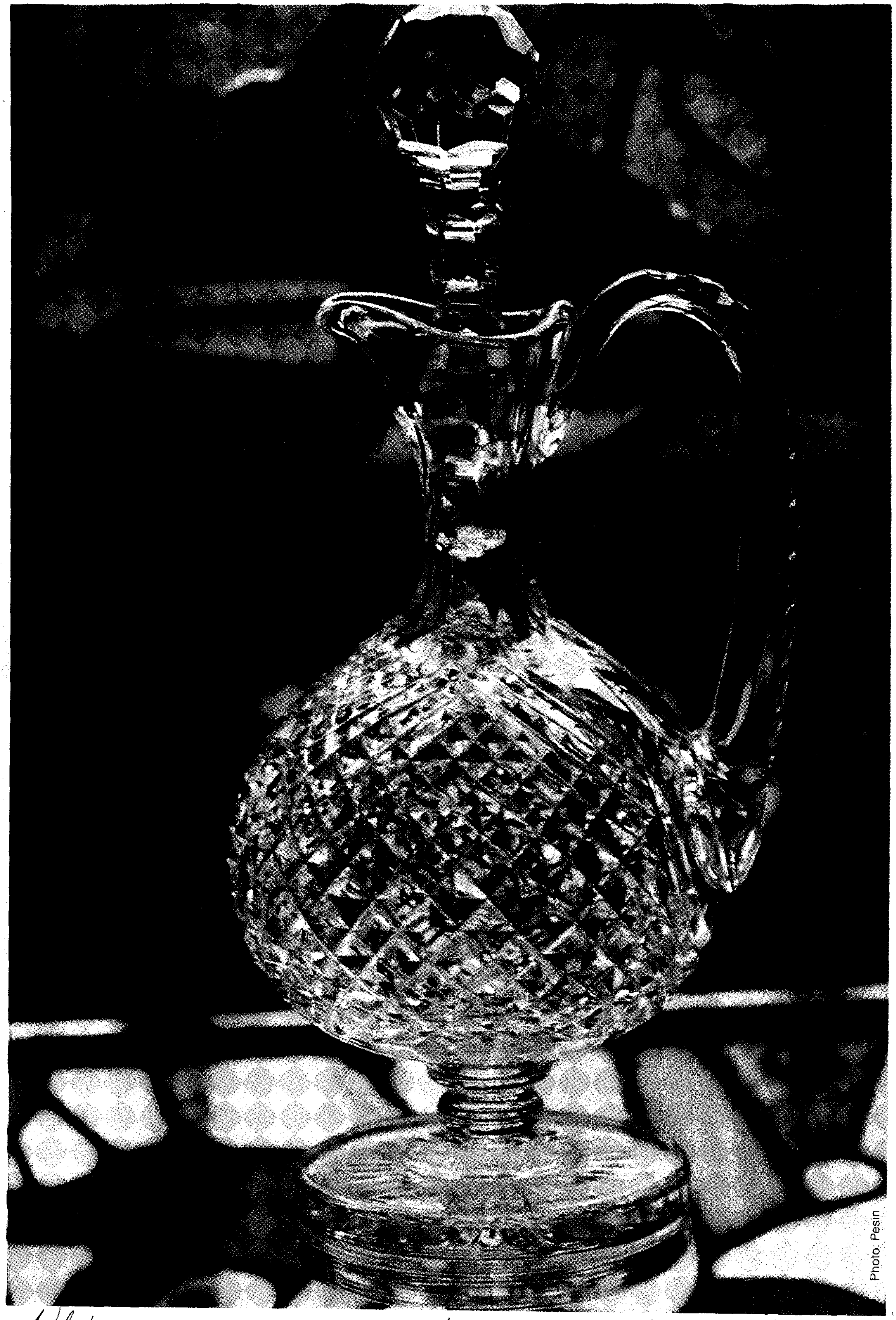

Photo: Pesin

What is immediately apparent to the cognoscenti is the affinity between old and new Waterford. Centuries have not altered the inherent Grace of cutting and design. The continuing thread of tradition is clearly cherished, nurtured and protected by Waterford at all costs.

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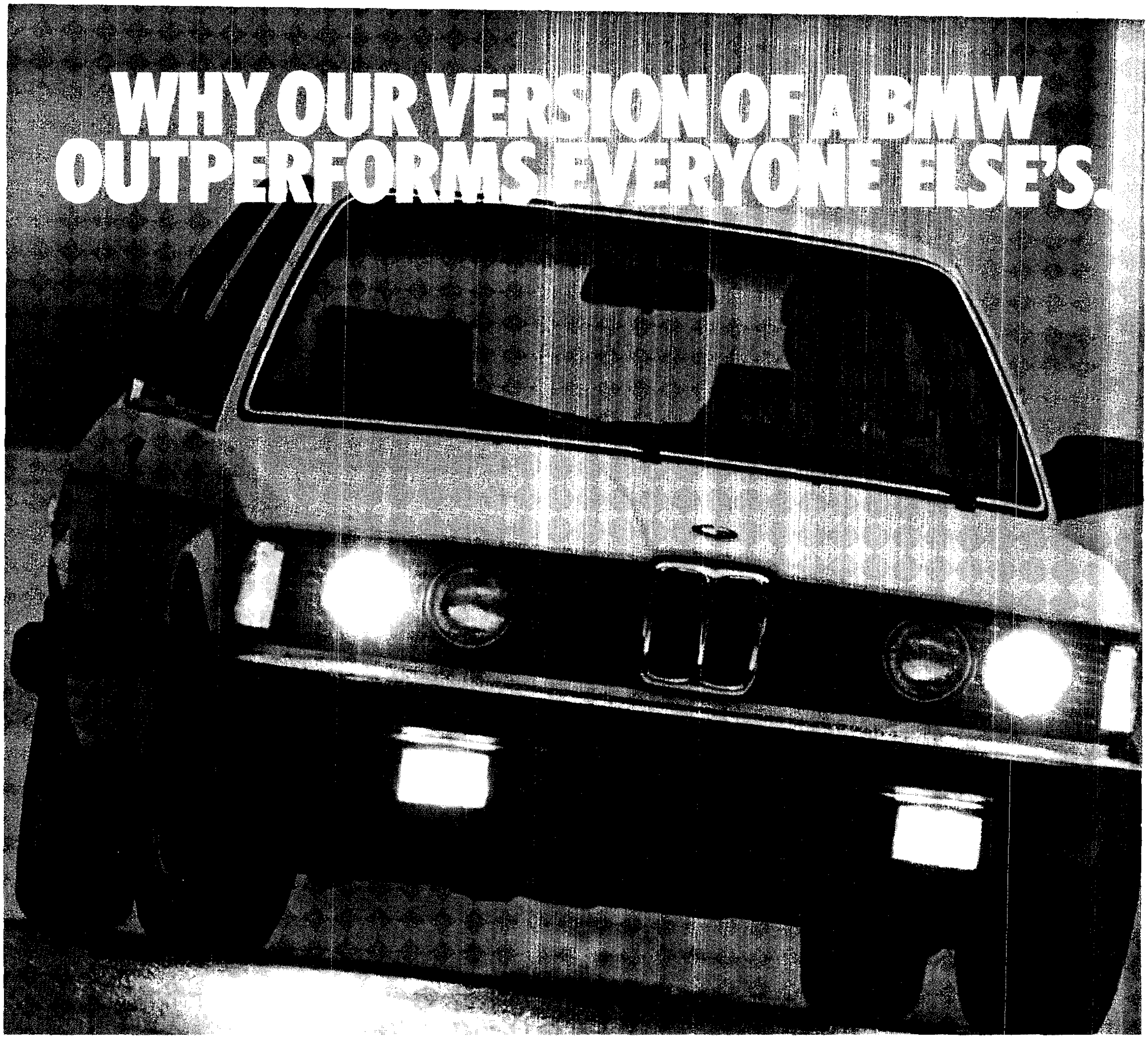
WHY OUR VERSION OF A BMW OUTPERFORMS EVERYONE ELSE'S.



It seems that the success of BMW in America has served as an inspiration to car makers everywhere.

This explains why so many of them are introducing what Motor Trend magazine calls "cookie-cutter copies of the (BMW) 320i."

Which is ironic. Because the car that launched the fad is the complete antithesis of one.

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The 320i was inspired not by any suddenly trendy sedan but by a heritage spanning 6 decades.

A heritage that's resulted in 31 world and European racing titles and performance cars like the 320i.

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PERFORMANCE SUPERIOR BY SECONDS. AND YEARS.

The 320i also excels where performance is measured not with stopwatches but calendars.

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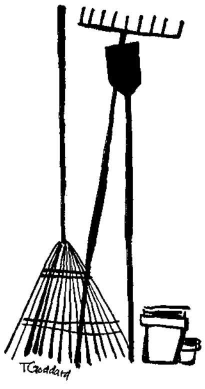
haps a hundred and fifty, so hot that an elaborate cooling system is needed; that system, of course, adds weight—the airliner's natural enemy—and creates other complications as well. Moreover, fan engines are much larger than others, so they create considerable drag, and, with it, classical aerodynamic problems. It was never certain that all these problems could be overcome—not, at least, to a degree that would enable fan engines to meet the rigorous standards of the commercial-aircraft business. Only three companies in the world—Rolls-Royce, Pratt & Whitney, and General Electric—were in a position to try. Rolls-Royce is credited with a first: in 1960, British Airways (then known as the British Overseas Airways Corporation) began flying Boeing's 707s with a fan engine supplied by Rolls-Royce. The engine—called the Conway, after the river in Wales—did not significantly outperform the orthodox Pratt & Whitney jet engine, which most 707s were equipped with. Nevertheless, at about this time the late Frank Kolk, who was the vice-president for engineering at American Airlines and a legendary member of his profession, decided that Pratt & Whitney's engine would do better if it was equipped with a fan. Pratt & Whitney disagreed, and resisted the idea. Kolk then indicated that American might reëquip its 707s with a fan engine that General Electric had developed. He was supported by Maynard Pennell, then the director of engineering for Boeing's commercial airplanes and manager of the 707 program. Pratt & Whitney yielded and added the fan. Even though the bypass ratio of the modified engine was in the low range, the result was an improvement in fuel consumption of over twenty per cent.

Kolk's initiative, though successful, was soon overshadowed by a far more momentous affair. The Pentagon began talking with Boeing, Douglas, and the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation about a new airplane to transport men and machines. Pennell recommended a modified 707 for the role, but it soon became apparent to him and the others that the military wanted something unique—an airplane more than twice the size of any in existence. The three companies fought hard for the right to build the airborne leviathan, which was called the C-5A. Boeing's design was judged the best, but it was accompanied by the highest bid. Lockheed, by underbidding the others, scored what proved to be a Pyrrhic victory. However, the historic impact of the C-5A emerged not from the airframe competition but from the engine competition. An airplane of the size envisioned required an engine of enormous thrust. Pratt & Whitney and General Electric, the contestants, both submitted designs for huge fan engines. General Electric won, mainly by proposing a bypass ratio for its engine that far exceeded anything that Pratt & Whitney was ready to consider. Its reluctance and the extent of G.E.'s daring are understandable if one thinks of a fan engine as a heat machine. Heat is energy. An engine will provide greater thrust and consume less fuel if the flow of air around it is increased—but not without a penalty. "Turning up the wick" will wear out turbine blades rapidly and shorten the life of the engine. General Electric was betting that an improved technique for cooling turbine blades would bring about what had seemed impossible—a huge, durable fan engine that could operate safely and efficiently with a bypass ratio as high as eight to one and do so at extreme temperatures. The Pentagon's new airplane needed an engine capable of forty thousand pounds of thrust—from two and a half to three times as much as the engines then propelling the largest jet airliners. General Electric convinced itself, and then the Air Force, of the feasibility of its design. The contracts for the C-5A were awarded in September of 1965, and this event, though it involved the military, set off a chain of events that transformed commercial air transport.



The reaction was spontaneous. Boeing, aware that the odds did not favor its high bid, had already started to look for a way to exploit what it had learned from the C-5A competition. John G. Borger, who was chief of engineering at Pan American World Airways, recalls that Pan Am's first serious discussion with Boeing about a bigger airliner occurred on the very day that the Air Force announced the award to Lockheed. Joseph Sutter, who was then chief engineer in Boeing's commercial division, was told that if the C-5A contract was lost he would become the chief engineer for the new airplane, to be called the 747. Sutter was on vacation when the Air Force announcement came; he was recalled, and the following day he assembled a team of a hundred engineers who had been working on the C-5A design for Boeing. Sutter's team hastily conceived a design, the first of many, for a commercial version of the C-5A, and began serious talks with airlines, starting with Pan Am. It was the obvious place to begin. Juan Trippe, the airline's founder and chief executive, had been the launch customer for more long-range airplanes than anyone else. On October 13, 1955, for example, he had ordered twenty 707s and twenty-five Douglas DC-8s; the total cost was two hundred and sixty-nine million dollars. That was the inaugural purchase of American jet airliners, and at the time it was the largest transaction in the industry's history. Trippe relished being first with a new airplane; he felt that it gave Pan Am a big competitive advantage. But another reason for starting with Pan Am outweighed all others. Only Trippe would have—or, indeed, could have—launched the 747. For the first buyer as well as for Boeing, it was by far the greatest gamble in aviation history. Being first meant buying a huge, immensely expensive new airplane surrounded with uncertainties. More worrisome was the 747's dependence on the unproved technology of a new engine. And, of even more immediate importance, the 747's launch customer was going to have to buy as many planes as would be required to make other big airlines feel obliged to have them, too. Boeing had decided that fifty firm orders were needed. Trippe was the key. If he bought just a few airplanes, the desired effect would not be achieved. But Trippe bought twenty-five, with an option for eight more, and that gesture all but guaranteed that most of the world's other major carriers would also order 747s. Everything had to work—especially the airplane itself. It was clear from the start that if the 747 program was unsuccessful it would bankrupt both Boeing and its launch customer.

In 1965, Boeing had delivered more airplanes than ever before, and Pan Am had made more money than ever before. Other big airlines were also making a lot of money, and some of them were dominated by men as commanding as Trippe. But none of the others were quite as overpowering within their own companies and with their boards of directors and the banks. Most airlines (and their suppliers) always carefully analyze the market before buying airplanes. That, apparently, was not Trippe's style. In considering the 747, Borger says, "the top management of both companies—Pan Am and Boeing—saw no need for market analysis. Trippe would not have looked at market analysis. There was no planning department in Pan Am. Trippe sat in his corner office, made plans, and then made them come true."

In urging the 747 on Trippe, William Allen, then the president of Boeing, was pushing on an open door. Indeed, when I talked about the 747 with Trippe—not long before his death, at the age of eighty-one, in April of 1981—he said that he himself had put pressure on Allen to go forward, and had even "made a few phone calls" to help Allen raise some of the money that Boeing needed to build the new airplane. In today's harsher financial climate, it seems scarcely believable that Boeing would have gambled so heavily on a project for which it lacked not just capital but also a place where the project could be carried out. The singularly large new airplane required a singularly large new plant—covering seven hundred and eighty-three acres. So the first 747s and the plant, which is in Everett, Washington, and which is the world's largest enclosed space, were actually built simultaneously. Boeing admits to an initial commitment of seven hundred and fifty million dollars to the whole project—virtually the company's entire net worth—but Pan Am judged the real figure to be much higher. During twenty or more years of a customer-supplier relationship, Trippe and Allen developed a wary but genuine respect for one another. "Trippe's courage had a lot to do with bringing on many of our new models," Allen said to me not long ago. In the next breath, he mentioned the Stratocruiser, a Boeing airliner that was built after the Second World War and was a costly failure. Allen built only fifty-six Stratocruisers—twenty-nine of them for Pan Am—before abandoning the program. "Trippe wanted that clipper ship, but we had no damn business building it," he said. As for the 747, Allen said that just thinking about the early days of the program "brings sweat to the palms of my hands." Trippe, in discussing this remarkable episode, often expressed his admiration for Allen, but always with the same rather quaint euphemism: "Bill Allen took his coat off a few times."

Trippe and Allen remembered the key dates of their collaboration on the 747, although their memories of who had the initiative differed somewhat. Trippe said that on December 22, 1965, he signed a letter of intent from Allen that informally committed Boeing to building the 747 and Pan Am to buying twenty-five of the planes. The letter called for negotiations leading to a formal purchase agreement no later than March 1, 1966. Trippe remembered the letter as a device that he inspired in order to put pressure on Allen to make a binding commitment within ninety days. "Allen signed the contract on the last day," he said. (Actually, both Trippe and Allen signed the purchase agreement on April 13th.) Allen says, somewhat more plausibly, that it was he who insisted on the ninety-day period. "I needed it as a safety valve," he says. "Our neck was on the chopping block. I needed financial support. I needed time to deal with the board of directors." Trippe said that he chose twenty-five as the number of 747s that Pan Am would buy. Allen demurs, saying that he chose twenty-five as the minimum number of planes Pan Am would have to buy before Boeing would agree, even provisionally, to start the program. Much of what happened between Allen and Trippe will never be known. Quite clearly, however, they plunged their companies, and the world, into the era of wide-bodied airliners with little hesitation and with roughly equal enthusiasm.

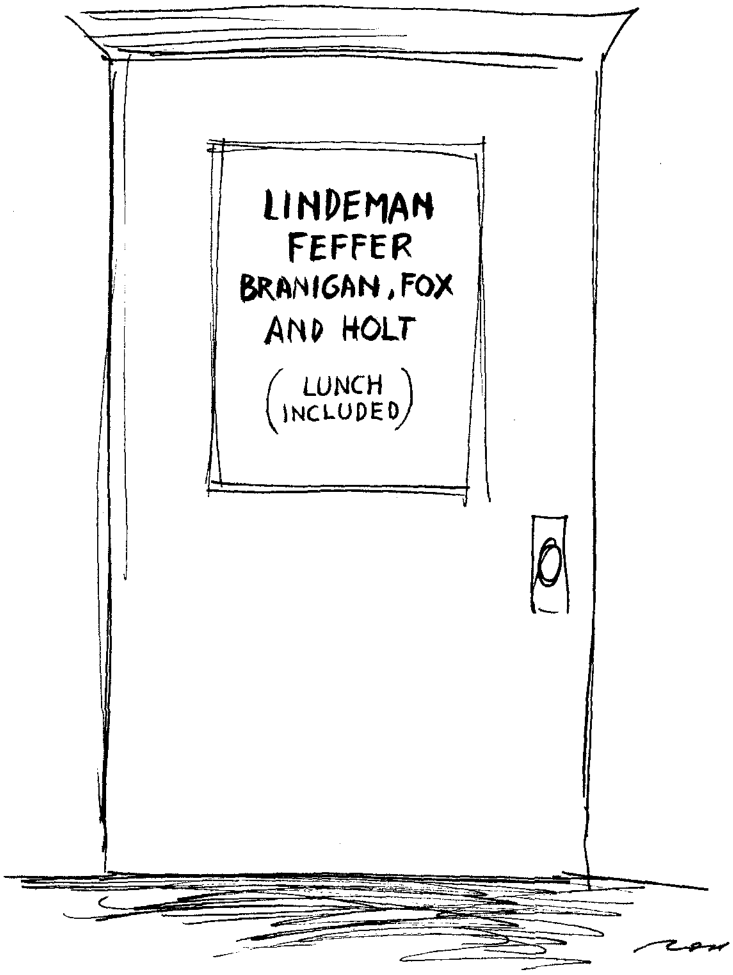
IN Washington, and especially at the White House, the plans that Allen and Tripple were making collided with an austerity program aimed at, among other things, discouraging new factories. President Lyndon B. Johnson was determined to restrain the inflationary effects of the growing war in Vietnam, and he also had steel shortages to worry about. Boeing wanted to build an airplane of unprecedented size and cost, a plant covering seven hundred and eighty-three acres, and a rail spur to the plant. Boeing also needed special cars to ferry large sections of the airplane from the plants of subcontractors. President Johnson would almost certainly have vetoed the entire 747 program if it had not been for Trippe, who vividly recalled going to Washington and pleading the case for it with Johnson and his Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara. At the time, Boeing was in great disfavor with both Johnson and the Defense Department, because of pressure it was alleged to have brought to bear on the Administration through its congressional representatives after losing (to General Dynamics) the most celebrated of all military-aircraft competitions—the contract for an airplane that was known then as the TFX and later became the F-111. Trippe apparently had an uphill struggle. Johnson and McNamara felt strongly that if Trippe wanted a wide-bodied airliner he should settle for a suitably modified version of the C-5A, in which the government was investing heavily. Trippe disagreed just as strongly, and managed to persuade Johnson to let the program go forward. What Trippe didn't mention in describing the incident to me was that Allen was with him when he spoke to Johnson. Of the meeting, Allen says only, "Trippe did most of the talking, because he got along better with Johnson than Boeing did." Allen did not take part in Trippe's meeting with McNamara, because he knew how McNamara felt about Boeing.

Early in February of 1966, just six weeks after Trippe and Allen signed the letter of intent, their companies agreed on the shape and the approximate size of the 747. By then, Boeing had produced two hundred paper variants of the fuselage design. Borger says that Boeing had several major design problems for which Pan Am was responsible. Pan Am wanted a large cargo area, and slightly wider seats than its 707s were equipped with, because it reckoned that the average American was increasing in size. Boeing agreed that the 747 seats could be slightly wider than those in the 707. As for the shape of the fuselage, both Boeing and Pan Am had been leaning toward one that would permit a double-deck arrangement, but Edward C. Wells, then a senior Boeing executive in over-all charge of design matters, vetoed the idea, partly because it posed problems for evacuating passengers in emergency situations. What was decided on was an arrangement that now seems simplicity itself, and the only sensible approach. It was to design the body of the 747 around standard-size cargo containers lying side by side; the containers are eight feet wide, eight feet high, and up to forty feet long. By then, Pan Am's interest in the 747 as an aerial freighter was growing. But Pan Am's first priority was two aisles and rows of nine passenger seats, with an option for ten, so that the airplane could eventually carry a maximum of four hundred and ninety passengers. By chance, it turned out that a circle drawn around two of the standard containers laid side by side virtually matched a circle drawn around seats placed nine abreast and separated by two aisles. The circle around the containers became the body cross section of the 747.

Boeing was attracted to its new airplane in the role of freighter even more than Pan Am was. Both companies believed—wrongly—that big American-made supersonic transports would be available in the nineteen-seventies, and both assumed that sooner rather than later the majority of the passengers on long flights would be travelling at supersonic speeds. Boeing also had an eye on Douglas, its still formidable competitor, which had acquired a new advantage by stretching the DC-8, the rival of Boeing's 707 (an airplane that did not easily lend itself to stretching). The stretched DC-8 was the largest existing long-range airliner, and much the most efficient. It was also a far less expensive airplane than the 747 was going to be. So, according to Sutter, people at Boeing were talking about the 747 this way: "Let's make a good freighter. The stretched DC-8 and the S.S.T. [supersonic transport] will have the 747 boxed in. The S.S.T. is eventually going to kill it." Pan Am wanted an option to convert 747s into strictly cargo-carrying airplanes; Boeing cheerfully designed the airplane so that it could be converted. At that time, early in 1966, Boeing was competing vigorously against Lockheed in a government-managed competition for the contract to build America's supersonic transport. Boeing, despite its problems in Washington, expected to win, and it did. (The Federal Aviation Administration, not the Pentagon, was in charge of the competition.) Incredible as it seems, then, Boeing and Pan Am were ready to risk all they had on an airplane that each of them, and especially Boeing, seemed to regard as interim—as a digression from the path toward the more exciting (and largely government-funded) S.S.T.

For Boeing, the major question, apart from finding the money to build the 747, was selecting an engine for it. Normally, airlines select the engine (when there is a choice), but not in this case. The airlines knew nothing about high-bypass engines or jumbo airplanes; Pan Am was content to let Boeing decide. Boeing was expected to choose a commercial version of the engine that General Electric was developing for the C-5A. Rolls-Royce and Pratt & Whitney were competing, but G.E. was thought to be well ahead of them in high-bypass technology—particularly in knowing how to control temperature. Jack S. Parker, who later became G.E.'s vice-chairman, was then in over-all charge of the company's aircraft-engine business, and as his general manager he had Gerhard Neumann, an improbable, flamboyant, and brilliant German-born engineer, who gets credit for much of the early progress on high-bypass engines. Neumann, after leaving Germany, in 1939, led a picaresque life in the Far East during the Second World War. He drove Chinese Army trucks on the Burma Road; he worked as a mechanic for General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers, who called him Herman the German; and he did sensitive work in China for the Office of Strategic Services, for which he was later awarded American citizenship by an act of Congress. In 1948, Neumann joined G.E.; he worked for Parker for almost thirty years, and, though he is retired now, he maintains an office at the G.E. plant in Lynn, Massachusetts.

In the winter of 1965-66, G.E. had its hands full—especially with the C-5A engine. Commercial engines are different from military engines, and more demanding. Neumann says he told Parker that he and his people were "too busy" to build another engine. Neumann adds that G.E.'s management was in any case reluctant to start a commercial version of the company's big fan engine until the Air Force had invested a lot more money in the military prototype. In short, G.E. didn't want to take on the 747 project until the costs of overcoming the basic problems common to all high-bypass engines had been largely absorbed by the Pentagon. G.E. was also worried, with good reason, about the Boeing–Pan Am timetable for the 747. In the letter of intent, Boeing had agreed to begin delivering 747s to Pan Am in November of 1969. This meant that the engine would have to be developed, certified, and ready to go into service in about three years. Trippe and Allen were not allowing much time for building a new airliner, and even less for a new engine, which normally takes at least a year longer. "I called Bill Allen and told him that unless they were willing to extend the schedule by one year we would withdraw from the competition," Parker says. "Bill



told me that under the pressure from Pan American, and so on, he simply wasn't in a position to do that. So I said thank you very much, it's been a great exercise, and good luck."

Boeing people feel that G.E., by withdrawing, was being characteristically overcautious. Kenneth Holtby, who helped design the 747 and is now a Boeing senior vice-president, had some sympathy for Parker's position, but he says of G.E., "They were the pioneers in high-bypass technology, but by not stepping up to the 747 they missed the boat." Holtby adds that G.E. wanted to "downsize" the 747 before designing an engine for it. As it turned out, G.E. was right to back away. The enterprise was unrealistic and arbitrary. The schedule for the 747 was unnecessarily tight, and the airplane bigger than it should have been. Yet the size of the task from which G.E. shrank did not inhibit its competitors, Rolls-Royce and Pratt & Whitney. Rolls-Royce, in fact, behaved with a rashness even more surprising than G.E.'s caution. At the time, Rolls-Royce had more than eighty thousand people on its payroll, of whom more than seventy thousand were working on jet engines. Rolls-Royce had gone into the jet-engine business during the Second World War. In 1940, the Rover Company, another maker of luxury cars, had contracted to build Sir Frank Whittle's jet engine, while Rolls-Royce was making engines for tanks. One day in 1943, Lord Hives, the general manager of Rolls-Royce, dined with Rover's chairman, S. P. Wilkes, and said, "Look, you're not an aero-engine company. You grub about on the ground. . . . I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you our tank-engine factory at Nottingham, you give me this jet job in Yorkshire." Wilkes agreed, and, with the approval of the government, the swap was made. Rolls-Royce took over Rover's jet-engine plant, which was in a former spinning mill in the village of Barnoldswick.

By the mid-sixties, Rolls-Royce had been trying for more than a decade to place an engine on a new Boeing or Douglas airliner. The pressure to succeed was intense. Boeing and Douglas were making most of the world's airliners, and by far the largest market for them was the United States. To penetrate this market was judged vital by the company and its many supporters within the British government. Rolls-Royce was seen as the leading edge of the country's high-technology industry as well as a major employer. It was a time when all Europe was brooding about the so-called technology gap. (France's Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber wrote a runaway best-seller, "The American Challenge," about this supposed problem.) Rolls-Royce chose to use technology against its American competitors. It produced a design for a high-bypass engine that was well ahead of either G.E.'s or Pratt & Whitney's. The Rolls engine was simpler: it had fewer moving parts—fewer points of vulnerability to high temperatures—than either of the others. As it happened, this design added weight to the engine, but Rolls-Royce proposed to offset that defect by making the fan blades out of a lightweight carbon-fibre composite called Hyfil, instead of titanium, the usual material, which is heavier than Hyfil. All this was viewed with interest, and some skepticism, by American industry. Rolls-Royce, because it had been absent from the C-5A competition, trailed G.E. and Pratt & Whitney in experience with big fan engines. What Rolls-Royce was offering, then, was purely a paper engine, but if the engine did turn out to be simpler it might consume less fuel than competitive engines and perhaps operate more reliably.

Agreeing to the concept would have been an act of faith—one that Boeing was not prepared to make. A Boeing team, led by Edward Wells, made several trips to Derby, Rolls-Royce's headquarters, in the winter of 1965-1966, and concluded that Rolls-Royce probably could not fulfill the claims that it was making. Boeing wanted more evidence than Rolls could provide that the Hyfil blades were as strong as they would need to be. Joseph Sutter, who did not go on the trips but was in charge of designing the 747, and who, like Neumann, has always been a man of strongly held opinions, says that he was even more opposed to the Rolls-Royce engine than his colleagues. Sutter says that he nicknamed the Hyfil blade the "oatmeal blade." Wells and the others also doubted whether Rolls-Royce could build a new engine at the pace dictated by the Boeing–Pan Am timetable for the 747. While they were attracted to the more advanced design, they simply didn't believe that Rolls-Royce was equipped at that point to build a real engine around it. Moreover, according to Wells, Rolls-Royce pushed for an exclusive arrangement, which would mean that 747s could never be offered to any airline without Rolls-Royce engines. Rolls-Royce felt that it needed this kind of protection to justify the huge initial costs of developing the new engine. Boeing, given its doubts about Rolls-Royce, would have been foolish to agree—a point that was borne out two years later, after Lockheed decided, in effect, to give Rolls-Royce exclusivity on the L-1011.

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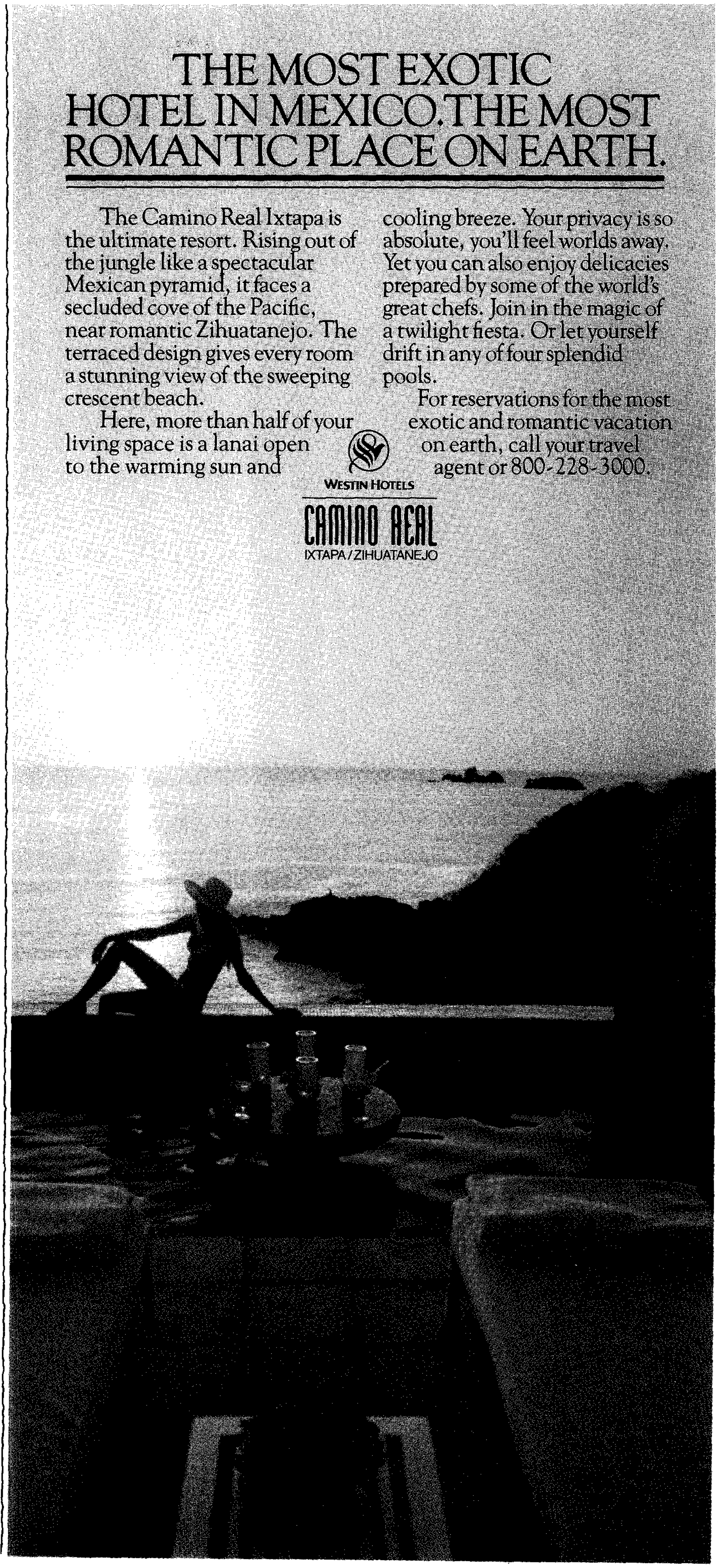
With G.E. and Rolls-Royce eliminating themselves for opposite reasons, Boeing turned to Pratt & Whitney. Like Boeing, Pratt & Whitney had lost the C-5A competition, and, like Boeing, it wished to recoup by scoring a commercial success with what it had learned. Therefore, Pratt & Whitney agreed to do what it had been unwilling to do in the earlier competition—shoulder the risk of raising the bypass ratio of its engine into the preferred range, of about five to one, a standard indicating that five times more cold than hot air is pushing the airplane. This was a bold decision. It amounted to betting a billion dollars or so that the staggering problems of developing an engine as big and as radically different as this one could be solved. Pratt & Whitney felt strongly inclined to try. It had at the time close to ninety per cent of the commercial-engine business; Rolls-Royce had seven or eight per cent, and G.E. the rest. (G.E.'s special domain was the military-engine business.) Many carriers wouldn't buy airplanes with any engine but Pratt & Whitney's. The company did not wish to see its customers lose that habit. Thus, what seemed to be at stake was the future itself. For Pratt & Whitney, stepping aside from the 747 carried—or seemed to carry—the risk of letting Rolls-Royce or G.E., if not both, gradually take over its turf.

Pan Am had been holding its breath, so to speak, while awaiting the outcome of the engine competition. Its management was relieved and pleased when, early in March of 1966, Edward Wells called John Borger at Pan Am to say that Pratt & Whitney had been selected. Pan Am felt that G.E. knew too little about the commercial side of the engine business, and it shared Boeing's skepticism about Rolls-Royce's claims. Like many other airlines, Pan Am considered Boeing and Pratt & Whitney the most reliable companies in their complementary trades. On April 13, 1966, Allen and Trippe signed the contracts for the 747. Their agreement had many unique features. First, Pan Am agreed to pay Boeing half the total purchase price well before the delivery of the first of the twenty-five airplanes. Airlines had rarely, if ever, paid more than a quarter of the price before deliveries. In effect, Pan Am was committing itself to paying Boeing two hundred and seventy-five million dollars even before the 747 was certified by the F.A.A. and before it was clear that the marriage of the jumbo airplane and the wondrous engine was going to work out. With this gesture, Trippe was both responding to Allen's financial problem and signalling his confidence in the 747. Allen, in turn, took account of Pan Am's special role as launch customer in a number of ways; he agreed, for example, that if Boeing sold two hundred 747s before December 31, 1972, it would refund to Pan Am an amount equal to three-fourths of any net profit (before taxes) in excess of five per cent of the selling price of the airplanes. This, too, was a unique feature. However, by far the most important of the new features concerned the price of the airplanes, and this one probably saved the Boeing Company. Quite simply, it provided that the basic price of the 747—approximately eighteen and a half million dollars—would be adjusted upward to take account of increases in labor costs and wholesale prices. Such indexing is now common to all aircraft-purchase agreements, but it began with this one.

Both sides understood that Boeing would not proceed without fifty orders. The agreement said that Boeing could cancel the 747 program at any time up to August 1, 1966, if for "business reasons" it decided against proceeding, and this meant that Boeing was reluctant to extend its gamble on the 747 beyond that date without fifty firm orders. In June, Japan Air Lines and Lufthansa each ordered three airplanes. These orders did not bring the total to fifty, but they were enough to



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remove any further hesitation, because by then Boeing knew that British Airways would order six 747s in August and that Trans World Airlines was committed to twelve and would announce its decision in September. Boeing also judged that American, United, and Northwest would not be far behind, and they weren't; each airline ordered 747s in November.

The tumblers had fallen into place. Pratt & Whitney was taking on the hardest job—building the engine. The launch customers had declared themselves. Trippe had arranged the financing of Pan Am's purchase of the 747s—an even larger transaction than his purchase a decade earlier of the first 707s and DC-8s but one that he didn't have to work at very hard, because he had the full support of his bankers. And Allen, who had the largest financial need, managed to supply it from a variety of sources, some of them internal. Malcolm Stamper, who is now Boeing's president, was then running a gas-turbine business in Seattle which Boeing owned. He remembers that he learned of the decision when Allen telephoned one day and told him to sell the business, because Boe*ing was going to build a very big air*plane *and needed* to raise capital. Stamper was later placed in charge of producing the 747 and building the new plant—a job at which he worked, he says, "seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, for four years." They proved to be years of lacerating difficulties, none of which were even dimly foreseen in the spring and summer of 1966. Boeing and Pan Am were swept by a spirit of great adventure. Juan Trippe wanted his 747s as soon as possible, to be able to exploit more fully the great growth in passenger traffic that seemed to beckon, and, perhaps, to assure his imprint on another departure in air transport; Trippe, who was then sixty-seven, apparently felt that he might not be in charge very much longer—certainly not when the supersonic era began. And Boeing, once it was committed to the 747, wished to begin earning revenue from it as soon as possible.

Usually, a new airplane reflects the needs of the market, and is therefore a compromise—not ideally suited to any one of the big airlines but close enough to what all of them think they want to be generally acceptable. The 747 was not a compromise. None of the American carriers wanted such a large airplane except Pan Am, and it is unlikely that any of the major foreign airlines wanted it, either. But rightly or wrongly—in retrospect, wrongly—they all felt that they had no alternative. The big foreign carriers were unwilling to concede Pan Am a major marketing advantage. Douglas's president, John C. Brizendine, says, "When British Airways and Japan Air Lines went for the 747, everyone else had to." Charles Tillinghast, who was T.W.A.'s chief executive at the time, says, "We were reluctant participants in the 747. We just couldn't afford to sit it out. Had we known that the DC-10 and the L-1011 were coming along, we might well have sat it out. We feared that it would go ahead, and we didn't have the courage to stand aside." Tillinghast, of course, had the same problem as the foreign airlines, for T.W.A. competes with Pan Am on many international routes. He and Robert Rummel, who was then T.W.A.'s vice-president for planning and research, tried to persuade Boeing to build a smaller airplane. (Rummel argued, correctly, *that the* 747, *as Boeing conceived it,* was underpowered.) They failed, and fell into line—and that caused the other major domestic carriers to fall in as well. None of them were pleased by the prospect of the 747. American Airlines officials worried that it was too big for their route system. (A former executive at American says, "A sense of panic set in when airline people went to Seattle to look at the 747 mockup.") United Airlines was intimidated by it. Delta Air Lines bought five 747s but found them an awkward fit for its route system, and six years later had sold them all. Eastern Air Lines opposed the 747 and, like T.W.A., tried to persuade Boeing to build something smaller. Eastern's resistance was strenuous enough to strain its relations with Boeing. Eventually, after its chief competitor, Delta, had bought the airplane, Eastern did order four 747s, but it never took delivery of them; T.W.A. absorbed Eastern's order. The other airlines could—and did—rationalize their reluctant move by falling back on the illusion of fifteen-per-cent annual growth in their passenger traffic. They understood that from Boeing's point of view its new airplane had to be considerably bigger than Douglas's stretched DC-8, but they wondered why it had to be so much bigger.

THE modern era in air transport began in April of 1966, partly because of the Boeing–Pan Am agreement and partly because of an event that, purely by chance, occurred then, and had an even greater ripple effect. That April, American Airlines' Frank Kolk sent out to Boeing, Douglas, and Lockheed the specifications for a new airplane, which would be much smaller than the 747, and which he felt would best fit his company's forecast of growth in passenger traffic. He and his colleagues called it the jumbo twin; another name for it within the industry was the Kolk machine. Kolk's list specified a wide-bodied, double-aisle aircraft capable of carrying as many as two hundred and fifty passengers as far as eighteen hundred and sixty miles at subsonic speed. It would be powered by two huge high-bypass-ratio turbofan engines. Because American has always had many New York-to-Chicago flights, Kolk also insisted that his airplane be capable of operating from the runways of LaGuardia Airport; these are built in part on piers, and there are limits on the weight of airplanes permitted to use LaGuardia. Kolk's *new* airplane, though of jumbo size, would somehow have to fall within LaGuardia's weight limits—a challenging design standard.

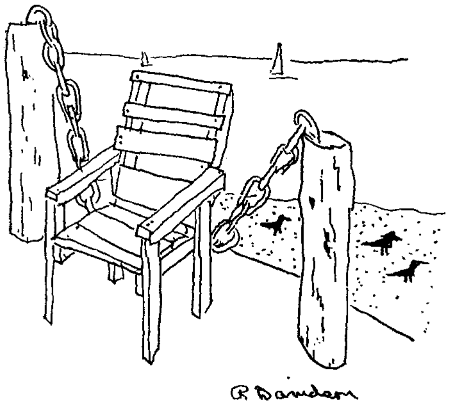
A flurry of activity followed Kolk's initiative, and eventually led to decisions by Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas to develop wide-bodied airplanes. The consequences of these decisions, along with the decision made by Boeing and Pan Am in April, injured all three suppliers and created an opportunity for European companies to become something they had never been—a competitive threat to the Americans. Few if any of the Americans involved dreamed that what they were doing could have such a result. Their own outlook was so promising, and the Europeans seemed so unlikely to create an airplane that could compete on equal terms with American products in the world market. At the time, the British aircraft people were in deep distress. Having pioneered the jet engine during the Second World War, they had hoped to exploit its advantages over piston engines and jump to a commanding international lead, particularly since the Americans had lagged behind in this technology.

But the Comet, the first long-range jet transport, failed structurally—two of the Comets fell apart in the air—and therefore commercially, and the failure damaged the reputation of Britain's aircraft industry. Europe then produced the first short-range jet transport, France's Caravelle. Commercially, it didn't do badly; it did better, in fact, than any of Europe's other airliners did until the success of the Airbus, in the late nineteen-seventies. Still, the Caravelle did not do nearly as well as it should have, and it could not be judged a success. It was, for one thing, too small: it had only sixty-four seats. For another, the French knew little then about selling commercial airplanes, and were indifferent to the needs of their customers. Whereas American suppliers would modify airplanes to suit individual airlines, the French offered the Caravelle on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. None of the American carriers took it except United Airlines, and United bought only twenty and judged the plane uneconomical to operate. The Caravelle was equipped with Rolls-Royce engines. Unfortunately, Rolls-Royce engines had become unpopular with customers, not because they were inadequate but because Rolls-Royce had yet to learn the other half of its business—providing the after-sales services that airlines rely on. Rolls-Royce's mediocre performance in giving Caravelle operators the support they needed further damaged Britain's position in the air-transport business.

In 1964, the British government appointed a committee, headed by Lord Plowden, to look into Britain's aircraft industry. What came to be known as the Plowden Report appeared in December of 1965. The industry, it noted, "has suffered setbacks and frustrations, and its prestige has diminished." Much of the Plowden Report compared Britain's industrial base and limited home market for airplanes with America's far broader base and enormous domestic market. It observed that the costs of making airplanes were from ten to twenty per cent lower in America than in Britain, because longer production runs allowed American companies to absorb "learning costs" more rapidly. All things considered, America's aircraft industry was judged three times as productive as Britain's; the report also compared British productivity unfavorably with French productivity. The solution, it said, lay in joining forces with the aircraft industries of other European countries—especially France and Germany but also Italy and Holland. Only in this way, the committee argued, could Europe maintain its aircraft industry; it saw "no realistic prospect" of collaboration with American companies.

A few months before the Plowden Report was issued, Britain's Minister of Aviation, Roy Jenkins, who later became Chancellor of the Exchequer and president of the European Commission, proposed a European Airbus. Within a few more months, the British and the French were discussing the specifications for such an airplane. On both sides, there were ardent supporters of the idea, but, predictably, the doubts about it, and opposition to it, were stronger. First of all, the French and British aircraft industries felt intensely competitive with each other, and treasured their independence. Second, they had already embarked on one joint airliner project—the Concorde—which was creating great stress and tension between the two governments. Moreover, many—probably most—of the people who were pushing the Airbus concept contributed to the tension by deploring the Concorde. They judged it a certain disaster commercially, on the ground that it was ruinously expensive and badly conceived—too small to be practical. For its partisans—especially its most important partisan, President Charles de Gaulle—the Concorde was a means of narrowing the technology gap and a statement of Europe's determination to stay even with the United States at the most advanced levels of industrial development. Concorde partisans saw the Airbus as an unexciting distraction from the main event.

Roger Béteille, a French engineer, who more than anyone else has sustained Europe's Airbus, and who provided the larger part of its inspiration, recalls that in the mid-sixties the French considered building an enlarged Caravelle, nicknamed la Grosse Julie. This idea was discarded in favor of one for a still larger airplane, called the Galion, and that led to the proposal for the current Airbus. Béteille, who is now the general manager of the Airbus Industrie consortium, recalls that France's Airbus program began, in 1967, with just him and a secretary. The modest scope of the endeavor accurately reflected its standing. The Concorde, because it was a pet project of General de Gaulle's and appealed strongly to French political sentiment, claimed a major portion of the French funds available for aircraft development. Military-aircraft programs were also absorbing a great deal of money. The British, however, were generally somewhat less febrile about the Concorde than the French, and in London skepticism was on the rise. The British were badly in need of a success. And if they were becoming skeptical about the Concorde, their own project, the Germans were considerably more skeptical about it. They were under pressure, from de Gaulle himself as well as from members of his government, to join the program; France and Britain both wanted German financial help with the Concorde. They didn't get it. The Germans were blunt in telling the French that the Concorde would never succeed economically. The Germans did say, however, that their negative attitude did not apply to all potential joint aircraft ventures. They referred specifically to intensive studies they were doing of a wide-bodied subsonic airplane they called the Airbus. It seemed, they said, just the kind of airplane that the three governments should think seriously about building together.



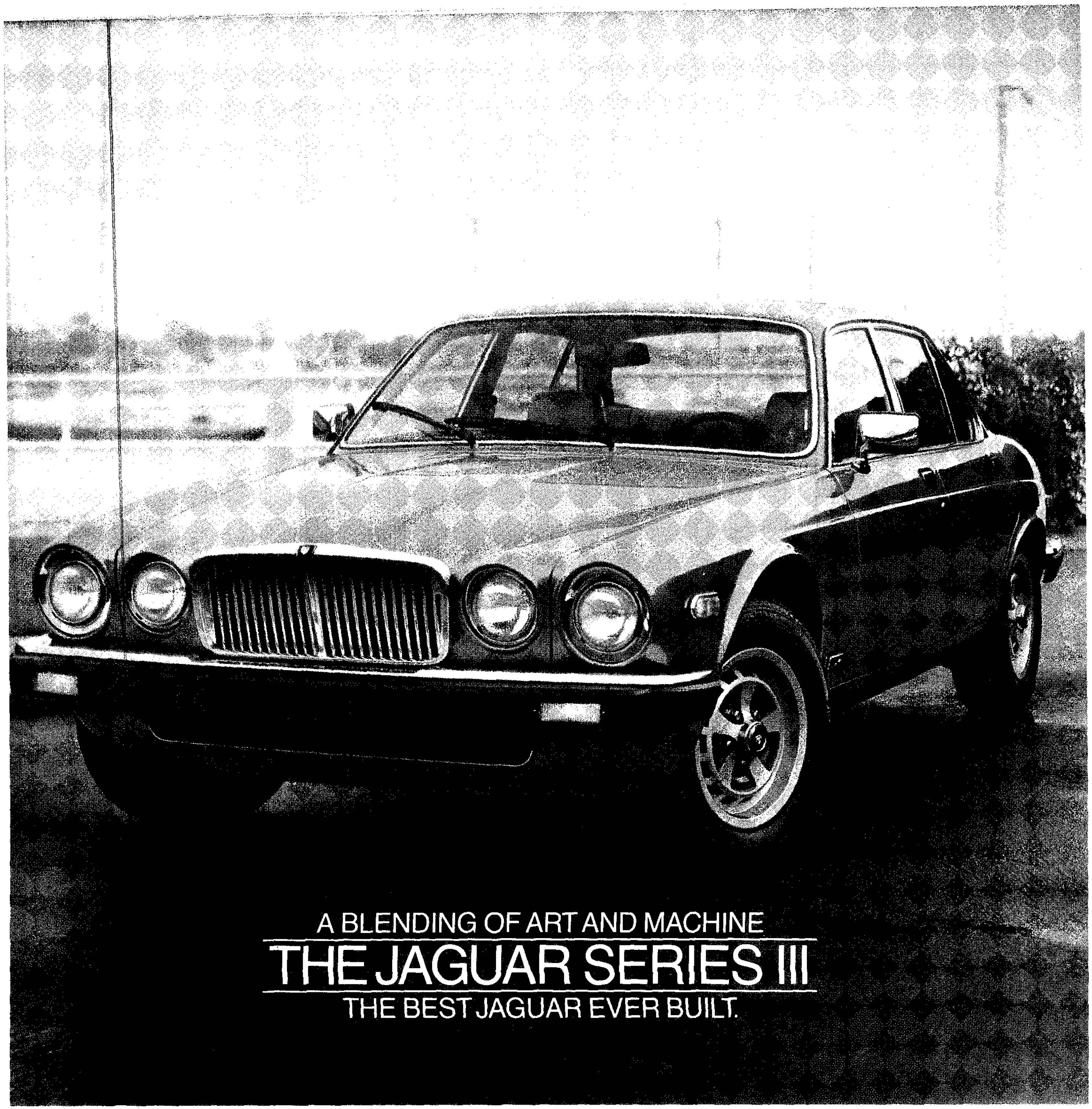
The French and the British were keenly interested. To have the Germans as a partner in a collaborative venture offered many advantages. The German aircraft industry was small compared with that of either Britain or France, and presented no competitive threat. Germany's financial position, on the other hand, was the strongest of the three. German participation could presumably lead to a European market for European airplanes: Lufthansa, the German airline, was attracted to the Airbus idea, and could perhaps be turned away from its favorite supplier, Boeing. By then, Boeing was selling a stretched version of its medium-range 727; it was called the 727-200, and became the most successful airliner ever built. In all three countries, people like Béteille began to think that a Galion or Airbus of the proper size could offer the airlines seat-mile costs as much as thirty per cent lower than Boeing's 727-200. Béteille, as the Airbus program manager, took the obvious first step of talking with airlines—in the United States as well as in Europe—about their needs. Frank Kolk, at American Airlines, was one of the people he got in touch with. Béteille says that Kolk was by then "pushing for the big twin." Kolk gave Béteille the same list of specifications that he had sent the American companies. The list, Béteille says, very carefully, "became one of the significant inputs to our work and helped us make up our minds." In effect, Kolk's proposal for a "jumbo twin" gave added credibility to Béteille's Airbus, and so helped the Europeans design the airplane that they eventually built.

Late in 1966, a meeting of government officials, aircraft manufacturers, and airline executives of Britain, France, and Germany was held in London. It produced a decision to form a consortium composed of one company in each of the three countries. The consortium was to design and then, if everyone agreed, build an Airbus. There was an understanding that France would have the leading role in designing and building the airframe, with Britain designing and building the engine, and with Germany in a supporting role. France designated a government-owned company that was known then as Sud-Aviation; Rolls-Royce was eventually selected to take charge of the new engine that the airplane would need. By April of 1967, the companies were receiving funds and starting to coöperate seriously. And on July 20, 1967, Béteille, who was the chief engineer of Sud-Aviation, became the director of the Airbus program. Its beginnings were inauspicious. Any new airplane program begets problems, but one that is carried on by partners is certain to produce many more as well as different kinds of problems, and in 1967 the partners in the Airbus program hadn't settled into the comfortable management style that came later. The largest single problem lay in Britain—more precisely, with Rolls-Royce. This illustrious company mirrored Britain's continuing deep uncertainty whether its larger political and commercial interests lay in Europe or in the United States. And in time the conflict between Rolls-Royce's proprietary interest in the Airbus and its yearning for a solid American connection blackened its future, did serious injury to Lockheed, and created difficulties for several airlines, not to mention the political leadership of Britain and the United States. Rolls-Royce, encouraged by a Labour government, guessed wrong, and for that reason the aircraft industry is different today from what it might have been. The Airbus program, however, survived. It benefitted from the Concorde's built-in weaknesses, and even more from mistakes that were made in this country. In the end, after overcoming big obstacles, the Europeans built the right airplane. The Airbus, or A300, is in all its aspects Frank Kolk's jumbo twin.

WHEN Sir Freddie Laker was asked several years ago if he would buy Airbuses for Laker Airways, he answered by citing an old description of a camel: a race horse designed by a committee. "The A300 will be a camel," he said. "It will be a failure." Sir Freddie did eventually order ten Airbuses, but for more than a decade after its inception the plane was taken lightly, in Europe as well as in America. In those days and long afterward, Rolls-Royce was the only European company that was considered a real player in the airliner game, but it was also judged to be the weakest and most vulnerable of the small élite. The least vulnerable, it seemed, was Pratt & Whitney. Its position was dominant, its reputation for after-sales service above reproach. However, Douglas, Lockheed, and the Europeans, as they considered building wide-bodied airplanes, were obliged to think about alternatives to Pratt & Whitney because, by the mid-nineteen-sixties, Pratt & Whitney had acquired problems of the kind that great success often breeds. First of all, being the supplier of so many engines for so many different airplanes, and also having the burden of the 747's engine, the company was simply in no position to take on another new program. Moreover, some of Pratt & Whitney's customer airlines, although satisfied with its products, were uneasy about buying all their engines from a single source and thereby denying themselves the pricing advantages that flow from competition. Finally, a few big airlines, and Boeing as well, suspected that their favorite engine supplier had begun to take them for granted.

The role of strong second to Pratt & Whitney was up for grabs. Rolls-Royce wanted it. And G.E., after some hesitation, decided that it, too, wanted to exploit the opportunity. The commercial-engine business can be very profitable, but the double task of building sufficiently durable engines and giving customers as much after-sales service as they require is very demanding. G.E. had the resources to make itself competitive, but the airlines wondered whether, on past performance, it also had the determination to meet their exacting requirements. They saw G.E. as a vast conglomerate, its dedication to commercial-engine operations questionable. Boeing's Edward Wells says, "In those days, the whole Pratt organization turned out to fix a problem. G.E. would mobilize to explain why the fix was not necessary." And Gerhard Neumann says, "A great many of the airline pilots had flown behind Pratt & Whitney's engines and swore by them. They wanted to stay with Pratt & Whitney. It was hard to persuade airlines to buy G.E." Neumann recalls once trying to prevail upon Donald Nyrop, a strong and vivid figure, who dominated Northwest Airlines from 1954 to 1978, to buy a G.E. engine for a new airplane. Neumann had failed to tempt Nyrop away from Pratt & Whitney in the past and, after another refusal, asked him what he had against the General Electric Company. "Nothing," Nyrop said. "Whenever I buy a light bulb, it's always G.E."

G.E.'s strength lay in its broad financial base, the experience it was getting with the first of the high-bypass engines, and the force of Neumann's leadership. In addition, of course, G.E. had the large advantage over Rolls-Royce of being an American company, employing American labor. For domestic airlines to buy Rolls-Royce engines would send billions of dollars to Britain; buying G.E. or Pratt & Whitney engines



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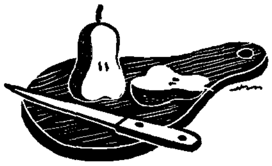
meant keeping those dollars at home. This was an important consideration in the nineteen-sixties—a time of chronic deficits in America's international account. Gradually, G.E. did become a strong and equal competitor in the commercial-airplane business, partly through its own efforts, partly because Pratt & Whitney was both complacent and overburdened, and partly because Rolls-Royce was never able to keep pace.

In a sense, Rolls-Royce was the runt in the group of six. It operated on a somewhat smaller financial base than the huge American companies, and it lacked access to the American market. Also, unlike its versatile American competitors, Rolls-Royce's only significant product, aside from luxury motorcars, was aircraft engines; it stood, as it does today, wholly exposed to the hazards of that business. No one questioned Rolls-Royce's technical brilliance and its over-all competence, but there was doubt whether it could fulfill all the obligations to airline customers—and that had caused many of them to rely on Pratt & Whitney. Rolls-Royce, a proud company, was determined that its flair and its list of firsts in jet-engine development should find their just rewards in the commercial market.

In America, Frank Kolk's jumbo twin had become a different airplane—a larger one. Instead of two engines, it would have three; instead of carrying two hundred and fifty passengers, it would carry three hundred. Its range was far in excess of what Kolk had judged desirable. In any event, both Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas had decided to build a version, and, since Pratt & Whitney was by then in trouble with the 747 engine, to buy their engines from either G.E. or Rolls-Royce. Early in 1968, therefore, Rolls-Royce finally achieved its supreme goal of penetrating the American market. It found a place—an exclusive one, at that—as supplier of engines for the L-1011, Lockheed's version of the new wide-bodied airplane. By then, Rolls-Royce had begun to develop the new engine for Europe's Airbus. It was called the RB207. (The "R" stood for the company; the "B" stood for Barnoldswick, the Yorkshire mill town in which much of the engine activity was originally concentrated; and the 207 was simply the number of the design—one in a long sequence—that was actually approved for development.) Rolls-Royce had hoped that this engine could power both the L-1011 and the Airbus. It couldn't. The Airbus, having only two engines, would require more power from each of them than would the L-1011 or McDonnell Douglas's trijet, the DC-10. The trijets needed engines with over forty thousand pounds of thrust each, and Europe's jumbo-twin engines needed about fifty thousand pounds of thrust each. Faced with a choice, Rolls-Royce shifted its attention from the Airbus to the L-1011, mainly by launching a new engine, called the RB211, and making clear that its interest in the RB207 was declining. In the spring of 1968, France and Germany concluded that the Airbus was without an engine. They suspended the program. Rolls-Royce formally tied its fortunes to the forbidding, though huge, American airline market and turned away from its more natural market, Europe. At the time, Rolls-Royce calculated that if it joined forces with Lockheed both the American and the European airline markets would become richly accessible. The idea was that not only would many American carriers buy the L-1011 but many European carriers would also buy it, instead of the Airbus (if, indeed, there was to be an Airbus), for a number of reasons, not least its European-made engines.

It isn't likely that Rolls-Royce felt any qualms about what it was doing. The logic of putting access to the American market ahead of all other considerations must have seemed obvious. But reality overwhelmed the logic. Rolls-Royce's continuing efforts in America have brought it less than an eleven-per-cent share of the North American market—not nearly enough to sustain the company as a long-term player in the game. Rolls-Royce managed to maintain exclusivity on one important airplane, the L-1011, but in fourteen years the world's airlines have ordered only two hundred and forty-four L-1011s, and now Lockheed has cancelled the program. Europe's Airbus, which has competed more like a race horse than like a camel, is a big success; forty-five airlines have taken firm orders and options for five hundred or so A300s and A310s. (The A310 is a slightly smaller version of the A300.)

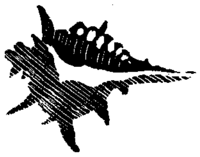


More new versions of the Airbus probably lie ahead, and it is certain to be a major contender in the world market for many years. Strenuous efforts on the part of Rolls-Royce, supported by the British government, to sell its RB211 to Airbus customers have failed. Airbuses are sold instead with G.E. or Pratt & Whitney engines. G.E. has done especially well, having become the main supplier of Airbus engines; indeed, the irony of the situation—a painful one for Rolls-Royce—is that G.E.'s emergence as Pratt & Whitney's commercial peer is closely linked to the success it has had with Europe's first successful jet airliner.

There was something to be said for a Lockheed-Rolls-Royce connection. Both companies had—and still have—exceptional flair. Each has for a long time been a leader in new airplane technology, often defining it. Each has gambled a good deal, as innovators must. Over the years, Lockheed has been the most creative of the major weapons builders—a distinction that has shown the company at its best and, occasionally, at its worst. In the early nineteen-sixties, Lockheed was able to design and build a reconnaissance airplane, the SR-71, with many astonishing abilities, which included flying at three times the speed of sound. But there were also cases of Lockheed's reach exceeding its grasp, with ensuing, if temporary, damage to the company's reputation, and disenchantment in the Pentagon.

Lockheed is a worldly company compared with Boeing and McDonnell Douglas. The major airplane suppliers, despite their involvement with foreign airlines and air forces, are less keenly attuned to the world and its ways than some of the other big international businesses. But Lockheed is, or was, a little different, and for it to form a close association with a foreign engine manufacturer was less surprising than it would have been for Boeing or Douglas to do so. Lockheed had a number of reasons for favoring Rolls-Royce's new engine, and one of them was political. Because Britain was judged likely to become a member of an enlarged European Economic Community, it seemed possible that the L-1011, if it was offered with a Rolls-Royce engine, might sweep Europe's airline market. This notion was pushed—and vigorously—by Rolls-Royce, and it was one that Lockheed could understand. Lockheed wasn't excluding the idea of using a G.E. or a Pratt & Whitney engine in the L-1011, but by leaning toward Rolls-

Royce, especially in designing its airplane, Lockheed hoped to achieve a major piece of industrial statecraft: capturing the lion's share of the European market would sidetrack Douglas and place Lockheed on an equal footing with Boeing as a supplier of wide-bodied airliners to the world. These assumptions were superficial and wrong. In 1968, Britain was still several years away from membership in the European Economic Community. A more important point, however, is that Lockheed and Rolls-Royce would not have benefitted even if Britain had entered the Common Market sooner; Europe's major non-British airlines would have ignored the L-1011 in any case.



More realistic considerations had also put Rolls-Royce in a favorable light at Lockheed's headquarters, in Burbank, California. The Lockheed management judged, correctly, that Rolls-Royce was far more aggressive than G.E., its likely competitor, in financing aircraft-engine purchases. Rolls-Royce had a lot more experience with the airlines of the world than G.E., and also had the great advantage in the American market of being able to tempt airlines with financing at very low interest rates. Britain's version of America's Export-Import Bank, the Export Credits Guarantee Department, had been helping Rolls-Royce in this way for many years, and Lockheed saw a competitive advantage in it.

Lockheed's big problem with the airlines at this time was credibility. Boeing and Douglas dominated the commercial business. Lockheed had been out of it for several years, having blundered with its last commercial airplane, the L-188 Electra. Curiously, this most innovative of companies put forward the last propeller-driven airliner just when the era of jet-powered transports was starting. (The Electra's engine was actually a turboprop; that is, its propeller was turned by thrust from a turbine.) The timing could not have been worse. Nor could things have gone worse for the Electra itself: within twenty-one months of the Electra's launching, five of the planes had crashed, two of them having disintegrated in the air. The subsequent investigation by the F.A.A., the most exhaustive ever conducted up to that time, showed the Electra to be vulnerable to a phenomenon called "whirl mode"—a bizarre combination of forces that literally ripped the airplane apart. The phenomenon occurred when an engine propeller rotated abnormally, thereby causing the wing to vibrate at a progressively faster rate, until it finally broke off. The F.A.A. found that the Electra could be flown safely within a certain speed range, and forbade the airlines to fly it above that speed (two hundred and fifty-nine miles an hour) until modifications were made. The Electra eventually became popular with pilots, who liked flying it, and with passengers, who found it comfortable. But the airlines faulted Lockheed for bad timing and a flawed original design.

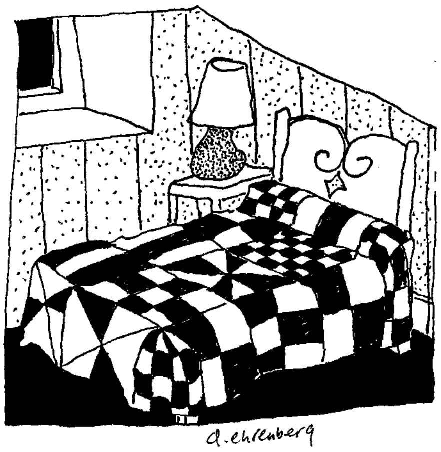
Lockheed's experience with the Electra soured the company on the commercial trade, and it sought, successfully, to diversify its military business. But events drew it back into the commercial fray. First, the government decided, in 1963, that America needed an S.S.T., and Lockheed, the company that knew most about supersonic aircraft, put platoons of its best engineers into the competition for the contract to build it. Next, Daniel Jeremiah Haughton, who became the president of Lockheed in 1961 and its board chairman in 1967, wanted to reënter the commercial business. Lockheed was then, as it is now, among the largest of the defense contractors. Haughton saw, as Allen, at Boeing, had before him, a need to balance his company's heavy dependence on military business. Although Haughton did become well known in some quarters, he was never a famous man. His tenure as Lockheed's boss was about nine years, and this is not long compared with that of some of the industry's other leaders—especially the ones who, like Donald W. Douglas and James Smith McDonnell, ran companies that they had started themselves. Nor is Haughton identified with a long list of famous and successful products, as Allen is. He is clearly identified with only one product—the L-1011. Haughton is, however, one of the great figures that the industry has produced. He is great in a tragic sense. He tried brilliantly but unsuccessfully to restore Lockheed to the first rank of passenger-airplane makers.

Haughton's goal was to build the world's best airliner. He felt that, given Lockheed's diminished standing with the airlines, he could do no less if he was to sell even one L-1011. "We'd been out of the business, and we thought we had to be better than the others," he says. "We had something to prove." Numerous experts, including one European whose professional interest lies with the Airbus, think that Haughton achieved his goal. But the L-1011 met with disastrous circumstances that seemed certain to destroy both Lockheed and Rolls-Royce when for a time it appeared to be an airplane without an engine. Haughton's largest achievement was saving both companies. He is considered an authentic hero by people he worked with at Lockheed and by Rolls-Royce—and, indeed, by much of the aviation world in Britain. Rolls-Royce created the worst of Haughton's difficulties but was never reproached by him—only helped. The management of Delta Air Lines, which operates the world's largest fleet of L-1011s, sees Haughton as the British do. Throughout America and Europe, Haughton is remembered by people he dealt with as an exceptional man—one who would have been a high achiever but for his misfortunes and mistakes, which were on a scale that matched his ability and drive. Haughton, now seventy-one, is spare and a bit weathered but looks younger than his age; he was forced out of Lockheed early in 1976, and lives quietly outside Marietta, Georgia. He and his wife, who died in October of 1980, were childless; she was an invalid during a large part of their marriage, and Haughton devoted himself to her with the same intensity that he applied to his job. He reviews the past, including its most painful moments, laconically and in detail, and he seems to be as comfortable discussing the mistakes that he thinks he made as he is when he talks about his achievements. Haughton was born in Dora, Alabama, and he sometimes embellishes his speech with local idioms he has retained. He played by the prevailing rules of the game, and if some would argue that Lockheed operated on the margin of the rules more than others, he has no apologies. The outcry that followed disclosures of payments by Lockheed to foreign-government intermediaries caused his fall: he hid behind no one and took the responsibility. About the most prominent episode—bribes that were paid to promote the sale of twenty-one L-1011s to Japan's All Nippon Airways, or A.N.A.—he says, "There was no law against it. I did nothing to discourage it. The responsibility was mine. At sales meetings, I fed those boys red meat. I told Carl Kotchian"

—then the president of Lockheed—"to come back from Japan with the A.N.A. sale. We needed it. He was there seventy-seven days." The sale was made.

Naturally, Haughton had been impressed by Boeing's great success in the commercial business—a business that can be feast or famine. One company usually dominates the field, leaving little room for more than one competitor. Being second is sometimes profitable but more often unprofitable. Being third implies a willingness to accept huge losses in order to stay in the game, on the chance that a combination of good luck and a competitor's bad luck might one day turn things around. And that has happened. For many years, Douglas dominated the field with a series of propeller-driven airplanes, ranging from the DC-3 to the DC-7, all but the last of them successful. During much of that time, Lockheed was a respectable second and Boeing a distant third, or out of the game altogether. But fortune smiled on Boeing when it returned to the commercial business with the 707: Douglas's DC-8 wasn't ready. Douglas, unlike Boeing, hesitated in the face of the huge costs of building a long-range jet transport, and was also discouraged by its two best customers, American Airlines and United Airlines. C. R. Smith, the chairman and chief executive of American, told Douglas that the jet-powered airplane wasn't timely, and that there was no need to worry about competition, because nobody would ever buy a Boeing airplane. United's chairman, William Patterson, was equally negative. Douglas listened, and Boeing profited by acquiring a long lead in designing the 707. Douglas made a strenuous effort to close the gap, but the effort was unsuccessful. It was also expensive—so expensive that Douglas withdrew from the S.S.T. competition, leaving Boeing and Lockheed with that terrain to themselves. From 1957 through 1960, Douglas sold only forty-two DC-8s, compared with Boeing's sales of a hundred and seventy 707s. In 1959 and 1960, Douglas lost about fifty-three million dollars, while Boeing earned more than thirty-seven million. Yet even then no one predicted the reversal in the positions of the two companies. Douglas had the confidence of the airlines, just as Boeing has it today. Douglas had nothing to prove, whereas Boeing, which had been out of the commercial business since 1950, when its last airplane, the Stratocruiser, failed badly, did have something to prove.

Douglas's abrupt decline showed that no supplier, however successful, is immune to the hazards and the volatility of this trade; sustained success demands a willingness to gamble regularly, even though the effects of guessing wrong may be fatal. What befell Douglas also suggests that a family-run company carries an additional burden in a business as dependent on risk-taking as this one. At one time or another, such a company is going to wonder whether it should periodically jeopardize its entire net worth with bold gambles. And, of course, the qualities that inspired a successful founding father are not necessarily passed on. In 1957, a time of serious troubles with the DC-8, Donald W. Douglas, the company's founder, installed his son, Donald, Jr., as president. For the next ten years, the senior Douglas, who died in February of 1981, at the age of eighty-eight, remained chairman, but he had shifted the main responsibilities to his son. Apparently, the two men were very different. The father was a thrifty, hard-driving Scottish-American who never delegated more than he had to and was able to conduct much of the important business by telephone. Some of the older men at Delta Air Lines remember their founder, C. E. Woolman, buying airplanes from Douglas, Sr., during telephone conversations, both men ignoring contracts and other paperwork, which caught up with their subordinates months later. Donald Douglas, Jr., never acquired that sort of relationship with the airlines. He, too, drove himself, but he also had other interests, many of them civic. Though he was always compared unfavorably with his father, he took on the responsibilities for which he had been raised at a time when the tide was running against Douglas, perhaps irreversibly. Boeing, after gaining the upper hand in the long-range market, appropriated the middle range in 1960, when it began offering the 727 to airlines. This was a second bold move—one that succeeded far beyond Boeing's most optimistic forecasts and secured for it the dominant role in the airliner business.



Douglas wasn't finished, however. It took aim at the short-range market and produced the DC-9, which, after a slow start, began selling briskly enough to arouse hopes of a major recovery for the company. Also, Donald Douglas, Jr., decided courageously to trump Boeing's ace, the 707, by stretching the DC-8; the stretched DC-8 offered sixty additional seats with the same engine. It was, and still is, a fine airplane from every point of view. It should have been among the most successful of all jet transports, and perhaps would have been if the airlines that later bought 747s had been more realistic and less susceptible to novelty. Actually, success eluded the stretched DC-8 for many reasons, starting with a mistake by Douglas, Jr. He chose to build three distinct versions (called the Super 60 Series) instead of just one. The company was overextended financially at the time, and Douglas, Jr., turned what had been an astute move into an extravagance that it could ill afford. Among the effects were confusion and production delays, which gave rise to further costs. And then the DC-9 became the victim of its success. The airplane was selling faster than the company could make it. Delivery schedules fell apart. The airlines complained; Eastern Air Lines sued over late deliveries, and collected. The production problem was aggravated by the war in Vietnam, which created shortages of major parts, such as engines and brakes, and also of materials and skilled labor. By then, Douglas was also offering three versions of the DC-9. Quite apart from the heavy costs of custom-tailoring airplanes, Douglas was overwhelming its production base with too many models.

The increasing gravity of the situation was obscured by the demand for the DC-9 and by optimistic forecasts for the stretched DC-8. The sales of DC-9s had indeed created a large flow of cash, but not nearly enough to cover the costs of building them. The Douglas management knew that costs were rising sharply but didn't know by how much and didn't realize that matters were nearly out of hand. In April of

1966, only nine months before its financial difficulties forced the company into a merger with the McDonnell Corporation, Douglas, Jr., told an annual meeting that it was "in one of the most satisfactory phases of its history." Among the probable reasons for the company's apparent misreading of affairs was the way it kept its books. The large development costs of new airplanes, instead of being shown as current expenses, appeared as deferred charges, to be written off gradually and in harmony with receipts. This indulgent method of accounting was introduced by Douglas in the early sixties, and was practiced by a few other aerospace companies, including Rolls-Royce and Lockheed. Like Douglas, they paid dearly for trying to defer the truth. The Boeing Company always followed the conservative accounting method of absorbing development costs as they came up.

By the fall of 1966, Douglas's banks were rapidly losing confidence in the company. By December, bankruptcy seemed likely; the company's underwriter reported that a merger was necessary. Companies that were considered potential merger prospects were invited to examine Douglas's case. Of these, the most interested turned out to be aerospace companies: General Dynamics, Martin Marietta, North American Aviation, and McDonnell. Lockheed was invited to take an interest and declined. McDonnell, of course, won. Its founder, James McDonnell, was the most determined of the group. He had proposed such a merger once before, and had acquired more than a hundred thousand shares of Douglas stock—considerably more than the Douglas family itself owned. His victory was announced on January 13, 1967. The reaction to it was mixed. The McDonnell Corporation was highly respected, but it had almost no experience with commercial airplanes. And people who were skeptical of family-run aircraft companies questioned the union of two such companies, especially since the acquiring corporation was even more family-dominated than the one it acquired.

Among the most interesting reflections on the merger are those of Haughton and Jackson R. McGowen, who was a senior vice-president of Douglas and dominant in the company's affairs at the time. He was in charge of all aircraft operations, and was also close to the Douglas family. Haughton and McGowen grew up a few miles apart in Alabama, but they didn't meet until they became competitors. McGowen feels strongly that the merger wasn't necessary, and he is openly bitter about it. The banks, he says, would have been satisfied if Douglas had substantially increased its cash flow by arranging larger advance payments from customers for airplanes on order. McGowen set about doing just that, and says that in forty-eight hours, after paying visits to only half the company's customers, he raised a hundred and twenty-five million dollars. But, he says, a faction within the company was trying to detach it from the Douglas family and gain the support of the bankers. He says that midway in his brief fund-raising trip he learned that a few Douglas executives were putting it about that the company's credit was no longer good. This, McGowen says, undid his efforts. Shortly thereafter, the bankers told Douglas to merge.

Haughton's regret is that he didn't get Lockheed to merge with Douglas, as he now thinks he should have done. His failure to do so, he says, was one of the two biggest mistakes of his life. "We considered the merger, but I didn't pursue it aggressively enough," he says. "We could have put the money together." If Haughton had accomplished a merger, the course of the industry's future would have been very different. It would certainly have been spared the senseless competition between the DC-10 and the L-1011, and the heavy toll that that took. McGowen says that Douglas and Lockheed discussed a merger several times but "we were always miles apart." In the case of both Haughton and McGowen, most of the people around each of them judged him to be "the world's best airplane salesman." They might have been a formidable team. McGowen, like Haughton, is a dynamic figure, but he is blunter than Haughton, who takes a more subtly shaded and reflective view of many of the same matters. McGowen left McDonnell Douglas in July of 1973; he started a vineyard, then abandoned it to launch a small aircraft company with good prospects. Although McGowen did not have nearly as far to fall as Haughton—and can be said to have landed on his feet—he seems to be less reconciled to the turmoil of the past. He particularly regrets the competition between the DC-10 and the L-1011, which he feels need not have occurred and should not have been allowed to occur. Most of the blame for the difficulties that befell Douglas after its merger he places on James McDonnell, who had strongly held views on many matters, including at least one about which he knew very little—the relationship between airlines and their suppliers.

McDonnell—or Mr. Mac, as he was known—was eager to enter the commercial business and just as eager to reshape its rules. Having had great success in dealing with the Pentagon, he felt that the airlines, once they saw the light, would stifle their regrettable tendency to drive down equipment prices by exploiting the enormous pressure on competing suppliers to make sales. In effect, McDonnell wished to be able to deal with the airlines as he dealt with the Pentagon—as one entity, or bloc, for pricing purposes. He had planned for many years to deploy his power and prestige to this lofty end. And despite his great successes in Washington he wanted to give his company a hedge against the uncertainties of the military business.

To achieve these goals, McDonnell acquired a company more illustrious than his own but one that had lost touch with its founder's rigor and thrift. Among other things, the merger served notice to Douglas people that a stricter and more disciplined management style had arrived. Boeing, for its part, took it as notice that more intense competition lay ahead. Boeing at this time was being compared with General Motors. Its airplanes spanned the commercial market and dominated much of it. Boeing seemed to control the long-range segment, or "high end," of the market, since the 707 was selling well and all the big airlines had ordered the 747; the 727 had captured the choice middle-range market; and Boeing had decided to deny Douglas's DC-9 solitary control of the short-range market by offering a small, two-engine airliner of its own, the 737. The 737 should have faltered at the starting gate, both because Boeing had made some uncharacteristic mistakes in designing it, and because it went into service twenty-six months behind the DC-9. But fortune continued to smile on Boeing. The 737 was a beneficiary of Douglas's financial and production problems: by then, a number of airlines had more confidence in Boeing than in Douglas. Boeing, after all, had done everything right from the airlines' point of view: it had gambled more heavily and successfully on the jet era than its competitors; its products—including the 737, when it finally appeared—were all good; it rarely missed a delivery date; and its product support was exemplary.

John Borger speaks for many of the world's airlines in saying, "Boeing's product support is superb. It does better than anyone else." Boeing does anything within reason to help a customer. It assigns three hundred people full time to product support. During an airplane's first six months in service with one of the smaller foreign carriers, a Boeing expert meets it at every airport at which it lands, however remote; the pilot emerges, and the expert from Boeing steps forward to ask if there are any problems. Boeing sends out reports of malfunctioning parts and other problems on a daily basis, and the reports go to every Boeing operator in the world—there are currently three hundred and twenty-six such airlines, including obscure second and third owners of old Boeing airplanes. For example, an aging 707 that has passed through a series of different owners around the world remains a Boeing airplane, and is treated with as much care by the company as any new product flown by a major customer. In less than a decade, a company that made its reputation with big bombers had mastered the radically different commercial-aircraft business and put most of its chips there.

Although Allen, Boeing's greatest leader, was a graduate of the Harvard Law School (1925), Boeing is known in the industry as an engineers' company. Old-timers there recall the saying "We hire engineers and other people." It is also recognized as a place where people can disagree. Differences between Boeing engineers about the design and the size of airplanes are argued openly, intensely, and with the encouragement of management. Airline customers and F.A.A. officials have been exposed to these arguments, which do not appear to disrupt personal relations or company activities. Indeed, when the differences have

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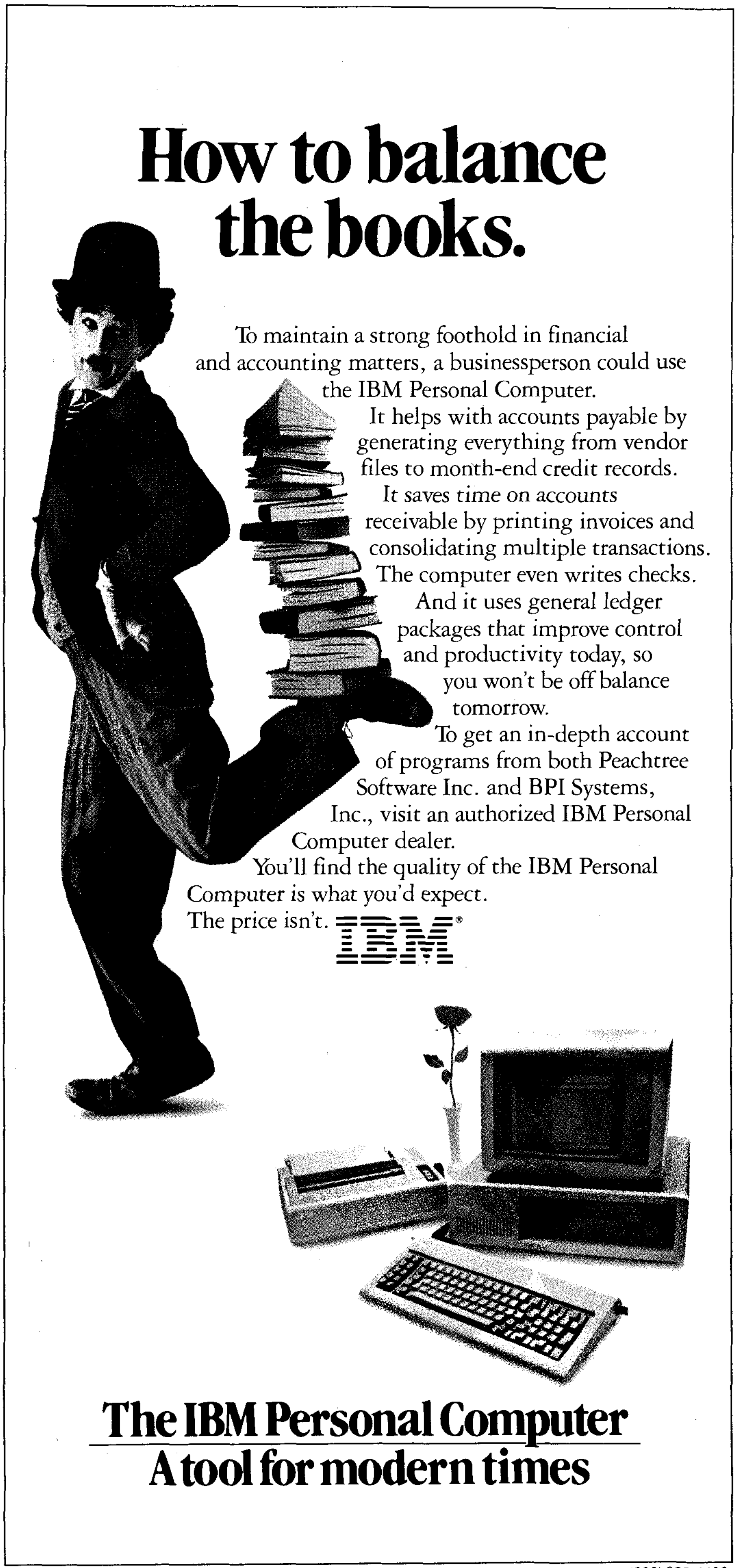

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been resolved and a decision has been made, the company closes ranks behind it. The upper levels of Boeing's management show exceptional continuity. The people there know each other very well, and seem to work together smoothly. Naturally, all of them know about airplanes, but otherwise these senior people are quite diverse in style. For example, Stamper, the president, unlike most people in his business, is a product of the automobile industry, having spent fourteen years with General Motors. A restless, voluble, exceedingly hardworking man of fifty-seven, he finds relaxation—even rest, some say—in running. He has taken part in the Athens Marathon and normally runs in the Boston Marathon and similar events.

Boeing probably has a greater variety of strengths than any other aircraft company, past or present. It blends a cautious, rigorous attitude toward money with a boldness and confidence that shape its business decisions. If Boeing has a major weakness, it is overconfidence in its strengths combined with too little tolerance for problems beyond the perimeter of its immediate affairs. Boeing will deploy, if necessary, a thousand engineers to overcome a design problem, but technical excellence is not unique to Boeing, and the politics of the world market require other qualities as well. Boeing is probably the least worldly of the big aircraft companies, even though roughly two-thirds of its airplanes are sold abroad. In its dealings with foreign aircraft companies, including actual or potential partners, Boeing has acquired a reputation for arrogance and a heavy hand. European executives resent being advised by senior Boeing people to go back to making hayforks and railroad cars and leave the airplane business to the people who know most about it. Boeing's leadership has apparently dealt with high-level political figures in Europe in a similar manner, even though there is clearly nothing to be gained from it; some of the governments in question own airlines as well as aircraft companies. The root of this weakness, or tendency, of Boeing's is not easily traceable. Some people, especially Europeans, suggest—unfairly—that Seattle, though it is a fine city, with many advantages, is provincial. Not that Boeing's weakness is hubris; that would be too strong a term to apply to a company that knows that it is fallible but doesn't understand that a straight line is not always the best path between points. Boeing moves ahead in measured strides, undeterred by sometimes obvious hazards. A good example of Boeing's bulldozing its way into serious trouble is the building of the 747, which would have failed badly but for its appeal to an unexpectedly broad spectrum of foreign carriers. Many of these were new, government-owned companies and were attracted to the 747 as a status symbol; it was the biggest, and presumably the best, airplane, and it was made by the best-known company. (The 747 has been bought by sixty-six airlines, fifty-one of them foreign.)

Success in a business as unforgiving as this one requires luck as well as competence. And Boeing, during its invasion of the airline market, actually benefitted not only from Douglas's difficulties but from its own reversals. Losing the two-billion-dollar contract for the C5-A to Lockheed worked to Boeing's great advantage: for the company to have been saddled with both the C5-A and the 747 programs during the harsh times that lay ahead would probably have caused it to collapse. That, at least, is the opinion of most knowledgeable outsiders. Boeing is unwilling to accept this judgment of its limitations. T. Wilson, the chairman and chief executive officer, speculates that "if Boeing had won the C5-A competition we would still have built the 747, but it would have come along a year later." Boeing seems sometimes to lack perspective, perhaps because of its total involvement with the furrow that it is plowing.

Boeing does concede that the demise of the S.S.T. was a disguised blessing, even though the competition with Lockheed for the right to build it was one of the most dramatic and exhausting competitions in either company's experience. The market for the S.S.T. was estimated at between twenty-five and fifty billion dollars, in 1967 dollars. Lockheed's "proposal" consisted of sets of bound pages which formed a stack five feet high; Boeing's contained a hundred thousand pages of just supplementary data. The year 1967 began with Boeing's victory, even though Lockheed's actual design for the S.S.T. was preferred by a number of airline people who were involved. The F.A.A. had asked the big airlines to declare informally in favor of one or the other, and most of them voted for Boeing, in many cases on the ground that Boeing had built three jet transports, Lockheed none. On the other hand, Boeing, unlike Lockheed, had no experience with supersonic airplanes; that should have been a major consideration, but it wasn't. The airlines simply had more confidence in Boeing than in Lockheed, which had the Electra to live down and had long been absent from the commercial business. John Borger says, "Pan Am favored Boeing mainly because we knew that Maynard Pennell would be running the project." Boeing's virtuosity in assembling airplanes and meeting delivery schedules was another factor. An aerospace analyst in a large investment bank in New York says, "If someone hired me to rebuild the great pyramid, I'd ask Lockheed to design it and Boeing to assemble it." Long before the S.S.T. was cancelled, Boeing was forced to revise its design in a way that brought it close to Lockheed's.

"Losing the S.S.T. was a big disappointment," Haughton says. "We knew that it would never be built with Boeing's design, because of the swing wing." (The main difference between the two concepts lay in the wing design: Lockheed proposed a fixed wing, Boeing a swing wing, which turned out to be far too heavy.) But Haughton responded as Allen had responded when Boeing lost the C5-A award to Lockheed—by instantly shifting his company's attention to a new airplane.

HAUGHTON learned of the S.S.T. decision on the last day of 1966. He reacted on New Year's Day, he says, by "taking the best people we had on the S.S.T. and putting them to work on the wide-body." The wide-body was Frank Kolk's jumbo twin. Lockheed, Haughton says, had done a lot of work on it since receiving Kolk's specifications, earlier in the year. By January of 1967, a major share of Lockheed's highly accomplished corps of engineers was working intensively on Kolk's proposal. Haughton and those around him felt that theirs would surely be the most advanced airliner if they built into it much of what they had learned from the S.S.T.

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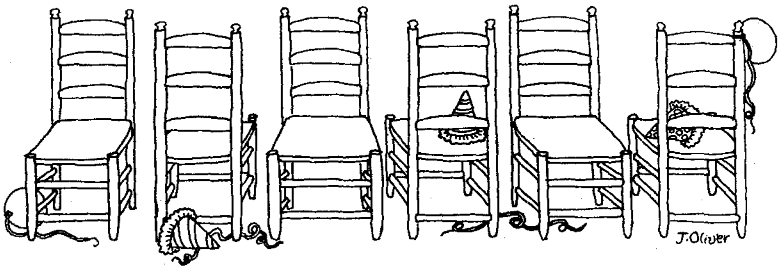
competition and from Lockheed's other unconventional airplanes. But they were conscious of lacking the experience that Boeing and Douglas had acquired with jet transports, so they elected to emulate Boeing's approach to some of the design problems. To do this, they went to the source and hired Russell H. Hopps, then a member of Boeing's 747 design team, to become a senior engineer on Lockheed's new airplane. (Hopps is now a Lockheed vice-president and the company's general manager for engineering.) In short, Lockheed planned to merge the best of Boeing's design experience with the best of its own. It was a good plan.

For a few months, at least, Lockheed was the only serious player in Kolk's game. Boeing was too busy and Douglas too caught up in adjusting to its merger with McDonnell. Now that James McDonnell had Douglas, he wanted to do something, but he was unsure of what. He had, of course, acquired Douglas's financial and production problems as well as its capacities and its prestige. Jackson McGowen, who was running Douglas in the interim, was eager to enter the market for wide-bodied airplanes. The parent corporation, in St. Louis, hesitated. Mr. Mac was keenly aware that the fee for entering Kolk's competition would be at least a billion dollars. And he, like other industry figures, had been deeply impressed by the recent example of General Dynamics, which had lost over four hundred million dollars with a jet airliner called the Convair. This loss forced General Dynamics from the field permanently.

McGowen recalls endless conversations with McDonnell, some of them lasting several hours. In one day, he says, he and McDonnell talked for eight hours and thirty-five minutes by telephone during three calls, one of which lasted six hours. McDonnell, he says, used speaker phones, which enable one to leave the office for a few minutes if that is necessary. "Mac ground exceedingly fine," says McGowen. McDonnell was eager to begin talking with airline people about altering their relationship with the manufacturers, and he asked McGowen to arrange something. McGowen suggested starting with C. R. Smith, the chief executive of American. Smith, McGowen recalls, invited him and McDonnell to his office for a morning meeting that would begin at nine and continue through lunch. It was, McGowen says, a disaster. "Mac began with a speech about how the airlines shouldn't interfere with the specs of an airplane and shouldn't try to control the price," he says. "They should leave all that to the manufacturers. Mac also spoke about how the airlines had been victimizing the suppliers for years. C.R. got madder and madder. At ten after nine, he opened the door and thanked them for coming. Mac said, 'But we had scheduled all of this morning for talks and then lunch.' C.R. thanked them again for coming, and that was that. It was the start of Mac's continuing effort to restructure the buyer-seller relationship. He never understood that you couldn't outmaneuver the airline in a contract negotiation the way he outmaneuvered the Pentagon." In the commercial business, McGowen says, you have to move faster than your competitors in cutting your price or doing whatever else may be necessary, and McDonnell didn't accept that, either.

When McDonnell finally decided to take the plunge, Lockheed had a lead of three or four months and was working closely with the big domestic airlines on the exact size and other characteristics of Kolk's airplane. Senior engineers from these airlines were consulting each other and working more or less as a group with Lockheed. Besides Kolk, of American, the group included Robert Rummel, of T.W.A., and representatives of Eastern, United, Delta, and Northwest. The most actively involved were the so-called Big Four—American, United, T.W.A., and Eastern—along with Delta. Kolk and Rummel dominated the group. Both were widely respected. Kolk was persistently innovative; he was also stubborn and did not give ground easily. Rummel was perhaps equally gifted and just as determined.

Kolk and Rummel disagreed sharply on the kind of airplane that should be built. Kolk, of course, wanted a twin, and one that would be limited in range to non-stop flights between Chicago and San Francisco—a distance of eighteen hundred and sixty miles—for American reckoned that this would be enough range for eighty per cent of its flights. Eastern, too, preferred the Chicago-to-San Francisco standard, which would have suited what was then its longest route—St. Louis to Seattle. But T.W.A. strongly opposed creating an airplane that would require a fuel stop on flights across the country. Even though T.W.A. had ordered several 747s for the longer-range flights, it insisted that this second new wide-bodied airplane also be capable of crossing the country without stopping. T.W.A. prevailed. Arthur Lewis, a former president of Eastern Air Lines, says that he still doesn't understand just what enabled T.W.A. to win that argument. In any case, winning it helped to settle the issue of whether the airplane should have two or three engines. The idea of sending an airliner across the country with only two engines is fully acceptable now, but it wasn't then. No one other than Kolk really favored a twin anyway. Even those airlines which shared his preference for the lesser range limit deserted him on the engine issue. Many airline people—especially pilots and executives concerned with public relations—were troubled by the idea of a large, wide-bodied airplane dependent on two engines instead of three or four. Today, because of the success of the Airbus and the knowledge that, if necessary, it can be flown safely with one engine, the wide-bodied twin is at the height of fashion. But in 1967 Kolk, the prophet, became isolated—abandoned even by his great patron, C. R. Smith, who allowed him to continue pressing the case for the twin while quietly letting it be known that he himself preferred three engines. Rummel remembers meeting Smith by chance in a New York club called the Pinnacle; they talked at length, with Smith indicating that in time he would lead American away from the twin to the trijet.



In acting as they did, the big carriers, true to form, tied themselves to another airplane for which there was no particular need—if only because it wasn't sufficiently different from the 747, which they had all ordered. It was as if General Motors and Ford found themselves offering limousines and station wagons, at the high end of the market, and subcompacts, at the low end, but nothing in the large area in between. Each of the big carriers would have been harmed less and helped more by a smaller, shorter-range airplane. This became especially evident when the price of fuel began to shoot up, but even in the late nineteen-sixties, when the cost of kerojet—the kerosene-based fuel burned in jet-aircraft engines—was a tenth of today's price, it was clear that the larger part of the exuberant growth in airline traffic was on the middle-range and shorter-range routes. The average flight was six hundred and fifty miles. Only one airplane—Boeing's stretched 727—suited this market. The 727, though not an especially advanced airplane, has doubtless made more money for more airlines than any other, and one wonders whether some American carriers would have survived without it.

In June of 1967, shortly after McDonnell Douglas decided to compete, Kolk yielded on the engine issue. Over the summer months, Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas worked feverishly on their three-engine designs. These became all but indistinguishable in their basic features after the group of engineers from American, United, T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta developed a common set of specifications. By September, Lockheed was ready with a proposal to the airlines. McDonnell Douglas had closed the gap, and made its proposal seven weeks later. Over the next four months, the carriers exhaustively studied the two designs and asked endless questions. Many of their questions involved engines as well as the basic airframe, and it quickly became apparent to the airlines that Lockheed favored Rolls-Royce's engine over G.E.'s. Apart from the political and financial considerations that drew the two companies together, Lockheed's engineers were strongly attracted to Rolls-Royce's design for the RB211 engine. They judged it more advanced than G.E.'s. They convinced themselves that it would burn less fuel and make less noise. Being innovators, the Lockheed people were not thrown off, as some of Boeing's engineers had been, by the idea of making fan blades from a lightweight composite instead of metal. Moreover, Rolls-Royce's design for its engine was ideally suited to Lockheed's L-1011, and G.E.'s was not.

To the casual eye,

the L-1011 and the DC-10 are the same airplane. But anyone who looks carefully will see differences, particularly in the position of the center engine, at the rear of the airplane. The L-1011's center engine is mounted on the rear of the fuselage, in the tail cone. Structurally, the L-1011's engine, fuselage, and tail are an ensemble. The DC-10's center engine is mounted ten feet higher up—perched on the tail fin itself, which supports the engine. The L-1011's center-engine design is called an S-duct, because air passes from front to back through an S-shaped duct. The DC-10's design is called straight through; a duct is not required, for the engine's high, isolated location allows the air to pass directly through it. An S-duct design is best served by a short engine. With a straight-through design, the length of the engine doesn't matter. Rolls-Royce's engine is shorter than either Pratt & Whitney's or G.E.'s, which is the longest of the three. Lockheed's engineers strongly preferred the S-duct method. It had worked well in the only other trijets—Boeing's 727 and Britain's Trident—and, for several reasons, including a reluctance to add weight to the tail so that it could support the heavy engine (it weighed about eighty-four hundred pounds), Lockheed was not attracted to the straight-through method. Gerhard Neumann recalls his unsuccessful efforts to sell Lockheed on the G.E. engine. Haughton, he says, told him that unless G.E. shortened its engine Lockheed wouldn't consider it. Taking G.E.'s engine, Haughton said, would require some redesigning of the L-1011 or would mean giving up two rows of seats. Neumann suggested mounting the center engine on the tail, but Lockheed apparently wouldn't consider that. Neumann says that he then persuaded McDonnell Douglas to put the DC-10's center engine on the tail; the Douglas people demur, saying that the idea was theirs. (Whoever thought of it first, McDonnell Douglas holds the patent on the straight-through design.)

As the autumn wore on, the big carriers began rating the two competing airplanes according to a point system. All the basic design characteristics were analyzed, compared, and given points. The engines, too, were compared. Preferences began to develop. The engineers at American, Eastern, and T.W.A. strongly preferred Rolls-Royce's engine. Delta favored G.E.'s. Some of the carriers that liked Rolls-Royce's engine may have been more skeptical of G.E. than attracted to its competitor. G.E.'s last commercial engine had been selected by General Dynamics for the unfortunate Convair, and drew some of the blame for the airplane's failure. The pro-Rolls-Royce faction also guessed that the price of the British engine would be lower and the financing far better. At the time, G.E. was thought to be considerably less "sporty" on these matters than the other manufacturers. Percy Wood, United's president, recalling United's purchase of the G.E. engine, says, "On the financing, we brought G.E. into the real world." United was the only airline wholly opposed to buying a foreign engine if a domestic alternative existed, but at the time no one knew that for certain. United and the other carriers were all concealing their intentions.

By the end of 1967, the small band of senior airline engineers—Kolk, Rummel, and the others—had made their recommendations. Top management took over and began discussions with the competing suppliers on price, financing, and delivery positions. It was a large cast of notables, but the major roles were played by six people, including Haughton, Neumann, and McGowen. The other three were David Huddie, then the chief of Rolls-Royce's aero-engine division; David S. Lewis, Jr., president of McDonnell Douglas and Mr. Mac's favorite; and George Spater, American's president, who in January of 1968 abruptly succeeded C. R. Smith at the helm. (Lyndon Johnson had asked Smith, an old friend, to become Secretary of Commerce, and Smith had accepted.) Spater, a lawyer by profession, was put in the awkward position of replacing one of the industry's pioneers and legendary figures. C. R., as he was known, had become the chief executive of American Airlines in 1934. (He is now eighty-two and lives in Washington, D.C.) Like Juan Trippe, of Pan Am, he was bold and dominating; he, too, seized competitive advantage where he saw it, and liked to be the first to buy a new airplane. Even in an industry dominated by single-minded people, C.R. stood out as a man wholly absorbed in his company. Spater, in contrast, did have other interests. A man with a strong intellectual side, he is retired now, and is living quietly in England—in Sussex—and writing. He collaborated on a book about Virginia and Leonard Woolf, "A Marriage of True Minds," and has recently published a two-volume biography of William Cobbett, the English journalist and social reformer. In February of 1968, Spater not only had a difficult act to follow but was required to make immensely difficult decisions—decisions at least as difficult as any that his predecessor had faced. One was whether to buy the DC-10 or the L-1011; another was which engine to select; and a third turned on the timing of those decisions. All eyes were on Spater, as he must have known. By a rather curious process of reasoning, he decided that his airline would be the first to announce its selection. Being first, of course, is the best way for an airline to assure itself of early delivery positions—and competitive advantage. But Spater wasn't seeking that kind of advantage, and he later offered to share American's early delivery positions with the other carriers. Spater did feel that American was entitled to go first because Kolk's initiative had inspired the new airplane and American had played a leading role in the design stages. "We started this process," he says. But a bolder calculation was actually pushing Spater. By announcing his selection first, he would put the other big carriers under heavy pressure to make the same choice—or so he thought. Spater felt strongly that all of them should buy the same airplane and the same engine. The competition had been useful in holding down the price of the equipment, but the best way to restrain future costs of spare parts and new versions of the same airplane would be to let one supplier prosper in a big market rather than have two of them losing money in a divided market. In short, Spater wanted to achieve a domino effect, just as Boeing and Trippe had done with the 747 two years earlier. The two situations were obviously not comparable, however, because the 747 had had the field to itself.

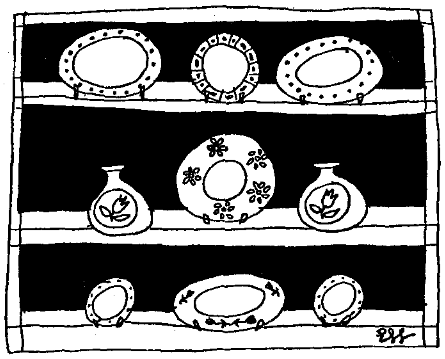
Spater favored the DC-10 over the L-1011, but not because he considered it a better airplane; he had satisfied himself that there was little to choose between the two. He was, he says now, "choosing the company." He picked the DC-10 because he had more confidence in McDonnell Douglas than in Lockheed. Frank Kolk and George

Warde, who was then a senior vice-president of American Airlines, felt the same way. "The airplanes were very close, but American would not have bought the L-1011 under any circumstances," Warde says. He and the others at American were mainly concerned that Lockheed had never built a commercial jet transport; also, American had been the first customer for Lockheed's last airliner, the Electra, and that experience had not been a good one. The relationship between an airline and a manufacturer changes from one moment to the next. It may survive the inevitable conflicts, and even be strengthened by the process of resolving them. Or the conflicts may irreparably damage the relationship, as in the case of American and Lockheed. Haughton himself has said that Lockheed had something to prove. There was no chance to make its case with American Airlines, but Haughton didn't know that then.

Some airlines, like American, tend to favor a company when they are buying equipment; usually, it is a company with which the airline has had a long and satisfactory relationship—a relationship often compared to that between a contented gentleman and his tailor. Certain other airlines, including T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta, usually select the equipment that their engineers favor for technical reasons, however small. All decisions, of course, are also heavily influenced by price, financial terms, and delivery positions. By early 1968, the engineering departments of most of the big carriers had expressed a preference, in varying degrees, for the L-1011 over the DC-10. In most cases, the preference was not pronounced. The two airplanes were rated by most of the carriers as close to even on the merits. T.W.A. had perhaps the strongest bias in favor of the L-1011. Eastern and Delta also had some preference for it. Kolk's closest associate at American in these matters was a distinguished British-born engineer named David R. Blundell, who is now with Rolls-Royce. "American's engineers were divided," Blundell says. "Lockheed had the more attractive airplane, but McDonnell Douglas inspired greater confidence as a company." United was more deeply split. Its engineering department, in San Francisco, favored the L-1011, according to Blundell, but at headquarters, just outside Chicago, there was a preference for McDonnell Douglas. Arthur Lewis, of Eastern, also says that United's engineers wanted the L-1011, but that management dissented. United is another airline that inclines toward the supplier it knows and trusts.

Not all the buyers favored McDonnell Douglas as a company. Delta Air Lines, a surpassingly well-run company itself, had great confidence in Haughton. Eastern Air Lines, although it was drawn to the L-1011, had some doubts about Lockheed, but, because of problems caused by late deliveries of DC-9s, Eastern was equally concerned about Douglas. Eastern's management, according to Lewis, arranged an analysis of both companies. The conclusion, he says, "put Lockheed well ahead of Douglas." He added, "It wasn't just the airplane we preferred but the company, too."

SPATER knew which airplane he was going to buy, but he was determined to buy Rolls-Royce's engine. There may have seemed little difference between the two airplanes, but that was not true of the engines. American's engineers, like Lockheed's, believed in the superior features that Rolls-Royce claimed for its engine. The selling job had been done by David Huddie, a shrewd, engaging, and resourceful Irishman. Huddie, who is now retired and lives in Derbyshire, was knighted for his success in marrying the RB211 to Lockheed's airplane. The effort that he directed was enormous. He described it a year or so later in a talk he gave to the British Institute of Management. "Between September, 1966, and March, 1968, Rolls-Royce officials based in Britain made over two hundred and thirty separate journeys to the U.S.A., for visits to airline and airframe companies solely in connection with the RB211 sales drive," he said. "Over three million miles were covered . . . costing more than eighty thousand pounds in air fares and expenses alone. Company personnel based in the U.S. made nearly five hundred visits to airlines and airframe companies."



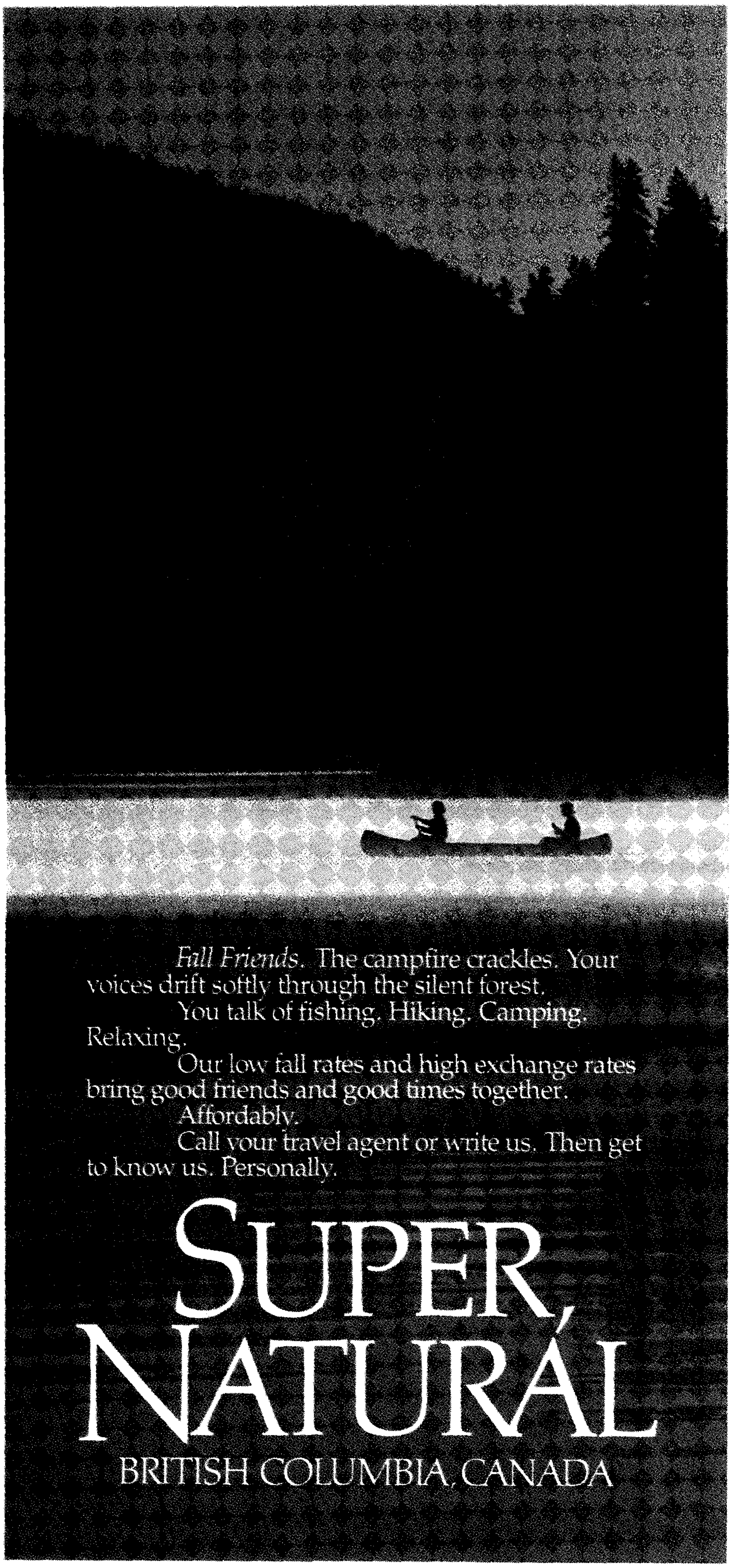
Huddie himself lived in New York for seven months, starting that October. He was already well acquainted with all or most of the leading figures in the competition. At American, he had the advantage over G.E. of being on exceptionally warm terms with C. R. Smith; he had, he says, worked with Frank Kolk for twenty years; and in Spater he had a convert to the Rolls-Royce engine. (Spater says he simply believed his own experts.) Other converts included most of the senior engineering figures in most of the big airlines except Delta and United. Even now, it seems odd that Huddie met so little sales resistance. He and others at Rolls-Royce, exhorted by the government, were promising that their engine would do remarkable things—and would certainly outperform the competition's—mainly because they said it would. Yet it was still a paper engine—not much more than a gleam in the eye of the design people in Derby. The British—Rolls-Royce and the equally ardent Ministry of Technology—were being what aircraft and airline people call sporty; they were maneuvering their way into the lush American market with sweeping promises. The very substantial technological problems arising from these promises would have to be solved later—although not much later, for Rolls-Royce was offering to develop its more advanced engine in three years—and at a fixed price. G.E. was furious. Neumann told his boss, Jack Parker, and others that Rolls-Royce could not do more in three years than G.E. had done in five. Neumann said that he himself should be fired if he was proved wrong. Parker agreed with that. He says of Rolls-Royce, "They had a budget for this thing which they overran about three times. It started out at a number that we could not duplicate in the General Electric Company for a similar development, and I told Mr. Neumann . . . that if these guys are right, you are looking for a job, because they know something that we don't know. There is no way we could have done it for that price."

Lockheed was then offering the L-1011 with either the Rolls-Royce or the G.E. engine, even though its preference for the RB211 was obvious. Two exceedingly innovative companies were contriving a union of the most advanced airframe with the most advanced engine. As it turned out, Lockheed's lofty design goals were within reach. Rolls-Royce's were not.

McDonnell Douglas, rather less innovative and less worldly than Lockheed, was warier of Rolls-Royce. Senior McDonnell Douglas people, though they were impressed by how impressed so many other companies were by the Rolls-Royce design, doubted whether it could be developed and produced in time to be competitive. Like Lockheed, they offered their airplane, the DC-10, with either engine, but they warned customers that selecting the RB211 could mean later delivery dates. Huddie says he always found the going a bit harder at Douglas than at Lockheed.

Although Lockheed and Rolls-Royce had started out with much to prove, both felt very well positioned when the moment for the airlines to decide on the equipment arrived. Haughton and those around him knew that T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta were leaning in their direction. For various reasons, they were guardedly optimistic about American, even though the situation there was unclear. It was chiefly faith in the L-1011 that aroused their optimism. In this business, complete faith in the product and its edge over the competition is essential. Lockheed's engineers, after working with American for nearly two years, had convinced themselves that the L-1011 was in every detail what the airline wanted. Moreover, Lockheed sensed that American favored the RB211—the engine that had been tailored to the Lockheed plane. And Lockheed was reasonably certain that Eastern and T.W.A. also preferred the RB211.

By then, the chief executives of all the airlines were agreed in principle that in the end there should be one airplane and one engine. By this they meant that the Big Four—American, United, T.W.A., and Eastern—should all buy the same equipment. No one of the competing suppliers would have built its airplane or its engine for just one of the Big Four; each competitor required at least two of them as launch customers for its product. Thus, whichever carriers ordered first and second might be able to steer the others in the same direction, or so it seemed. American—probably the most difficult of the carriers to predict—was expected to order first. And with three of the Big Four, including American, leaning toward the RB211 and the two others of the three favoring the L-1011, the prospects for a Lockheed–Rolls-Royce sweep did not look bad. Lockheed's intelligence apparatus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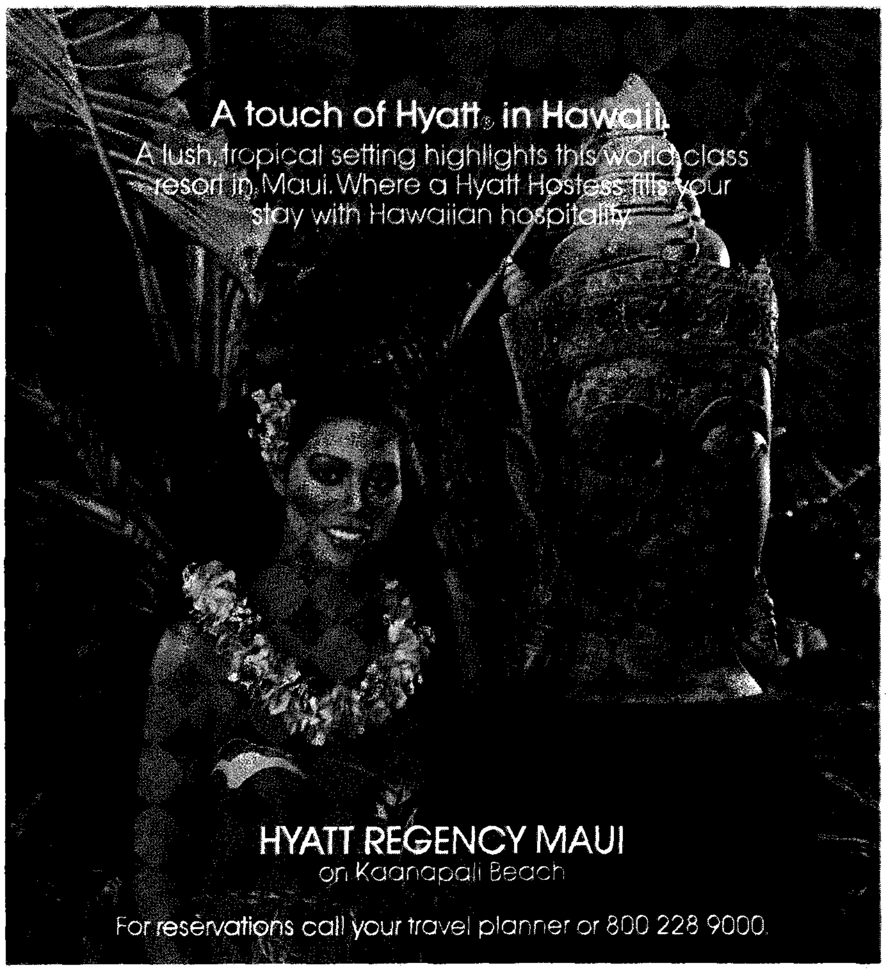
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was reporting sympathetic sounds from United's engineers in San Francisco.

Haughton had enough faith in his product for ten men. Huddie had comparable faith in his. They were both great salesmen. But so were their competitors—especially Haughton's. Jackson McGowen was a familiar figure to the airlines. However, his new boss, David Lewis, whom Mr. Mac had sent out from St. Louis to run Douglas, was not. Apparently, Lewis was as quick to learn the ins and outs of the commercial business as most of his colleagues in St. Louis were slow or reluctant to learn it. He had Mr. Mac's complete confidence, and also had large portions of ability and charm. (Lewis is now board chairman of General Dynamics.) At Douglas, people did not expect two such strong-minded men as Lewis and McGowen to get along. They did, though, and they became a superior sales team.

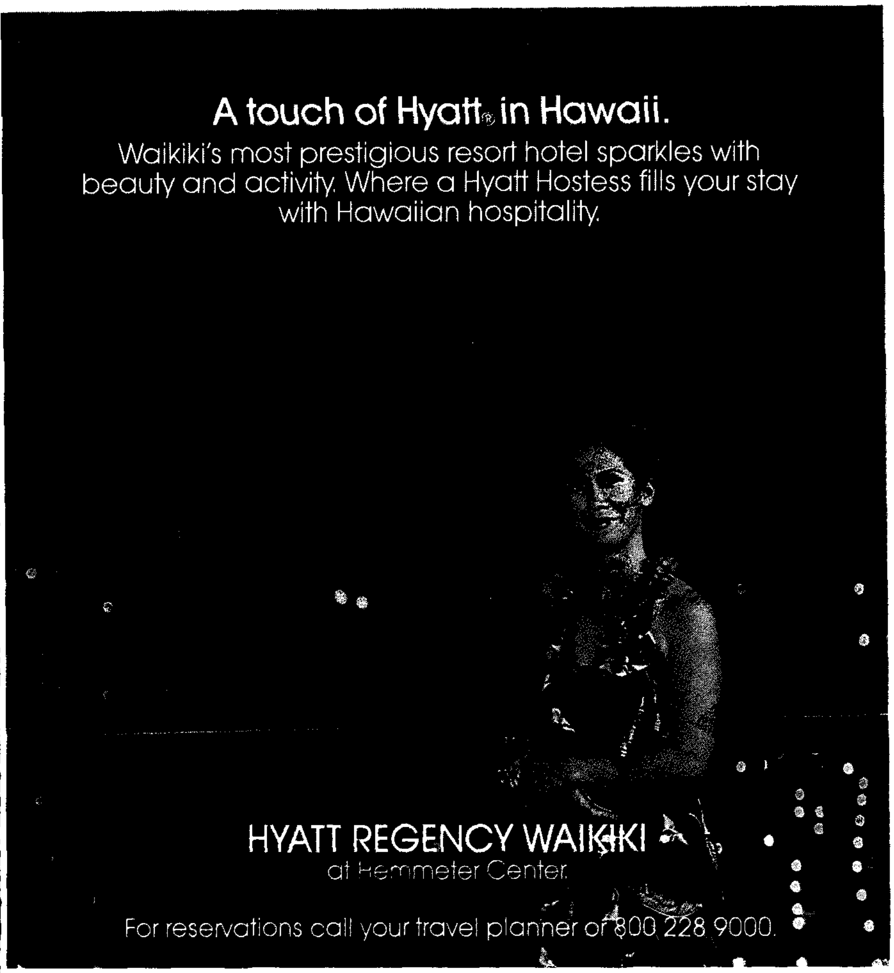
None of the four competitors felt that the market was big enough to sustain both airplanes and both engines. The first order would indeed be crucial. A flurry of activity preceded the announcement of American's decision. Much of it consisted of assurances from one company to another, which swiftly dissolved, and understandings that meant different things, if they meant anything at all, to the parties concerned. Huddie knew, or thought he knew, that American's order for the RB211 was as good as in his pocket. Lewis and McGowen suspected that if American chose the DC-10 United would probably do so, too. But then United muddied the waters by letting American know that it wouldn't be bound by Spater's engine selection. The situation was confused, tense, strewn with traps. For American, the trap was making a choice that the three others would reject. Isolation would follow. Inevitably, the unlucky competitors chosen only by American would be forced to withdraw their offers and retire from the field. In such a position, American would be left with no choice but to make a belated purchase of the successful airplane and engine, and take whatever delivery positions it could get. This was a disturbing prospect. American was determined to avoid it by managing its selections in a way that would force all three of the other carriers to a compatible outcome.

American notified Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas that it wanted their final bids no later than mid-

February of 1968. Spater intended to announce American's decision on Monday, February 19th. American's handling of the entire affair was being supervised by a senior vice-president, Donald J. Lloyd-Jones (who recently became president of Air Florida). He recalls that the competing bids were within two hundred thousand dollars of each other.

Since American's preferences were unclear, the two bidders felt that even a small difference in price might be decisive; Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas went to great lengths to find out what each other's last price was. According to McGowen, Haughton thought that the DC-10's price was somewhat higher than it actually was, and that Lockheed was quoting a lower figure. That wasn't the case, McGowen says. Haughton says he knew only that the two figures were very close. But after sending in his mid-February bid he decided that a last-minute cut in the L-1011's price could very well tip matters in Lockheed's favor. He arranged to meet Spater and Lloyd-Jones on the morning of the nineteenth to present his adjusted price. However, three days earlier, on the sixteenth, Spater had met privately with Huddie. (They had been joined for part of the time by C. R. Smith, who, although he had resigned, hadn't altogether disappeared.) Spater had told Huddie in strictest confidence that American was selecting the DC-10. He had emphasized the importance of everyone's buying the same airplane and engine. For that reason, he had said, American had decided to delay its announcement that it was selecting the RB211. Spater now recalls thinking that the engine issue was "the most contentious." He and Lloyd-Jones felt that a delay in announcing the RB211 would give other carriers the time they needed to prepare their boards of directors, not to mention the federal government, for the selection of a foreign engine over its domestic rival. "We felt that a delay would improve our chances of having just one engine," Lloyd-Jones says.

Somehow, American had convinced itself that the three other carriers would concur in its airplane selection but diverge on the engine. It was a complete miscalculation. Since United was the only one of the Big Four that didn't favor the RB211, the engine choice was actually less divisive than the airframe issue. Spater and Lloyd-Jones already knew that United's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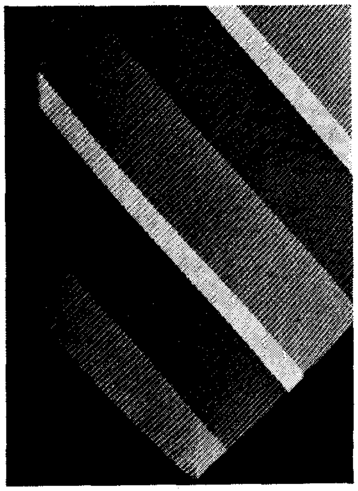

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management wanted to avoid buying a non-American engine. But if American was confident of having picked a generally acceptable airframe, it should have been at least as confident that T.W.A. and Eastern would endorse a selection of the RB211. In that situation, United would have been left with no choice but to follow the others; G.E. would have dropped out. The thinking at American seems to have been confused. Huddie left his meeting with Spater feeling, he says, that "this preëmptive move by American" would not persuade other major airlines to go along. "And I felt it likely, following American's announcement, that there would be two airplanes and possibly two engines," he says. "I couldn't tell Dan Haughton about the meeting, having been sworn to secrecy by American."

Haughton and Lloyd-Jones have a high regard for each other. (Haughton believes that Lloyd-Jones preferred his airplane to the DC-10; Lloyd-Jones is understandably reluctant to confirm such a preference.) But their memories of what was supposed to happen and what actually did happen on the morning of February 19th differ significantly. Haughton says that, by agreement, he and a few advisers came to Spater's office that morning to present their new price. Lloyd-Jones says that American felt that it already had Lockheed's last, best price, and that Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas both knew that the nineteenth was decision day. Haughton recalls being kept waiting for an hour and a half and never actually seeing Spater. "Finally, Don Lloyd-Jones was sent out from Spater's office to tell us that we had lost," he says. "Spater didn't tell us himself. We were never given a chance to make our proposal." It was, by one account, a very emotional scene. According to Lloyd-Jones, Haughton announced that he was going to go next door—T.W.A.'s corporate offices were only a few steps away from American's—and cut the price of his airplane by two million dollars. He was in the game to stay.

While Haughton was kept waiting, Spater and Lloyd-Jones had been talking with the winners, Lewis and McGowen. "They were pleasantly surprised," Lloyd-Jones says. McGowen feels that McDonnell Douglas would not have won if C. R. Smith had been in charge; Smith, he thinks, soured on McDonnell Douglas after his brief but painful meeting with Mr. Mac.

When the meeting in Spater's office broke up, McGowen says, they emerged to find Haughton on the telephone. McGowen thinks he may have been talking to T.W.A. or Eastern. Certainly he wasted no time. And he did slash the L-1011's price—by one million dollars, not two. His price had been around fifteen million four hundred thousand dollars, and he cut it to fourteen million four hundred thousand. That wasn't quite low enough. "We had Lockheed by the throat and we squeezed," says Arthur Lewis, of Eastern. The price of the L-1011 levelled off at fourteen million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

McGowen says that he and his colleagues were surprised that Haughton chose to stay in the game. Still, they had taken the precaution of giving themselves a way out of their agreement with American if things went badly with the other airlines. John McDonnell, now the president of McDonnell Douglas, recalls a clause that gave his company the option of cancelling within ninety days if two other airlines hadn't ordered the DC-10 by then.

This escape clause quickly became a factor. Haughton had easily upset American's preëmptive strategy. The other carriers, without exception, were unimpressed by American's tactics. The initiative abruptly swung away from American to Eastern and T.W.A. Eastern was determined to have the RB211, and wanted to be in tandem with T.W.A., which strongly preferred Lockheed's airplane. And Eastern wished to announce a joint decision with T.W.A., just as soon as the process of negotiating the lowest possible price could be completed. Eastern worried that delay carried the risk of losing the RB211 as a result of Spater's engine decision, which might be announced at any time. In this second-stage negotiation, Haughton was a step ahead of his rivals, Lewis and McGowen, who required Mr. Mac's approval for price-slashing under competitive pressure; although Mr. Mac gave ground, he did so reluctantly, and that meant that Lewis and McGowen had less flexibility than Haughton.

According to McGowen, the key meeting with Eastern began with yet another lecture from Mr. Mac about what was wrong with the relationship between the manufacturers and the airlines. The Lockheed people, McGowen says, were waiting in another office. At one point, he continues, an Eastern executive interrupted the speech to ask exactly what McDonnell Douglas was proposing. Mr. Mac told him, McGowen says, that Eastern would hear the offer when he had finished speaking. The incident is recalled by people who represented Eastern, but they say that by then it made no difference—the airline had decided to buy the L-1011. So had T.W.A.'s boss, Charles Tillinghast. Delta had also settled on the L-1011, but it wanted G.E.'s engine. And United, the largest and most powerful airline, was being inscrutable and unhurried.

Haughton, although he had lost American, now had a good breeze at his back. But the engine issue had become pivotal. Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas both needed to know that Rolls-Royce's engine would be available to them. But Rolls-Royce had said that it couldn't build its engine for both of the new airplanes—that the company's resources were not adequate for both jobs. (Rolls-Royce, unlike G.E., makes not just the engine but the entire installation, which includes the nacelle and other parts—a far more elaborate task.) According to Spater, Huddie had committed Rolls-Royce to building an engine for the DC-10, provided that American bought it. And now Huddie was under pressure from his most reliable ally, Haughton, whose prospects had brightened. Huddie was in a bind, and he couldn't be sure what would happen next. In mid-March, therefore, he took a big step by agreeing to supply his engine to any two of the Big Four airlines. He says that he notified the airlines of Rolls-Royce's amended position by writing to each of them and telephoning a few individuals, including Lloyd-Jones, at American. With this step, Huddie was not, he says, actually committing Rolls-Royce to supplying the engines for two new airplanes but, rather, signalling its possible willingness to do so in the event that the Big Four divided two by two—the worst possible outcome from everyone's point of view. But the airlines were, in varying degrees, skeptical about Rolls-Royce's ability to take on both airplanes. Eastern was becoming more and more anxious to make its joint announcement with T.W.A., and, in fact, was pressing to do so no later than the last week of March. T.W.A. agreed to this schedule. Meanwhile, Spater, still confident of his strategy as long as he had Rolls-Royce on his side, wanted reassurance from Huddie. He recalls being taken to the opera at Lincoln Center by Huddie on Saturday, March 23rd. Huddie, he says, confirmed to him during the evening that Rolls-Royce would not supply engines for both airplanes. These words, Spater says, reassured him, since he had Rolls-Royce's commitment to supply engines for the DC-10. Huddie remembers going to the opera with Spater but does not remember any of the details. Instead, he points to the formal notice of Rolls-Royce's new position that he had given to each of the big airlines several days before the evening at the opera. "Spater was warned, and had no right to assume that we were strapped to one program," he says. "We could not have been more meticulous."

Huddie, unlike Spater, must have known when they met that T.W.A. and Eastern intended to announce their selections before the end of the week. On Friday, the twenty-ninth, the two airlines jointly announced orders for ninety-four L-1011s with Rolls-Royce engines. It was a moment of triumph and vindication for Lockheed. Its sales that day totalled over two billion dollars—an industry record. And, in addition to the T.W.A. and Eastern orders, fifty L-1011s were sold to an obscure little British company called Air Holdings. Announcing this British order on the same day as the two big domestic sales was a coup de théâtre. It alerted all interested parties that Lockheed's foreign policy was succeeding. It suggested that Haughton and Huddie were working together even more closely than most of the other parties had suspected. Finally, the Air Holdings deal cemented, as a treaty might, Lockheed's alliance with Britain. Haughton was called on his great day

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by Charles H. Dolson, then Delta's chief executive, who confirmed that his airline also wanted the L-1011 but with G.E.'s engine. Until then, Haughton had been offering the L-1011 with either the Rolls-Royce or the G.E. engine. But as of that day and the Air Holdings deal he decided that there might be just one airplane, his own, and one engine, Britain's. Perhaps his new arrangements with the British reduced his flexibility on the engine question. He says only that the Air Holdings deal had "a big effect." Delta's vice-chairman, Richard Maurer, recalls Haughton's telling Dolson just before Delta's announcement that he couldn't sell him the airplane with G.E.'s engine—it was too late for that. On April 2nd, Delta placed an order for twenty-four L-1011s—the airplane it wanted—with the Rolls-Royce engine, about which it had misgivings.

The Air Holdings deal offers a remarkably clear illustration of how commercial-aircraft sales often pit domestic politics against transatlantic politics. The deal also provides a glimpse of Haughton as strategist. Although he was attracted to Rolls-Royce's engine, he always knew that buying it would cause a vast outflow of dollars and a lot of protest in Washington. He judged, correctly, that if his airplane was to be sold with the RB211 the British would have to funnel dollars back into America by buying a great many L-1011s. Early in the competition, he approached Britain's government-owned airlines and was told that they were committed to buying Europe's Airbus (mainly because Rolls-Royce was then developing an engine for it). So in January of 1968 Haughton took the matter to Rolls-Royce directly. "I wanted more support from the British government," he says. "We had to demonstrate our best efforts to get foreign customers and create a cash flow from them. I also wanted to give Lockheed's board some comfort and get myself more support from it. I talked to Huddie and Pearson about it." (This was Sir Denning Pearson, then the chief executive of Rolls-Royce.)

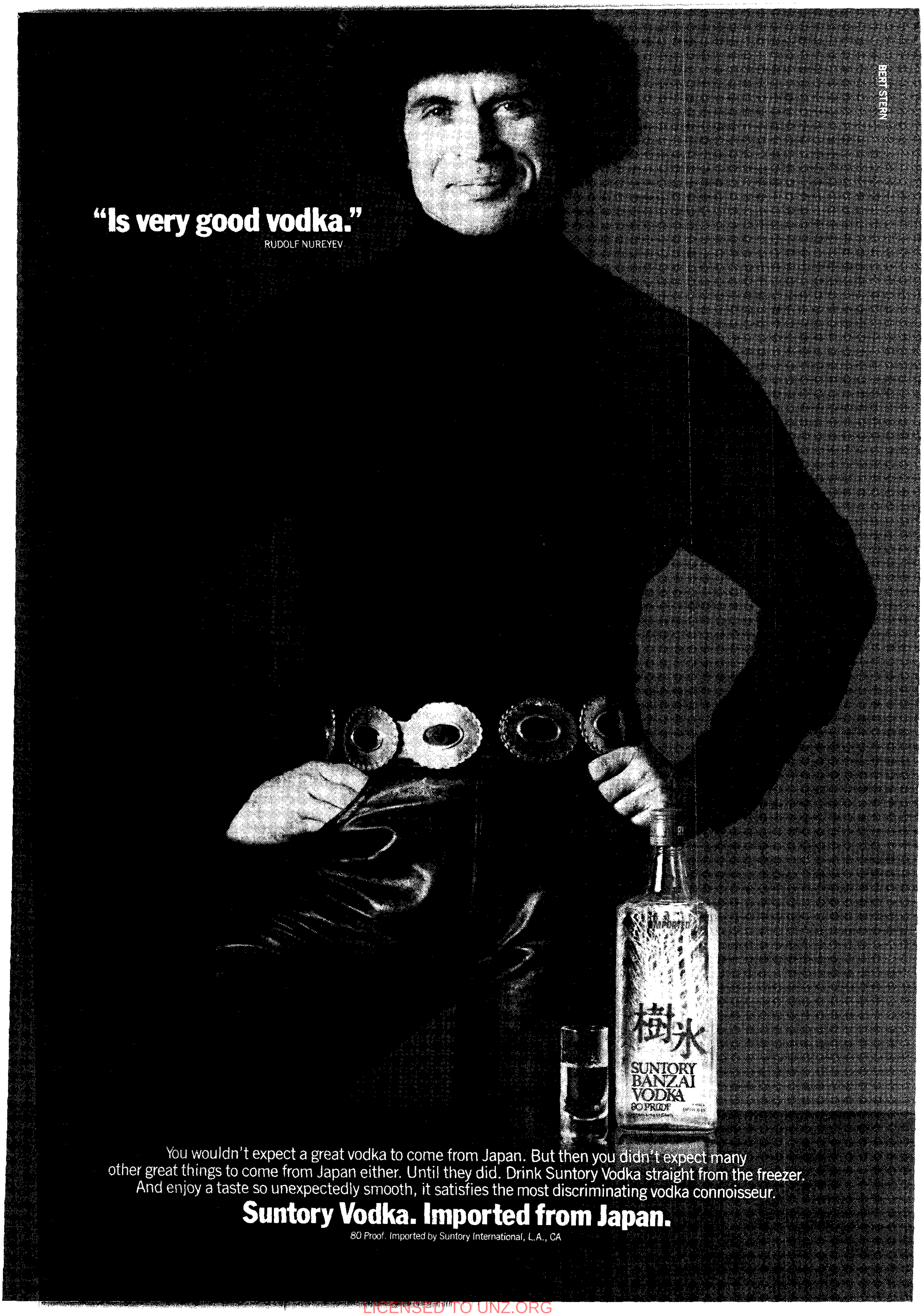
"Dan was after me day after day, week after week, for a U.K. commitment to the L-1011," Huddie says. "He needed it for domestic political reasons. I hoped the pressure would go away. But Dan wasn't talking just to Pearson and me. He also talked to people in the U.S. government. That put us overnight in the position of having to do something about it."

Haughton left to Rolls-Royce the task of figuring out how to arrange the purchase of L-1011s in Britain. "I neither knew nor cared where the money came from," he says. The money, in the form of credits worth seven hundred and fifty million dollars, was raised by the City of London's old-boy network. Rolls-Royce's chairman, Lord Kindersley, was a director of the merchant bank Lazard Brothers & Company, and he placed the matter in the hands of its chairman, Lord Poole. Lazard's largest stockholder was Lord Cowdray, an extravagantly rich man and the owner of a company that had an interest in Air Holdings, which acted as a sales agent between manufacturers and airlines. The two peers, Poole and Cowdray, contrived an arrangement with the chairman of Air Holdings, Sir Miles Wyatt. It was probably ingenious. Certainly it was bizarre. Air Holdings wasn't really buying the airplanes but, rather, was acquiring delivery positions and options for eventual use by British Airways and other non-American airlines. Nor was there a firm date by which Air Holdings had to buy the airplanes. Yet there was a commitment to buy them: the necessary funds were available, and Lockheed had received a down payment. Lord Poole described the deal as "a classic example of a merchant banker's service." Elsewhere in London—in the House of Commons, among other places—terms like "dubious" and "bogus" were later used to characterize it.

Whatever its ambiguities, the Air Holdings deal was for Haughton the next-best thing to actual orders from foreign airlines. It enabled Lockheed to argue in Washington that overseas sales of its new airplane had already produced a large net gain in dollars. A nasty row followed the sale of L-1011s with British engines to three of America's largest airlines. Members of Ohio's congressional delegation, urged on by G.E., whose main commercial-aircraft-engine plant is in Cincinnati, protested the projected sales. The Departments of State, Defense, Treasury, and Transportation jointly reviewed Lockheed's arrangements with the British. The focus was the impact of these arrangements on America's finances and its aircraft-engine industry. The White House also took part. The affair was highly sensitive, with a number of important voices, especially G.E.'s, trying to affect the outcome. At one point, a senior official in Washington called G.E.'s chairman and asked for a halt to its campaign against Lockheed's position, which the government did approve just a week before the announcements on March 29th. Haughton's efforts of many months to silence the issue of a foreign engine had succeeded, although not by much, and barely in time.

THE momentum in orders belonged to Lockheed and Rolls-Royce. In early April, G.E. was still without an order. McDonnell Douglas and American had only each other, and that wasn't enough. Spater's strategy had been overwhelmed. No one took seriously Rolls-Royce's offer to make its engine for both the new airplanes. Lloyd-Jones recalls that each succeeding purchase of the L-1011 made it that much more unlikely that the engine would be available for the DC-10. Eastern's Arthur Lewis says, "Delta's announcement blew Spater out of the water." McDonnell Douglas was in an even more difficult position than American. It had to choose between staying in the competition and cancelling the DC-10. At best, staying in would mean splitting the market. McGowen favored cancelling. "There was no chance both airplanes could succeed, because their prices were going to be ratcheted down by the airlines," he says. "Remember, these were two-billion-dollar programs." At headquarters, in St. Louis, however, the competitive juices were flowing. McGowen remembers that the McDonnell Douglas board of directors, of which he was a member, met on April 9th to decide whether to make a formal proposal to United. McGowen was sick and did not attend the meeting. Mr. Mac wanted to stay in the race, and no one opposed him. The proposal to United was made several days later.

The climactic event, United's deci-



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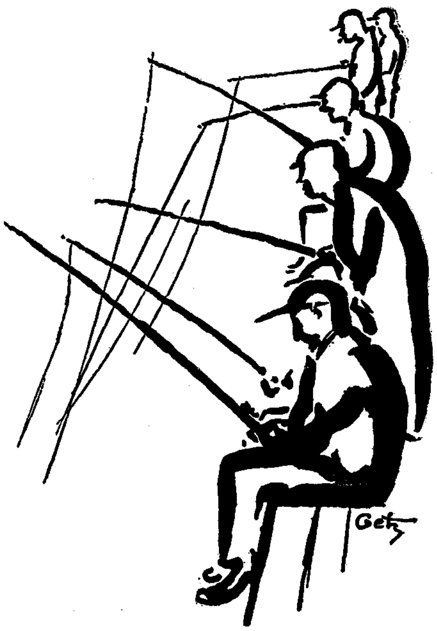
sion, was to be announced at a stockholders' meeting in Chicago on April 25th. American had made itself hostage to that decision. If United chose the L-1011, American would have no choice but to follow suit, and take whatever delivery positions it could get. American knew that United would probably buy G.E.'s engine. So, if United ordered the DC-10, thereby keeping it alive, American would also have to buy the G.E. engine; like all the suppliers, G.E. needed at least two launch customers. The other carriers feared that United might split the market. Tillinghast remembers calling United's president, George Keck, before the meeting on April 25th. "I urged him to jump aboard the L-1011, so that we could make one good program," he says. "I said that if our industry divided the market neither airplane would succeed, and we would be saddled with higher costs." He and others also worried that in a divided market, some part of which would have to be shared with Boeing's 747, the less successful of the two competitors would eventually drop out, leaving its customers in the worst kind of trouble. Tillinghast offered Keck some of T.W.A.'s early delivery positions.

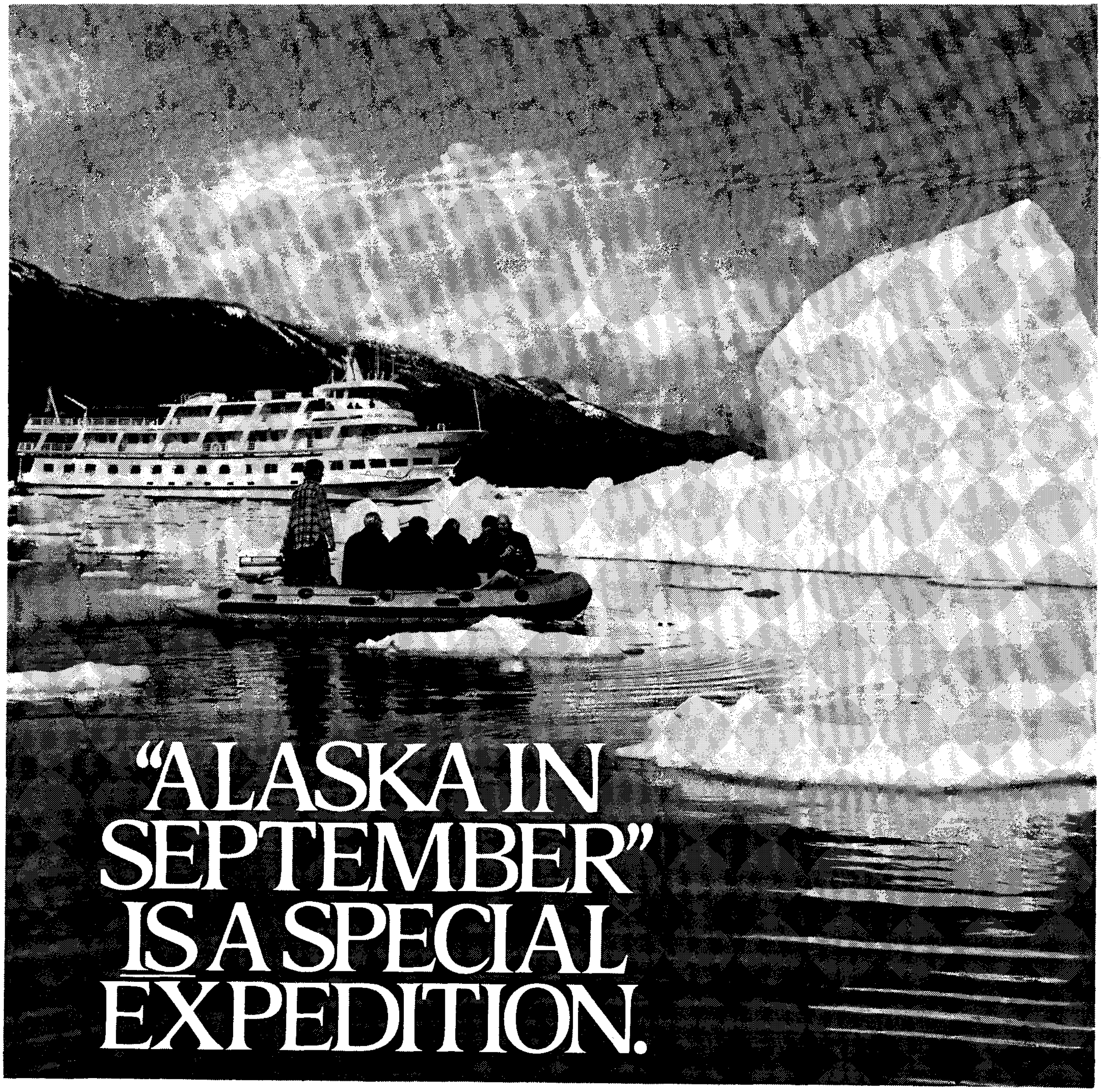
United's main interest was in driving down the cost of G.E.'s engine. Rolls-Royce's engine could be bought for less, and on better terms, because of the British government's support for it. United had decided to buy G.E.'s engine but was unwilling to pay more for it than for the RB211. Having outwaited the three other carriers, United was in a supremely good position to dictate terms—especially to G.E. and McDonnell Douglas. Their entries would survive only if United chose them on April 25th. G.E., although it is a cautious and unimpulsive company, had no alternative to bringing its price and financing roughly into line with Rolls-Royce's. The price of the DC-10 had already been pared to the level of the L-1011's. In theory, United was in a position to pay the same price for either airplane and for either engine. But matters were not quite so simple. Haughton received a call from Keck, who asked whether United could have the L-1011 with G.E.'s engine. Haughton, a natural optimist, felt that his airplane and Rolls-Royce's engine were headed toward a clean sweep. He knew that building his airplane to accept two very different engine designs would cost a great deal of money, and his answer to Keck's question was no. It was the wrong answer. Haughton thinks now that not offering the L-1011 to Keck with G.E.'s engine was the second of the two biggest mistakes of his life (the first having been his failure to merge Lockheed with Douglas). "We should have designed the airplane for alternate engines," he says. "We didn't do it, for financial reasons. The costs of developing a second engine would have been around a hundred million dollars. But we'd have had enough orders to write off that money."

Early on the morning of April 25th, Haughton arrived in Chicago, convinced that he had won the competition for United's order. All his reports were bullish. "We had it won coming out of San Francisco," he says, referring to United's engineering department. He waited for the announcement in a motel room. At some point, he tuned his television set to a channel that broadcast stock-market reports. "I saw McDonnell Douglas's stock going up and ours going down, and I knew that something had happened," he says. "But I didn't know just what until I got hold of Keck." Haughton had been joined in Chicago by Huddie, who awaited United's decision in the next room. "I was there because I didn't want Dan to be alone," he says. "I didn't share his optimism. Unlike Dan, I was pessimistic, because I had not been told anything." Huddie disagrees with Haughton's judgment of his great mistake; he doubts whether United would have bought the L-1011 with a G.E. engine. Once the prices had equalized, United's management voted for the DC-10. Like American, United was selecting the company. Its decision left the impression that United did not wish to see Douglas drift away from the commercial business. Wood, United's current president, says, "We decided early in the game to go for the DC-10." And was United actually choosing one company over another? "Yes," Wood says. "You lean toward the company. There is no question about it. You have to take their guarantees seriously." United's management stuck with the company it knew best—a decision that, by many accounts, went against the grain of the technical advice it had received.



Since in all obvious aspects, including price, the two airplanes had become so much alike, some airlines may have seen little on which to base a selection other than the companies that made them. The DC-10 and the L-1011 are, in fact, virtually identical in length, width, wingspan, and capacity, and also in range, speed, engine thrust, and seat-mile costs. On technical grounds, however, there were important differences, most of which created a bias in favor of the L-1011 in the engineering departments of the majority of the airlines. It is also true that some engineers of some airlines felt that Lockheed was pushing the state of the art a bit far and might not be able to meet some of its more advanced design goals. But this was a minority view. In any case, everyone was impressed by the L-1011. The DC-10 was judged a more derivative, less sophisticated airplane. In designing it, Douglas drew heavily on experience with its other jet transports, the DC-8 and the DC-9. The L-1011 had no antecedents; it reflected Lockheed's experience with the S.S.T. and, as has been noted, some of Boeing's with the 747. Lockheed also drew on its exceptional flair and originality in designing airplanes. In designing the DC-10, Douglas didn't reach as far. It entered the competition some months behind Lockheed and had to catch up. Moreover, in the aftermath of the merger Douglas was under pressure to show its new management, McDonnell, that it could design and build airplanes within a budget.

In explaining why they chose the L-1011, the people who made, or helped to make, the decision for T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta say essentially the same things. T.W.A., according to Tillinghast, considered the L-1011 more advanced in some ways, more conservative in others. (By "conservative" he meant having



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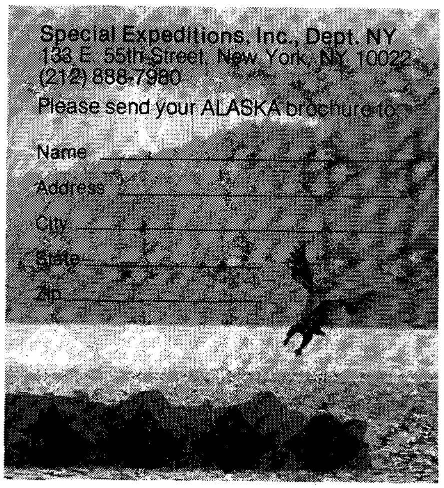

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greater redundancy.) He and Robert Rummel, his senior adviser on equipment selection, preferred the L-1011's hydraulics—four systems to the DC-10's three. Also, Rummel had been a strenuous advocate of putting the hydraulic lines on the trailing edge of the wing, as Lockheed had done, instead of the leading edge, where problems are more likely to occur. Tillinghast and others also preferred the L-1011's center engine to the DC-10's elevated one; they were concerned about the vertical tail fin's supporting the entire weight of the engine. "Having the third engine stuck up there was a source of some questioning," Tillinghast says. His people thought that the L-1011, "in physical structure, was better and more conservatively designed," he says, and he adds, "In its avionics, the L-1011 was the most advanced airplane around." The term "avionics" covers the myriad ultra-refined electronic devices on which modern airplanes rely, particularly for navigation and flight control. John Borger, of Pan Am, agrees with Tillinghast. "Lockheed's avionics are the best in the business," he says.

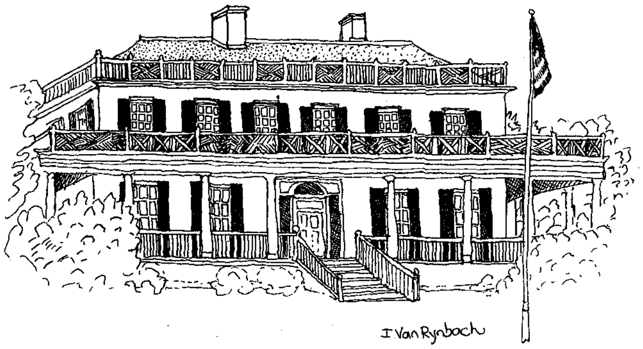
Eastern, like the two other carriers, felt that either airplane would do well but judged the L-1011's flight controls and cockpit superior. The L-1011 is the only airliner equipped with a refinement called direct-lift control, which improves stability and thereby gives the pilot slightly better control of the flight path during descents and approaches. Various other attributes of the L-1011, including a superior autopilot and a more advanced tail design, help to provide exceptional stability. This stability allowed Lockheed to give its airplane an "all weather" landing capacity. A so-called Autoland system allows the airplane to follow a radio beam to the runway while the pilot simply monitors the display, without actually touching the controls. On landing, the airplane follows the runway's center line automatically, and the pilot reverses thrust and applies the brakes. The L-1011 was certified by the F.A.A. for landings in dense fog, with zero ceiling, and with as little as seven hundred feet of runway visibility. For some time, only the L-1011 had this capacity; most airliners still don't have it, or don't have it to quite the same degree as the L-1011. The importance of the Autoland system lies partly in the costs of cancelling a flight in bad weather or diverting it to another airport; these can amount to several thousand dollars. British Airways estimated a saving of eight hundred thousand dollars in 1978 and 1979 because its L-1011s were able to land at European airports in the worst flying weather.

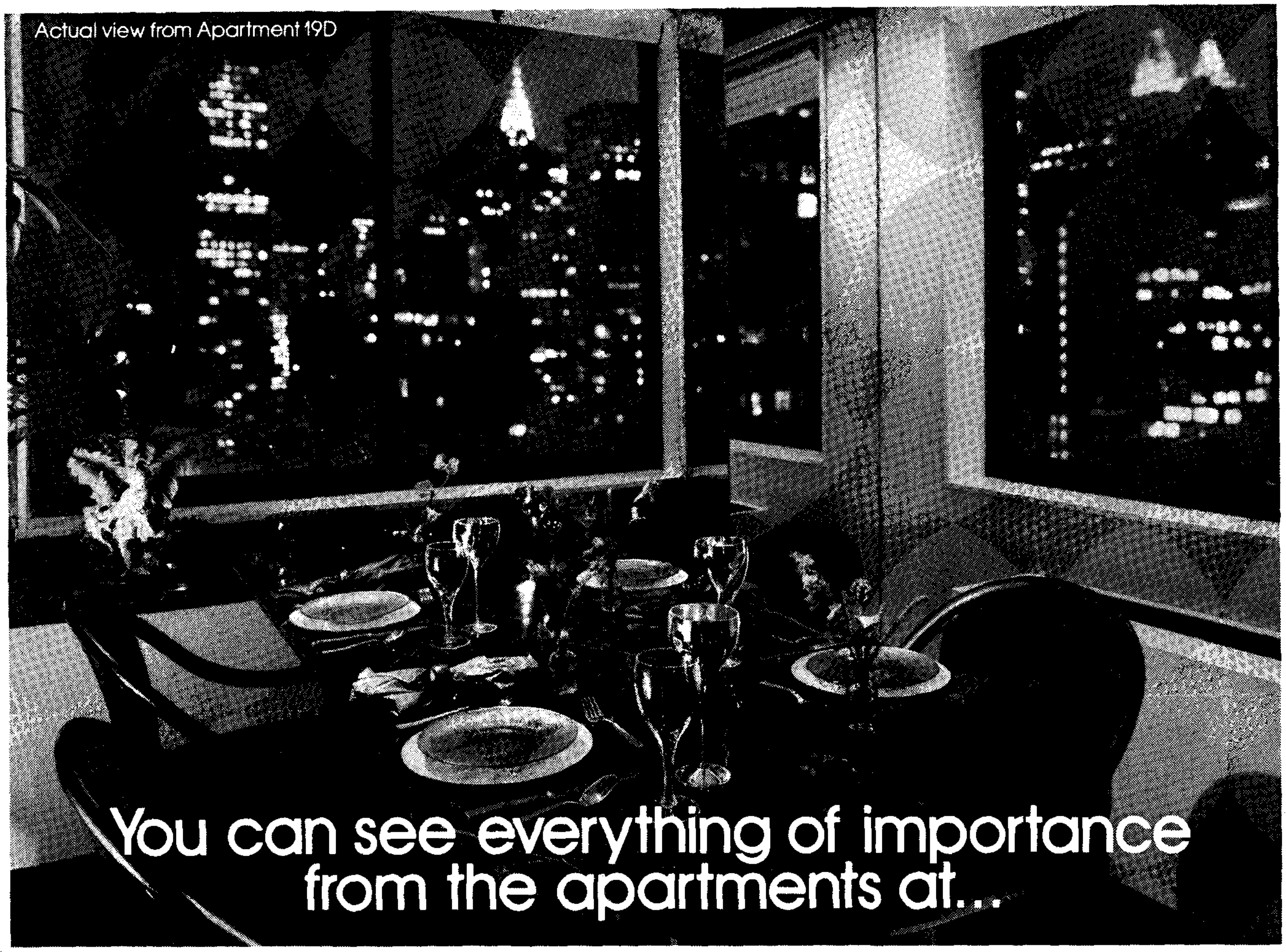
Richard Maurer says that Delta "considered the L-1011's navigation equipment much better." Another Delta official emphasizes the stability advantage. David Garrett, Jr., the chief executive, cites a good deal of discussion about the center engine and Delta's conclusion that access for maintenance purposes to the L-1011's center engine would be easier, because it was nearer the ground. Another Delta executive said, "The airplane has something like eighty-five miles of wiring, and we haven't had to replace a single foot. That's unusual." Donald Hettermann, a Delta senior vice-president, who was closely involved in the competition, says, "Delta had been using Douglas airplanes and was accustomed to their features. Examining the DC-10 meant going over more familiar ground than in the case of the L-1011. But Delta likes to update, and does." For a while, Delta operated five DC-10s under a lease arrangement, and until recently it was the only airline that had had direct experience with each of America's three wide-bodied airlines. (Pan Am, which operates 747s and L-1011s, acquired DC-10s when, in January of 1980, it merged with National Airlines.) Delta's people say that all three are fine airplanes, but they make no attempt to conceal a distinct preference for the L-1011.

WHAT should have been the first and last stages in the competition between the DC-10 and the L-1011 had ended in a draw. United and American, the largest and second-largest of the domestic carriers, had bought the DC-10. The third-largest, fourth-largest, and fifth-largest at the time—T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta—had bought the L-1011; so had the eleventh-largest, Northeast, which was later absorbed by Delta. The airline market was split. McDonnell Douglas would have done itself and everyone else a great favor if it had withdrawn the DC-10 after Lockheed's near-sweep on March 29th, but the company's management thought, wrongly, that yielding the market for big trijets to a competitor would amount to a long step out of the commercial business. McDonnell Douglas had also been considering a second airplane—a wide-bodied twin. And that was the airplane to develop. Europe's Airbus program was indefinitely shelved just at that moment—the spring of 1968. If McDonnell Douglas had gone forward with its twin, the Europeans would not have revived their Airbus. In an elegiac tone, John Brizendine, Douglas's president, says, "We missed the big twin, and that's not the only thing we missed."

The man most responsible for the rescue of Europe's Airbus is Henri Ziegler, who was then the most experienced and most highly respected figure in French aviation circles. Ziegler had been an engineer, a test pilot, and a prominent and much-decorated Resistance figure. After the war, he ran Air France for eight years and then spent many years directing two different aircraft companies, Breguet and Sud. He had more to do with reviving France's aircraft industry than anyone else, and in the process he became well acquainted with American industry and his American counterparts. Recalling the spring of 1968, he says, "The competition between Lockheed and McDonnell Douglas for a limited market produced two very similar airplanes. Europe could never support two such similar programs." But, given the huge development costs, neither could America.

The big carriers, and not McDonnell Douglas or Lockheed, inspired the worst of the difficulties that lay ahead. They, and not their suppliers, caused Kolk's airplane to become larger than it should have been. And they, and not the manufacturers, bear the larger guilt for splitting the market. This is particularly true of American and United. They regarded themselves, justifi-





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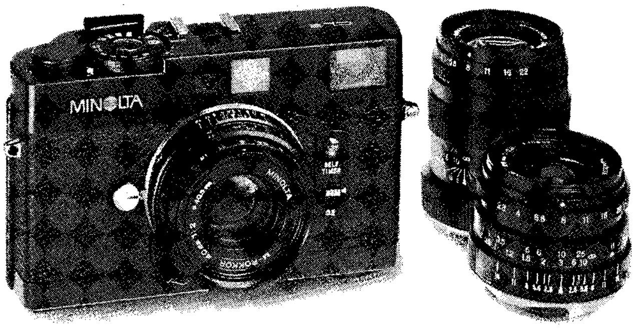

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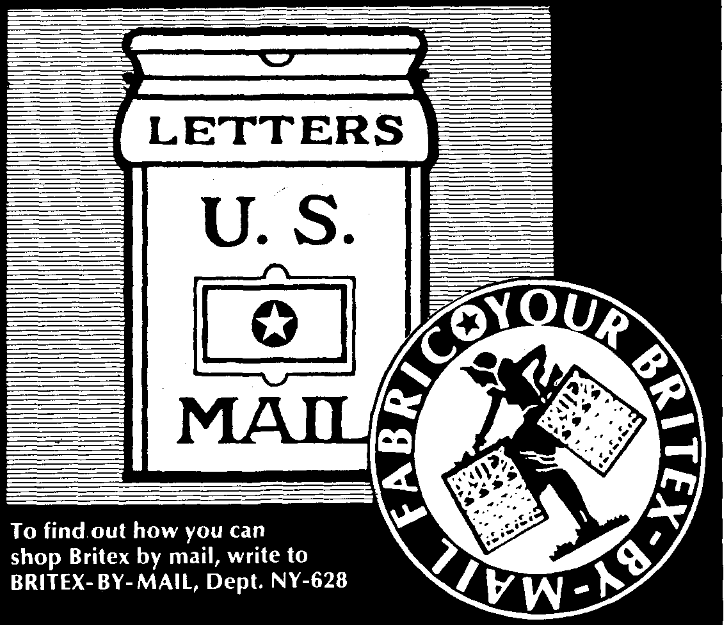

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ably, as the airlines that businessmen preferred. And they seemed more sensible and businesslike in managing their affairs than most of the other big carriers. In the early months of 1968, however, their performance was neither shrewd nor very businesslike. Splitting the market created the risks and the higher costs that Spater himself, along with Tillinghast and most other airline chief executives, had feared. Either American or United could have spared the airline industry this outcome. In the days and weeks following Lockheed's big success, Spater could have changed sides. According to Haughton, "American would have been welcomed back with open arms." By that, he means that T.W.A., Eastern, and Delta would probably have surrendered some of their early delivery positions in order to avoid a split. Spater agrees. "I had the choice of joining with T.W.A. and Eastern on the L-1011 or being with United on the DC-10," he says. "I chose to go with United." If he had chosen differently, the DC-10 would have ceased to exist, and United would have bought the L-1011 or nothing. And United, of course, had the clear choice of splitting the market or bringing about the only outcome of the competition that made sense: one airplane for all. All the big carriers bought 747s and either DC-10s or L-1011s. The market was glutted with orders for three oversize aircraft. The reckoning lay ahead—about as far ahead as the time it took to build and deliver the airplanes.

—John Newhouse

(This is the third part of a four-part article.)

•

How does this panacea to the creeping wardrobe blues work? The mechanics are straightforward. Groups of friends meet in a party setting to exchange unwanted clothes. Some include accessories (e.g., belts, scarves, shoes, et. al.), and some include child apparel and child guests as well.—*Lois A. Engel in the Washington Post.*

We don't like the sound of it.

•

Of all the fish sauces, beurre blanc may be the finest. It's a simple blend of butter, shallot and white wine that gives me great satisfaction both to make and to savor. The tricky part is that the butter must not melt, but remain an emulsion. I prefer to use a small, heavy, enameled cast-iron poached pike.—*James Beard in the Stuart (Fla.) News.*

Why?

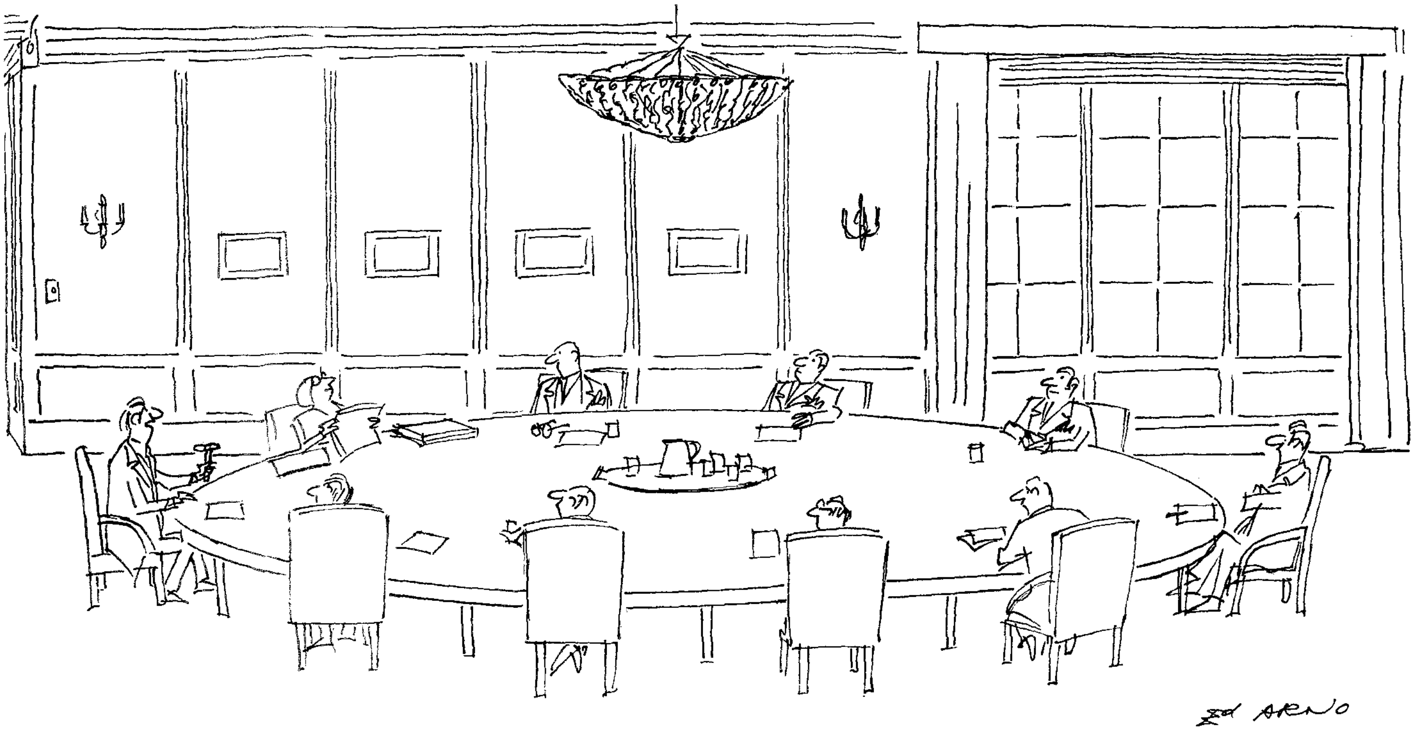
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

“The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs” tells the story of a Victorian waiter who works a short lifetime in an Irish hotel and, when it has ended, is discovered to have been a woman. This discovery comes as no surprise to the audience, for the voice of a narrator, opening the play, announces the plot; the voice is the voice of George Moore (per David Warrilow), whose story, which first appeared in his “Celibates,” has been adapted by Simone Benmussa and directed by her, with the greatest distinction, at the Manhattan Theatre Club. We are in the hotel, in the eighteen-sixties; the revolving door revolves, maids in black uniforms with white aprons flit by, and the hotel proprietress asks Albert if she will share her bed for a night with an itinerant housepainter called Hubert. The secret is perforce disclosed, and Albert, for the first time, tells the tale of her distorted life, time and time again repeating, “I was a bastard,” and with many allusions to “my old nurse.” A Londoner who was on her own in her teens, having been brutalized by the husband and friends of that old nurse, she found that her figure (“Figure,” “Figure,” “Figure,” whisper voices) was suitable for men’s clothes, and she began to get odd jobs as a waiter, ending up as a valet for a rich man, with whom she fell in love—a love so hopeless that she became despondent and decided to kill herself by jumping into the Thames. Instead, she went to Ireland and got a job as a waiter in the hotel, where she has remained for seventeen years. When her pathetic narrative is over, Hubert, who has been listening sympathetically, confesses that she, too, is a woman in disguise, and that she left her brutal husband and her two children to work as a housepainter. She then suggests that Albert could marry not a man but a woman, as she herself has done; she has set up housekeeping with a woman, sharing expenses, and all is working out. There is not a hint of sexuality in the arrangement. From that moment, Albert realizes that she is not closed in, that she need not always be alone and clandestine. The action is concerned with her search for a suitable mate with whom she might open a sweetshop (Hubert’s “wife” is a milliner), and she starts putting money by as she appraises those flitting, whispery maids, none of whom seem quite right, until she finds Helen—a normal, funny, greedy, sexy girl, who is already keeping company with a male employee at the hotel—and begins a courtship. The puzzling courtship is abruptly ended by Helen when Albert proposes and then, at the mention of love and kisses, talks of that old nurse and pecks the girl on the cheek. There is a brief, painfully innocent episode with a friendly whore, and then defeat and solitude.

As you can see, “The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs,” while sad, is anything but glum. The performance of this dramatic curiosity, in its theatrical purity—nothing stagy, nothing fake—is a triumph all around, and most particularly the triumph of Mlle. Benmussa, of the Renaud-Barrault Company, of Paris, where the play was first done. She is a most canny and resourceful director, and the irony of her mise en scène—so pretty, so charming, with the whispery offstage voices and flitting maids and gossamer, scrimlike curtain—for the terrible life of Albert, and the even more terrible acceptance of deprivation and hopelessness, reflects the hypocrisy of Victorian England. Mlle. Benmussa also designed the enchanting production. The actors are American, and all are excellent: Pippa Pearthree (on leave from “The Dining Room”) is funny, baffled Helen; (Miss) Glenn Close is Albert; Lucinda Childs is Hubert; Patricia O’Connell is the proprietress; and Anna Levine is the whore. Barbara Wright ably translated the script from the French. “Albert Nobbs” will run through July 10th.

—Edith Oliver



“We seem to have reached agreement on the agenda. Now let’s move on to the hidden agenda.”

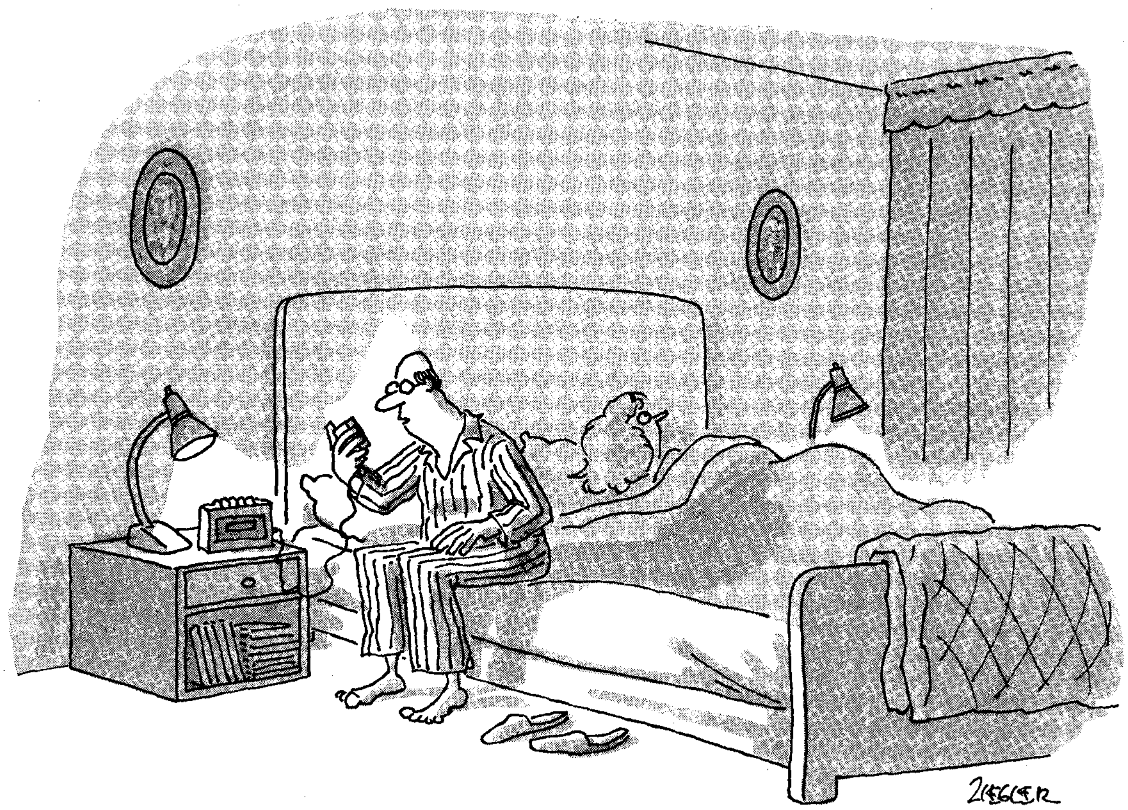
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 17

THE unexpectedly sudden news of the ceasefire came just before ten on Monday, a rather chilly evening that promptly became beautiful with relief. Most people had been sitting at home watching television with their minds far away from the Falklands. In Sunday's *Observer*, the cartoonist Trog nicely hit off the competing preoccupation that will keep a large section of the country riveted to its sets for many evenings to come. He showed a glum-looking little Argentine soldier sitting on his rocky outpost opposite a little British soldier sitting on a peak in the distance, both with their somewhat tattered national flags blowing in the wind above them, both with their radio headphones clamped to their ears, intent on a wistful joint vision, floating in the darkness between them, of footballers battling for the sovereignty of the World Cup '82. People had just watched Brazil beat the Soviet Union in the last thrilling moments of the game when the marvellous words appeared on the screen, driving out everything else but rejoicing, enormous pride in their fighting men, and, in multitudes of homes, no doubt, an immediate desire to put something in a glass and raise it to them and to Mrs. Thatcher, who was shown leaving Downing Street for the House of Commons wearing a bright summery dress and, for the first time in those anxious seventy-four days, a bright expression of happiness.

The speed with which Port Stanley and Argentine resistance fell was a surprise after the belligerent declarations from Buenos Aires. Since Saturday evening, when the lighthearted radio talk show "Stop the Week" was abruptly preëmpted to make way for an obviously elated John Nott, the Defence Secretary, to announce the strong British advance to within a few miles of Port Stanley, people had been strung up to expect a long, fierce, and bloody battle. Though there had been much dwelling in the more violently bellicose sections of the press on the youth and wretchedness of the conscript boys among the Falklands garrison (as though describing a consignment of pallid battery chickens about to be carted off to market), the last few weeks of this tragic conflict and its losses had sharply revised the original popular British idea that it would be a pushover. On Monday night, following the Prime Minister's restrained account to the wildly cheering Commons, and the admirably magnanimous words of congratulation to her from Michael Foot, the leader of the Opposition, viewers saw at last some of the pictures of the Task Force for which they had been longing. Since the world news became so much more appalling, people have sat watching with horror the Israeli bombs falling and the bodies being pulled out of the burning rubble of Beirut, but the news bulletins from the South Atlantic mostly had to do without visual documentation and fill in as best they could with film-library pictures of naval exercises and Antarctic scenery. (It should be added that the disembodied voices of the correspondents scrambling breathlessly and dangerously after the troops from the first night's landing to the last battle supplied a standard of reporting which was consistently first-rate.) The most emotional of the scenes shown on Monday night was the mass burial of seventeen paratroopers after the fighting at Goose Green and Darwin—tidily laid out in a long open grave into which their mudstained comrades gazed without expression while a padre shouted the names and ranks of the dead. It sobered the rejoicing. One of the early opinion polls taken after the Task Force sailed recorded confusingly that people were overwhelmingly in favor of an action to take back the Falklands, but that some of them added that they did not wish it to cost the life of a single serviceman. Just as confusingly, their support hardened after the casualties started. Without such pictures, perhaps it never seemed quite real.

Now that the cheers have died down, the questions will begin. In the Commons on Tuesday, after the glowing Conservative tributes to Margaret Thatcher's leadership and those of all parties to the courage and skill of the Task Force (it is tartly pointed out now and then that the brilliant professionalism of the Army was honed to its cutting edge by the ghastly years in Ulster, an undertaking not generally accorded much in the way of cheers or tears by the public at home), Opposition M.P.s wanted



"*Bob Smight. His day. Monday, June 21st. An overview.*"

the answers to some that will certainly be heatedly argued outside Westminster. The hue and cry over who in the Foreign Office and in the Defence Ministry could be blamed for leaving this suddenly precious settlement of British souls invitingly open to Argentina was dropped when the dispatch of the fleet made people feel better, but it is now to start up again, with an official inquiry. The cost of the conflict in cash, apart from lives, and of keeping the permanent garrison apparently envisaged for the Falklands was questioned, with a lugubrious look ahead to the next budget and the possible necessity of making fresh cuts in the social services. It is likely at this elated moment that the majority of the public approves the insistence of the less inhibited popular press that the Union Jack float over the islands in perpetuity and that no Argentine voice must be permitted to have a breath of a say in any larger talks on their future. Very many more down-to-earth realists, pondering the bedevilling problems of geography, economics, and Britain's relations with the rest of Latin America, suspect with worry that Mrs. Thatcher's thinking is running close enough to such lines. There is a growing body of support for Francis Pym, the Foreign Secretary, who all along strongly insisted that only good sense and moderation will find a lasting settlement for the Falklands and was seriously heckled in the Commons for saying so. Whether he will be able to put forward these views strongly at the top remains to be seen.

"DEAR HOLY FATHER" was how Cardinal Hume, as though starting off a warmly affectionate letter, began his speech of welcome to Pope John Paul at the wildly enthusiastic Wembley Stadium assemblage last month, and that was how the crowds who poured to meet him everywhere clearly thought of him. His visit is still being talked about, and was quite literally a roaring triumph with the faithful of all denominations, and even with some of the majority in this largely pagan land who found him impossible to dodge when they switched on the telly, and were surprised and charmed by the flash of gaiety along with the expected holiness. The multitudes loved the man, cheered his blunt words on war and peace, and obviously did not apply them to their coming victory in the South Atlantic. The tidal wave of happiness that rolled through Britain with him was extraordinary and uplifting at a time of much anxiety. In contrast, President Reagan's presence was a top-level affair between him and the establishment, unnoticed by most Londoners, who expect heads of state to turn up sitting beside the Queen in a procession down the Mall. Glimpses of a speeding Lincoln were not the same thing. The unfortunate timing of the visit with the mixup over the United States veto in the United Nations did not seem to make any difference at all. To judge by what was said later, the people who watched the President on television address the Houses of Parliament felt agreeably drawn toward him and thought that he had done a good job. The portion of his speech that interested them most, of course, was his exceptionally ringing endorsement of Mrs. Thatcher's just war—and the look of almost religious thankfulness that passed across her face when he made it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

LADIES READ THIS: A New York photographer prints a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters," and the following valuable advice "To the Ladies": When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character she should, just before entering the room, say "bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "brush," the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say "Flip," but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say "Kerchunk;" if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "s'cat." Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with some advantage to their appearance.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot, December 3, 1887.*

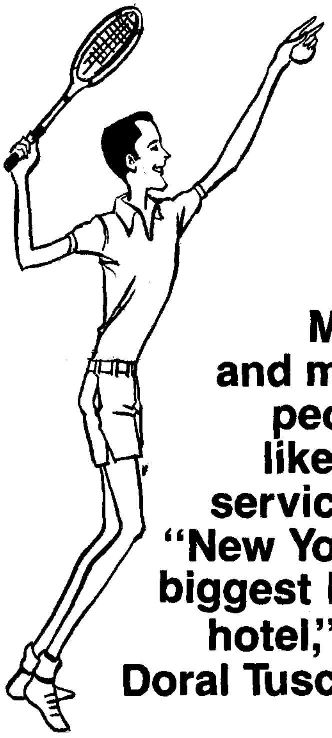
Before "Cheese" was discovered.

•

BOOLA-BOOLAS WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHEERED

[*From Art & Auction*]

Less than a cum laude student at the fashionable Groton and socially obligatory Harvard University, FDR is represented in *The Early Years* with report cards full of average "Cs." Not even his own mother subscribed to the American maternal dream of a son in the White House; Sara Roosevelt and her husband James lived a comfortably squirish life on inherited wealth and raised their boy to be a gentleman, like his father. A well-rounded individual if not an inspiring scholar, FDR as a youth collected birdskins, painted in watercolor, and cheered "boolah, boolah" with his fellow Harvard yell leaders.



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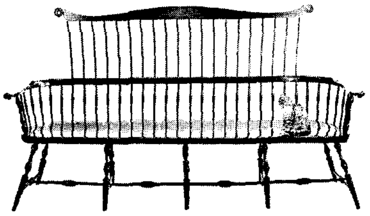

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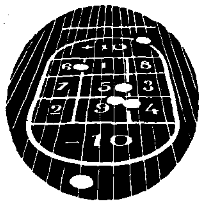
THE great surprise of the Museum of Modern Art's Giorgio de Chirico exhibition is how little de Chirico looks like a man of his time. His most famous pictures, the majority of which were done in Paris between 1911 and 1915, when he was between twenty-three and twenty-seven, are, in spirit, earlier and later than the period they come out of. Ingenious, fanciful, and ghoulish, they're a little like beautifully preserved Victorian Punch-and-Judy theatre sets; but they have a hip, chic, self-possessed air, which is un-Victorian, and a theatrical, science-fiction light that will probably always make them appear to have been born yesterday. The show has been beautifully installed, in a lean, old-fashioned, strictly-the-pictures way (there are no explanatory wall labels to slow you down), and the Modern's timing is perfect. Like many painters and sculptors now, de Chirico wanted to tell his life story in his work and to ruffle the state of art by putting more sex in his pictures and by making them literary. And he moved with a freedom similar to the freedom people have now. Operating as if the entire history of art styles were at his disposal (as many artists have been feeling since the late seventies), he seems to have believed that the more he stylized the more personal he could become.



The Modern's show—which William Rubin, who directed it, describes in the catalogue as "the first in-depth, large-scale exhibition focussing on the great early work ever to be held"—was a revelation to me. I never imagined that there would be such a likable spirit of boys'-book ingenuity pervading de Chirico's art, or that his pictures, when seen in number, would form so complete a world. And yet when I thought about the work and went back, the pictures felt emptied; they didn't become weak or less brilliant or dated overnight, but they seemed too quickly used up. I kept thinking about Munch after seeing the de Chiricos—to some degree because of the similar shape of their careers. Theirs are perhaps the two most dramatic of the many stories of modern artists who withdrew from the arena. Both, after a relatively short, hectic stretch of innovative work in their youth, spent away from their homelands, in cosmopolitan centers, retired to their own countries and, in a mood of bitterness mingled with pride, passed the many decades of this second and final act of their lives making pictures that commented on—sometimes repeated, often repudiated—their renowned earlier ones. Munch died in Norway at eighty, much decorated by his countrymen but, one feels from looking at his late work, long a living ghost to himself. De Chirico lived to ninety, dying in Rome in 1978; he, too, was an honored figure on his home ground, but, for most of his contemporaries and for the succeeding generations, he had stopped producing challenging and influential work around 1917. Munch and de Chirico came together in my mind even more because they drew their material from similar terrain: the apprehensiveness that is felt during adolescence and youth. And yet Munch, with his more painterly approach—his harsher, more bullied but also more fondled surfaces—transcended that material; he made his themes the basis of a more grownup, emotionally elastic art. There is a softness and a reverberation in Munch that, after you have spent time with de Chirico, you begin to crave.

Munch's images seem to come from a young man who has known jealousy, frustration, impotence, and humiliation in love, and, no longer having to live through it, wants now to proclaim—even to brag about—how messy and lousy it was. De Chirico describes a moment in life that precedes Munch's. De Chirico's is the time just before the balloon of virginity is broken, when sexual adventure is longed for but when the greater pleasure is in prolonging the fantasies of sex. His art is all about sex but there is no sex in it. When, in his Paris pictures, he shows men and women together, they're no more than wispy toothpick figures in the far background; their shadows have as much presence and character as they do. One of the very few paintings of the human figure de Chirico made in those innovative years is "The Child's Brain," which is believed to be of his father, Evariste. But this ominous and amusing figure, unclothed as we see him from the waist up, and with his eyes shut, is slightly unreal (the picture has the look, in a good way, of a circus poster); and the rest of de Chirico's people are true stand-ins: statues, busts, mannequins, silhouettes, sometimes statues seen from the back. Women are in these paintings in the form of the many images of a recumbent classical, full-breasted, yet surprisingly unfluid and menacing, and never quite focussed, statue of Ariadne. Women are perhaps also there in the spirit of the many wonderful shadowed arcades and porticoes, the enveloping railroad stations, and the yellow circus-caravan-like trucks with open doors that reveal nothing inside. We feel the male force everywhere: in the awesomely large towers and brick factory chimneys, in the bananas and the heads of stubby cannons that jut into the scenes from the side, in the shaftlike shadows, possibly from chimneys, that seem to sniff the bolts of light into which they are cast.

These elements overlap, they gently, precariously touch one another; but they don't blend together, and they have no more substance than the bolts of light. This is the realm, you feel, of someone who hasn't yet done anything but whose head buzzes with images and expectations of future actions, based on what he has read and on what he has watched others doing. De Chirico paints that realm, not out of impatience or with a gnawing nervousness but as if he were under a spell, as if he were the class valedictorian of that tense, trapped moment in life. I think this is partly why his pictures can have such an instant hold on people—why they can seem so immediately graspable and familiar, even if you don't quite get what is going on in them as pictures—and yet why they don't increase in mystery and beauty as you think back on them. They're glamorous and worldly paintings made about a relatively static, sliver-thin moment in the course of growing up.

There is a blind strength about de Chirico; you don't have to know the biographical details that underlie his paintings to sense that his technique and intellectual equipment are far in advance of his experience of life. He builds his pictures with the same spooky dominion that children have when they rearrange the contents of doll houses or when they position their toys for the night. Children feel so godlike and confident when they're on their knees looking down on their make-believe sites that they often re-create the relationships that frighten them most. They bring some dolls or pieces of furniture forward to act as guardians and shove others into the dark to punish them or to keep them protected. Left on their own, children may make what for them are thrilling and happy dramas out of feelings that, when they're with adults, keep them frozen or on guard. De Chirico's paintings have the same doubleness of feeling. They're images of forlornness and emptiness created in a mood of such power and freedom that it doesn't occur to you that there is anything wrong or off about them.

De Chirico seems to have invented his poetic house-of-cards language to make paintings about his adolescent feelings of autumnal sadness and of the unrelatedness of things—those melancholy feelings that sensitive young people, as they approach their twenties, hold on to more and more tenaciously, in the belief that their sadness makes them deeper than others. By the evidence of the work he did in his first couple of years in Paris, de Chirico had more than his share of such feelings. But when they evaporated, perhaps in the excitement of being there and being praised, he had the mental swiftness to move on. He didn't get rid of those early feelings, though. He shifted them, in the form of his deserted arcades and bittersweet light, to the literal background of the compositions. In the paintings he did in his mid-twenties, he doesn't appear to get rid of anything—that is one reason it's so great to see so many at once. Each painting seems to contain something of the one before. Perhaps inspired by the cut-and-pasted paper collages that Picasso and Braque were doing at the time, de Chirico invented a form of collage for himself—one where we feel space the way we do in photographs with distinctly separate, though equally focussed, foregrounds and backgrounds.

As you move from picture to picture at the Modern, where they are hung in chronological order, you feel you are looking at scenes from the life of a budding conquistador. In his images of trains speeding in the distance, of pennants waving, of enveloping railroad stations, of a satiny dark-green nighttime sky about to be irradiated by a blond dawn not far off, you almost get the sensation of movement and penetration. Writers have explained the frequent appearance of locomotives and railroad stations in de Chirico's pictures by noting that his father was a railroad engineer. James Thrall Soby, the painter's champion and the author of the standard account of his early work, doesn't say exactly what Evariste de Chirico did for the railroad company in Greece but implies that he helped plan the Thessalian track routes, then being mapped out. What might also be ascribed to de Chirico's feeling for his father's work is the way you absorb his images, which is the way you take in buildings and vistas from the perspective of a train window. His towers, walls, and plazas seem to flash by, and you are made to feel the power that comes from seeing things that way: you feel you know them more intimately than the people do who live with them day by day. I don't think any other artist has made so vivid and lasting a record of the confusing entry into, and eventual conquest of, a great city. Yet we only infer this subject. We're never given tangible proof that we are in Paris or in any particular modern city or specific site. If he was thinking of any place, Soby suggests it was probably Turin, where he and his mother had stopped for a few days on their way to Paris in 1911 (and where he promptly fell in love with the same aspects of the city that he had read that Nietzsche loved).

De Chirico may make us think of Turin, or at least of Italy. If he has always been a more beckoning artist for non-Italians than for Italians, it's probably because he thought of his true homeland, at least when he was in Paris in his twenties, the way a tourist does. De Chirico's parents were Italian, but he was born in Greece and spent his childhood and youth there. His late teens were passed in Munich, where he went with his mother, Gemma, and his younger brother, Andrea. (Evariste died when the family was still in Greece and Giorgio was seventeen.) By the time he arrived in Paris, he had spent barely two years' time all told in various Italian cities. And yet it feels as if Italy were what he wanted most. (You might say that it was his parents, the Italians in Greece, that he wanted to hold on to most.) It's amazing, at the retrospective, to see him single-handedly inventing a visual vocabulary that would nourish an entire generation of Surrealist artists. But he hits his deepest note at the very beginning of his Paris stay, in what now look to be the most conservative of his breakthrough paintings: his street and empty-plaza scenes. It's in these works (which fed the Neo-Romantic artists, especially Eugene Berman) that he draws closest to Munch's emotional power; he can be compared with Seurat, too, who, in his few images of the near-empty squares, railroad tracks, and deserted working-class suburbs of Paris, made perhaps the first pictures that show the haunting, muted poetry of the modern city. De Chirico's purest urge, I believe, was to paint places—maybe not as an orthodox Impressionist but as a kind of literary, philosophical Impressionist, a Monet of dreams. At heart, his most full-blooded works—"The Nostalgia of the Infinite," say, with its mythical

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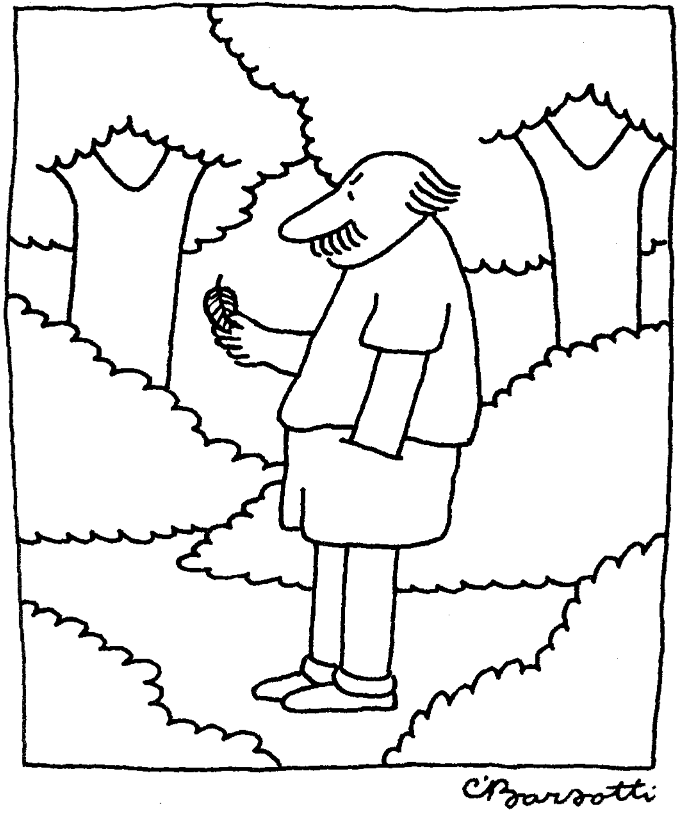

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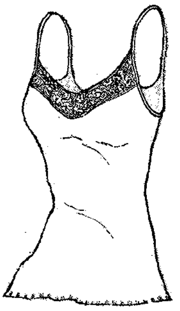

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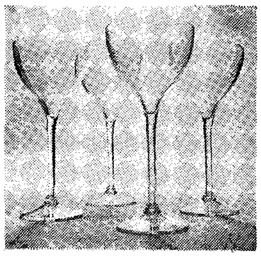

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tower such as Jack would find after climbing the beanstalk, or "The Mystery and Melancholy of a Street," where a silhouette-flat girl with long, streaming hair runs with a hoop from shadowed streets into a bright, empty square—are postcard souvenirs raised to the level of great art. No matter how theatrical and complicated their formal structure, they are immediately legible from any distance, and they leave you with the impression of a place that you have been to.

De Chirico's images are unexpectedly perfect distillations of the austere, minimal but not parched surface coating of Italian life. He gets not only Italian earth, building, and sky colors but color combinations that show Italian taste. His paintings embody the feeling that Mediterraneans have for sun-bleached colors and for unpainterly, ornamental tutti-frutti spreads of color. And he gets the opposite of tutti-frutti—the Italian desire for (and desire to parody) French or English good-taste colors; he composes (as none of the Spanish masters of modern art would) with a feeling for the contrast of navy and white, and navy and tan—colors Italians give to cars and think of as the colors of adult business dress. His images bring back memories of travel in Italy and of scenes from Italian movies. His broad, empty squares, often with the suggestion of the sea beyond our immediate line of vision, remind us of the sites Monica Vitti lost herself in in Antonioni's movies. The last scenes in "L'Avventura," with their sense of a beautiful predawn realm that belongs only to us—yet which we're too stony to feel—and the final image of a man sitting on a bench and a woman standing behind him, seemingly at the lip of the world, could have been made as an homage to the painter. Many of de Chirico's Paris pictures leave the impression of being nocturnes, and that, too, feels Italian. It's as if, with his eyes accustomed to a harder, brighter Mediterranean light, he saw the dimmer, softer French light as so many shades of a permanent evening. He uses twilight settings again and again, as a kind of new toy, the way Bertolucci, in "The Conformist" and "Last Tango in Paris," sank into the possibilities of the blue light that comes in the late afternoon of a winter's day in Paris.

WHY did de Chirico abandon his early art—his heady air, his erect shadows, his feeling for angles and thrusts and the jokes of bohemian life—for an insistence on the techniques of the Old Masters? Commentators hint that there was some buried psychological reason for it, but the reason seems to be right there in the work; you feel him running out of steam sometime after he left Paris for Italy, in 1915. He and his brother—who had changed his name to Alberto Savinio, and was known primarily as a composer of modern, difficult music, though he also painted and wrote—were drafted into the Italian Army that year. Because of Giorgio's always uncertain health (he suffered from digestive ailments and bouts of despondency), he was transferred—along with Alberto—to an office job at headquarters in Ferrara. Their mother set herself up in an apartment there, as she had done in most of the other cities her sons had travelled to. Though they worked for the Army during the day, Giorgio and Alberto took their meals with their mother and slept at her apartment, and they managed to continue with their painting and writing. (Giorgio, too, wrote throughout his life—essays, an autobiography, poetical sketches, historical studies about artists and theoretical papers on the state of art, and the novel "Hebdomeros," which was published in Paris in 1929.) Giorgio continued to make accomplished paintings in Ferrara and also for a short time after he moved to Rome at the end of 1918 (again living with Gemma). Among the most memorable are "The Sacred Fish," "The Dream of Tobias," and "The Amusements of a Young Girl," with its lovingly painted wood spools, glove, and glimpse in the background of the red Castello Estense, in Ferrara. But his pictures seem to shrink, literally and emotionally. There is still a spell about them, but it is a self-conscious spell. We're more aware of the thin black lines that contain the forms, and he seems to be showing off his admittedly great compositional skills, packing the pictures too tightly with things.

Distance and light, which he had made protagonists of his Paris paintings, now appear in the cramped form of pictures within pictures, as if that were the only way he could think to keep the real world in his art. One of the best from this time, "Great Metaphysical Interior," shows window shades, pieces of painting stretchers, and boxes, all standing upright like sentinels. Among them is a complete miniature framed painting of a grand

Victorian three-story structure, possibly a sanatorium or a hotel, set on a winding road, with immense mountains and a large lake in the distance. We could be at one of the small tourist towns in northern Italy at the base of the Italian Alps—at Gardone, say, on Lake Garda. We're looking at a banal vacation setting, but the image is magical. Not quite realistic and not quite cartoonish, it has the quality of a perfectly preserved memory. The picture has a dense, high-noon light and an almost primitive presence; our eyes settle on it and don't want to leave it. "Great Metaphysical Interior" and other works of the time that have a painting within the painting mark the beginning of the end for de Chirico, for they show that he was becoming uncertain of his allegiances. The little Gardone-like painting within the painting seems to have all of Italy in it; you feel that it contains the essence of travel, and, though it is a piece of realism, it is closer in spirit to the radical paintings he did in Paris than is the rest of the picture, with its unreal, Cubist air and its quality of being a collection of suggestively mismatched bric-a-brac. Back in Italy, though, he had no need to re-create an imaginary Italy. The chief thing he retained was the cool, ambiguous mood he had invented in Paris.

He must have been proud of that mood; in his work from 1911 to 1915 he had released his fantasies of power and speed and his pervasive feeling of emptiness; Apollinaire and Picasso, among many others, had let him know how high these works stood in their regard. Working in some obscurity in Ferrara, he no doubt felt that continuing to develop his Paris style was a way of preserving the excitement of those years. The problem was that he had less to paint. He had never been a painter of memories but, rather, a painter who sought to make memories for himself in paint. In the works of 1916 and 1917, in which he paints biscuits and rolls and wrapped candy surrounded by an excess of studio props and boxes and lines that refer to nothing, you feel him pushing his vision forward but strangling himself as he does so. If his Paris pictures are the work of a young man who strokes himself and readies his body for the moment when he will plunge into the hazardous, unfathomable, beckoning currents—who thinks as much about his own beauty as about the women who will come to appreciate it—the Ferrara paintings are the work of the same young man who is now overly fit but still waiting on the bank. The undercurrent of disorientation in the earlier de Chiricos is lyrical, but the sense of jumbledness and confusion in the later ones is mostly debilitating; it is the too tightly knit disorientation of a Hamlet who never gets a chance to stab somebody.

De Chirico's capitulation, around 1920, to a reactionary style—accompanied by his virulent, garrulous hatred of all "modern" art (Picasso was one of the very few of his friends from the prewar days whom he continued to respect)—is predicted in the work he did in Paris and Ferrara. Those works plainly say that he was looking for a past; he wanted a setting that would be his own and would also be a stage for the dramas of classical antiquity that he, not only an Italian but one born in Thessaly, felt were part of his birthright. Taken on a literal level, many of his most successful pictures are about strategies for achieving formal newness and keeping the classical Mediterranean past in there, too. "The Song of Love," of 1914, which William Rubin calls the artist's masterpiece, might be described as an image of the meeting of the old and historical (the glamorous head of the Apollo Belvedere) with the new and blank (a red rubber glove and a green ball). But there are deeper reasons for de Chirico's abandonment of his advanced art. The underlying content of that art is the holding back from things; the pictures are about waiting, keeping oneself clean and untouched. The undercoating of nightmarish dread in them comes from someone who fears making a certain move. Possibly that move is growing up, feeling oneself an adult. An artist who takes boyish fears and a youthful sense of aloneness to their expressive limits probably does so because he sees adulthood as a compromise, a fraudulent state. The Dorian Gray of modern art, de Chirico lived out his worst expectations. He made compromised adult art. He spent his last sixty-odd years producing pastiches of Old Master, museum-bound styles—possibly because that was, from the beginning, what he thought growing up meant. His puckered, too juicy later paintings seem to be what his early, sublimely crisp works keep at bay.

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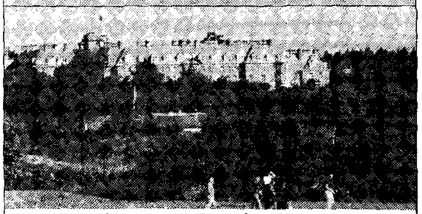

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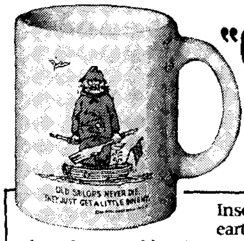

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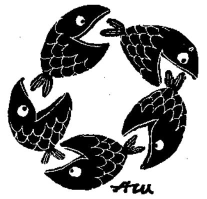
most buffoonish anger he radiated in the long latter part of his career—and which is just below the surface in his numerous self-portraits, where he often garbs himself as a knight of one order or another—must have come in part from his realization that he hadn't simply made a decision one day to abandon his modern style: what happened was that he lost the tension that had produced it. He came to a point where he couldn't put that tension in art. The jangled nerves and paranoid imaginings remained in him, though. They sputtered out of him in the form of cranky pronouncements. Having kept the feelings of youth fresh long after most men do, he suddenly became old. He was old in spirit long before his actual age warranted it; he was in his early thirties when he became a zealous defender of old, dead things.



De Chirico may have come to be so insistent on academy-taught skills and on the lessons of Raphael, Renoir, Delacroix, Courbet, Signorelli, and everyone else because somewhere inside him he doubted whether he himself was a pure painter, and he was right to doubt. For all the beautiful, deft passages in his early work, for all his youthful training in the academies in Athens and Munich and his studies, when he was in his thirties, in the galleries of older art in Florence and Rome, he was more a great image-maker than a great painter. Whenever his art came to life after 1920, it was most often because he invented a method of rendering something that had never been seen or done that way before—when, for example, he painted water as a herringbone pattern in his young-male-bather series of the twenties and thirties. There are a few paintings from this series in the small group of works that Rubin has assembled to give an idea of what de Chirico was doing at the time; the artist's liveliest—the most elegant and witty—versions of the theme are in his drawings, though, and none of the bather drawings are in the show. The bather pictures in whatever form are reminiscent of the magical—but also tricky, theatrical—effects in Cocteau's movies, and they have some of the spirit of those movies. In his images of superbly built, anonymous boy-men who disappear into isolated cabanas by the sea or immerse themselves in the flat, herringbone waves, de Chirico was making tableaux, in the Riviera Modern style of the period, about the desire to lose yourself in something that will allow you to remain youthful, unchanged forever. It is the desire that underlies his early art.

Paintings gushed from de Chirico in his last six decades; he was producing paintings and works on paper—and sculpture—at his customary great rate even in the mid-seventies, as a large exhibition at Wildenstein in 1976 showed. Most of his later works were taken from subjects in classical, Renaissance, and Baroque art—there are pictures on the Judgment of Paris theme, and of heroic mythological horses with streaming manes and luxuriantly thick tails. And there are still-lifes, often of fish or fruit, that may be indebted to Courbet but don't have the spirit of any earlier artist in them; they are most like the work of someone who knows too much to continue to paint as if he were a student yet who won't, for some reason, break out of the approach suggested by his teachers. (They're a sensuous version of Walt Kuhn.) The Modern's selections of de Chirico's later work, drawn mostly from the twenties and the mid-thirties, give an idea of how he inched his way into his new, neoclassical self. Taken together, they make it seem as if, turning to small canvasses and dry, powdery surfaces, he became musty and limp and that was the end of it. But that wasn't the whole story. After the thirties, while keeping the same mix of mythological and still-life subjects, de Chirico went into high gear. Then, as may be seen in the picture book of his work that Isabella Far, his wife, brought out in 1968, his palette became greasier and brighter, and the stroke of his brush became coarser. Occasionally, in those overripe years, he also produced drier, more cartoonish—and genuinely outlandish—paintings, full of images of the sun with blobby or spearlike rays, club chairs, battling gladiators, immensely long strings that wind their way through landscapes and in and out of stage-set-like rooms. Apparently done with slapdash speed, these pictures look as if they were throwaways to him. They don't work for us, either, yet they could have been the basis of something fresh. It's hard to imagine, though, how he himself could have built on them. There's something naughty about them; they might be products of a part of him that wanted to ridicule his role as the knowing-master-in-his-studio. It was up to others, principally Philip Guston, to take these cartoonish, unfelt but potent images and make of them something other than oddities. Guston approached these seemingly knocked-off later pictures with a fan's enthusiasm, and they supplied his own powerful late art with one take-off point after another. Painting a realm of decay—of worn-down but clownishly apprehensive battlers, of old shoes and cigarette butts and moldy leftover snacks and remnants from long-gone cultures—Guston was ready to see that de Chirico had barely tapped the possibilities in his images of deadness. Guston brought out the grotesqueness, the funny and also frightening fatuousness, that lay buried in de Chirico's cardboard world.

THE catalogue for the show is less than invigorating. It includes so-so reproductions of the works, and essays by American, German, and Italian scholars. Rubin's piece, "De Chirico and Modernism," has the greatest sweep and fluency. He wants to dispel the idea that his subject is primarily a literary, symbolical painter, and this is legitimate, up to a point. Obviously, de Chirico was a master constructor of plastic forms. But Rubin's determination that we realize how formal de Chirico's thinking was—that we see his attempt, in this passage or that, to emphasize the flatness of the canvas—pulls us away from the spirit of the pictures. Rubin wants to save de Chirico by making him more of a member of the family of modern art. But, again, de Chirico escapes; despite the clear intellectual and aesthetic connections that Rubin makes between de Chirico and Picasso, Henri Rousseau, the Futurists, and others, you feel that the painter meshes with these men and movements in only the vaguest way. And that doesn't diminish him. He becomes a figure of more stature—maybe even a more "modern" one—when he's thought of as the young man who, coming to Paris from the Mediterranean via Munich, studied or got to know the most adventurous talents of the day in both cities, was buoyed by their company and ideas, and yet created a body of work that shows that when he was most original he barely thought about any of them.

The rest of the articles in the catalogue are about such subjects as de Chirico's influence on art in the twenties in Germany, on the Surrealists, and on Italian art theory; and how we can decipher the images and objects—the sunglasses, palm trees, railroad stations—in his early works. The more you read in these too glossy pages the further you feel you get from the paintings. De Chirico's pictures are endless in their meanings, in a hall-of-mirrors way, and his influence on twentieth-century art was tricky and continual: up to sometime in the forties, his images probably set the course for as many developing painters as those of any other single figure (though he has never, as have Picasso and Matisse, given painters, once under way, new thoughts about how to continue and enlarge their enterprise). But de Chirico was only twenty-three when he began making his most famous works. He was a genius, probably a mama's boy, and no doubt on his way to being the monster he became later in his life—the self-proclaimed maestro devoted to his own dignity. He was also a young man full of bookish perceptions, and when, as in these essays, so much erudition is expended on something that was learned to begin with, the effect is a heightened hollowness.

He was a kind of scholar himself. He wanted to make connections between his readings and between what he read and his instincts. He said that when he read Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" he had many of the same feelings he had when he read "The Adventures of Pinocchio" as a child. His genius is that he brought Nietzsche and Pinocchio together in his paintings. He caught that time in some people's lives when they want to be a superman but feel they can do it only by going under the guise of a puppet, by deliberately woodenizing themselves. He will always make people, especially those who are on their way to being artists, stop in their tracks, because his paintings show the world being conquered through the application of pure style. He is the painter of the Italian moment in your life, when you want to walk through the streets with your collar up.

—SANFORD SCHWARTZ

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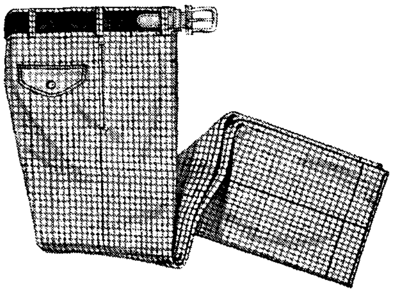

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Only Logical Thing to Do

"STAR TREK II: THE WRATH OF KHAN" invites you to have some wonderful callow, dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the whole picture is played *almost* straight. There are little twists and whirls built into the dialogue, and the cast knows just what to do with them. The same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. Even their bodies seem to be toned up. You enjoy being with this group; you enjoy their company.

Nicholas Meyer, the author of several popular novels (among them "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution," which he also adapted for the screen), has directed only once before—"Time After Time," in 1979—and he's far from a great moviemaker, but he has an instinct for an eccentric form of yarn-spinning, and, at thirty-six, he seems to know how to spin it right on the screen. The story is credited to Jack B. Sowards and Harve Bennett, and the script to Sowards, yet it isn't hard to detect Meyer's hand (especially when he leaves his signature—at a crucial point he has the hero, William Shatner, echo the words of the hero in "Time After Time"). Shatner has probably never given as polished a performance—not as Captain (now Admiral) Kirk or in the more challenging roles he has played, either. Kirk's fatuity is a joy here. He's the most prim and bureaucratic of all action-adventure heroes, and his complacency has acquired a patina. Shatner has begun to inject a little irony into the character: Kirk, who always has something up his sleeve, is so well satisfied with himself that his composure is positively plummy. Yet with middle age there has come the fleeting awareness that younger officers may find him an unctuous know-it-all. Kirk experiences a few doubts.

His crew is an ethnic joke that over the years has become a monument: Winged Banality. The actors assembled for the TV series (there were seventy-nine episodes on NBC from 1966 to 1969, and then the show went into worldwide syndication) represent the men and women of the Starship Enterprise, patrolling the galaxy for the United Federation of Planets at the end of the twenty-second century, and now at the start of the twenty-third. But they've retained the comic accents and characteristics of second-rate early-twentieth-century vaudevillians. The doctor, "Bones" McCoy, is always nettled about something; the Oriental, Sulu, is smiling, willing, and obliging; the black woman, Uhura, is sensual, efficient, and totally professional; Scotty, the engineer, is, of course, bluff and loyal; the Russian, Chekov, never seems to have got past the language barrier—he's a little pained and fuddled, as if he weren't sure what was expected of him. (Life is one long, bewildered double take for this fellow.) These tatty representative characters—designed, I assume, on the principle that "ordinary" viewers would identify with them—were all slow thinkers, and they thought before they spoke their prairie-flat lines. These were Earth's finest, sent to encounter the weirdest, most threatening forces of the unknown. One member of the crew came from another planet—the logical, half Vulcan Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy). And, happily, in "The Wrath of Khan" he has brought into their midst a protégée, a voluptuous half Vulcan called Lieutenant Saavik (Kirstie Alley), who looks enough like Spock to be his daughter, but her puzzling over how Earthlings operate has a good deal more intensity.

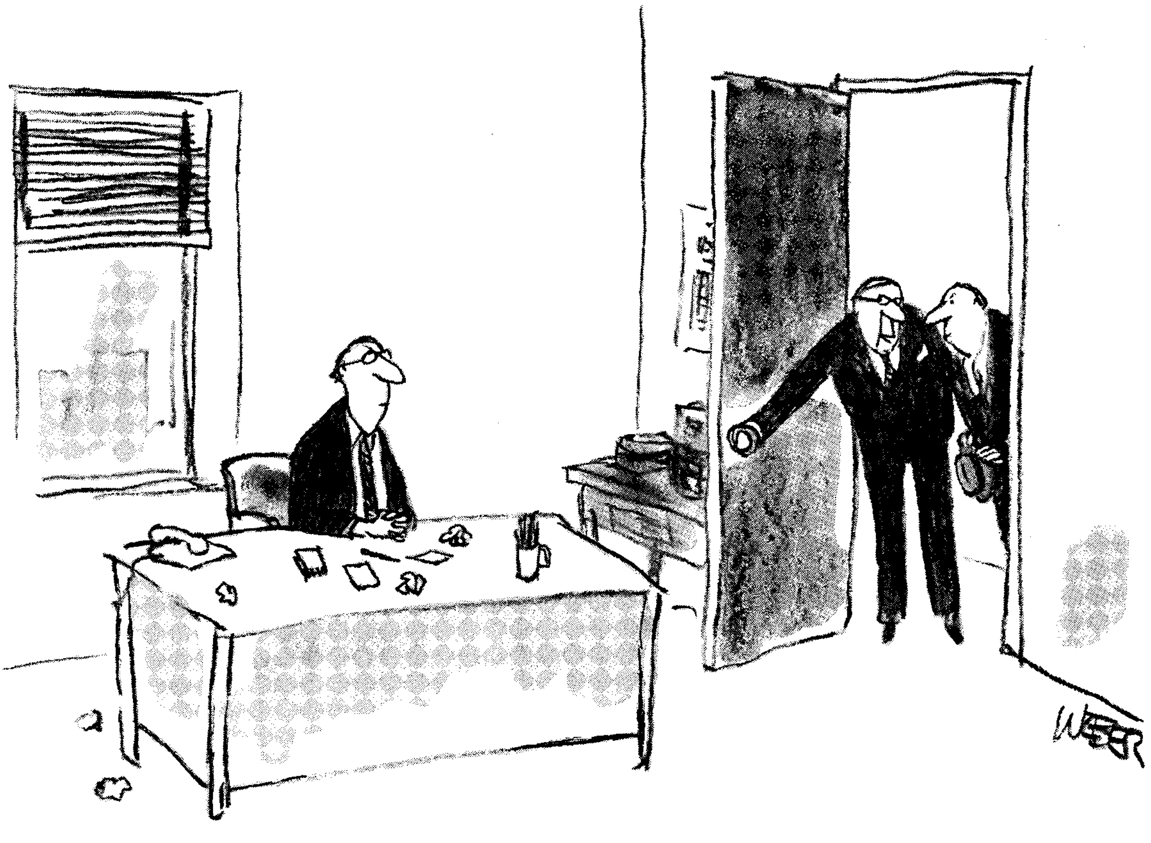
The druggy blandness of the TV shows—their stretched-out quality (with "Negative" for "No")—is comforting; it's part of their mild charm. I don't speak as a Trekkie, or even as someone who would watch "Star Trek" at home. But I've had it on when I was unpacking or washing my hair in a hotel room and there was nothing else on the box that wasn't a car chase or a preacher. The only time I've ever actually sat down to watch it was a few weeks ago, when the 1967 episode "Space Seed," to which "The Wrath of Khan" is a sequel, was run. This episode certainly doesn't demand one's full attention, but it was much more impassioned than the ones I had seen, and I was surprised at how closely "The Wrath of Khan" tied in with it. What made "Space Seed" special was the contrast between Khan himself, as played by the fiery, powerfully built Ricardo Montalban, and the pasty Captain Kirk.

Despite all the fuss about the cost of the 1979 "Star Trek" (it was the most expensive movie made in this country up to then, and probably up to now, with the possible exception of "Annie"), the people who worked on it retained the somnolence and the sententiousness of the TV show; they may have been afraid of humor, afraid of the film's becoming campy and offending Trekkies. So they depended on special effects to energize the movie—something that special effects rarely do. A friend called it "a middle-aged dentists' convention in space;" the picture was so pooped out that it has just about totally gone from mind. (We seemed to spend half our time watching the actors in their long johns stare at TV-size monitors, with expressions that they hoped were appropriate to whatever effects were going to be put there, and the other half looking at the effects, which never did quite match up with the faces.) This time, with a different group of moviemakers in charge, the actors carry the story and the effects are secondary—they serve the dramatic situations. Meyer has made the dialogue scenes jazzy without violating the characters, and, using the contrast between Montalban and Shatner as the psychological center, he keeps the movie whipping from one incident to another. It takes your full attention and then some; the editor, William P. Dornisch, whose background is in TV commercials, doesn't believe in wasting time. Even at the end, when you get a small dose of the mystic fundamentalism so dear to the heart of Gene Roddenberry, the L. Ron Hubbard of TV sci-fi, who was the "creator" of the TV series and the producer of the '79 film, it's double-edged. (The words "*to boldly go where no man has gone before*" are so incantatory and so familiar from television that the audience laughs in recognition while giving in to the soaring emotion.)

Montalban, who was born in Mexico in 1920, is one of those potentially major actors who never got the roles that might have made them movie stars. He appeared to have everything else—a marvellous camera face, the physique of a trained dancer, talent, a fine voice (he could even sing), warmth, and great charm. Maybe the charm was a drawback—it may have made him seem too likable, a lightweight (though it didn't stop Charles Boyer). In Montalban's first English-language picture, M-G-M's "Fiesta," in 1947, which featured Esther Williams as a matador, he danced with Cyd Charisse. M-G-M next had him dancing with Charisse and Ann Miller in a Kathryn Grayson–Frank Sinatra film called "The Kissing Bandit;" it was said that the dancing was added after the executives saw the movie—they wanted to give the customers *something*. He kept working—in pictures such as "On an Island with You," with Charisse and Esther Williams, and "Neptune's Daughter," and "Sombrero," starring Vittorio Gassman, and the low-budget "My Man and I," in which he played a sexy handyman and displayed his pectorals, and "Latin Lovers," in which he carted Lana Turner around in a tango. He had secondary parts in "Sayonara" and "Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man," and in "Cheyenne Autumn," and he brought conviction to every role that anyone could bring conviction to, but, after almost twenty years in Hollywood, there he was in 1966 in "The Singing Nun," with Debbie Reynolds, and, with Lana again, in "Madame X." He seems to have lived a (lucrative) horror story, especially when you think of the TV commercials and his ever-ready smile on "Fantasy Island." It may be that Khan in "Space Seed" was the best big role he had ever got, and that the continuation of the role in "The Wrath of Khan" is the only validation he has ever had of his power to command the big screen.

Montalban is unquestionably a star in "The Wrath of Khan" (and his grand manner seems to send a little electric charge through Shatner). As a graying superman who, when foiled, cries out to Kirk, "From Hell's heart I stab at thee!," Montalban may be the most romantic smoothie of all sci-fi villains. Khan's penchant for quoting Melville, and Milton (which goes back to "Space Seed"), doesn't hurt. And that great chest of Montalban's is reassuring—he looks like an Inca priest—and he's still champing at the bit, eager to act: he plays his villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty. (He and his blond-barbarian followers are dressed like pirates or a sixties motorcycle gang.) Montalban's performance doesn't show a trace of "Fantasy Island." It's all panache; if he isn't wearing feathers in his hair you see them there anyway. You know how you always want to laugh at the flourishes that punctuate the end of a flamenco dance and the dancers don't let you? Montalban does. His bravado is grandly comic. Khan feels he was born a prince, and in all the years that he was denied his due (because of Kirk, in his thinking) his feelings of rage have grown enormous. They're manias now; nothing can stop him from giving in to them. His words and gestures are one long sigh of relief—he's letting out his hatred. This man, who believes that his search for vengeance is like Ahab's, makes poor pompous Kirk even more self-conscious. Kirk is Khan's white whale, and he knows he can't live up to it—he's not worthy of Khan's wrath.

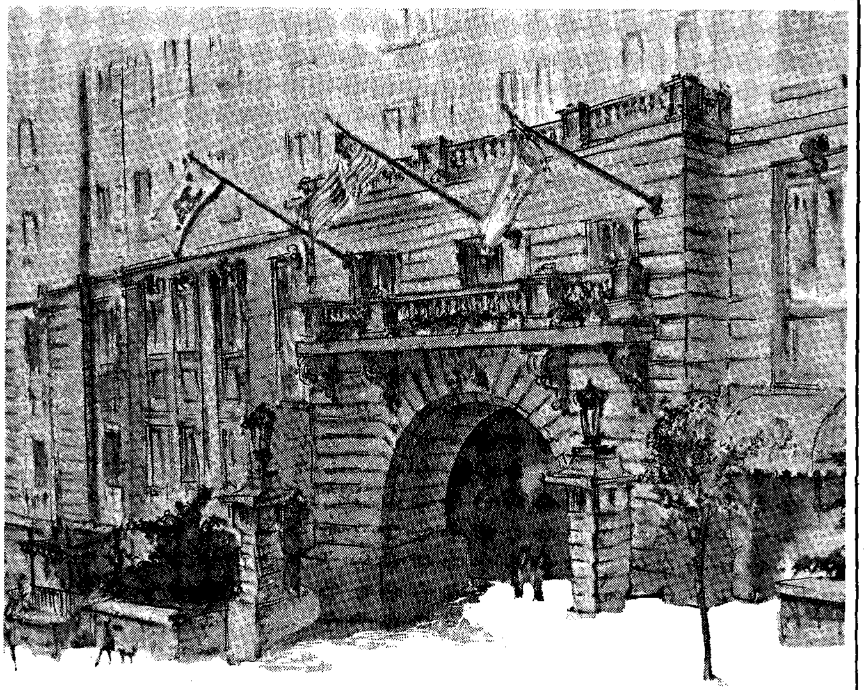
"Star Trek II" is, by modern standards, an inexpensive epic; it cost about a fourth of what the 1979 "Star Trek" did; allowing for inflation, that may be closer to a sixth. And there's something rather friendly about an epic that doesn't look wildly, competitively overproduced. (The picture doesn't have to be huge; it's Khan's feelings that are epic and give the film its scale.) The special effects, which were handled by George Lucas's Industrial Light & Magic (the firm also responsible for the effects in the modestly budgeted "E.T." and "Poltergeist"), are lushly pretty (some are even paradisiac), and Khan's secret weapon—small, slimy armadillo-like creatures that enter the human mind through the ear—is as horrifying as anyone could wish. (Khan himself has a bug in his brain.) Some of the best effects aren't special effects. A rat in space, a funeral with "Amazing Grace" on the bagpipes—though adapted from earlier films, these are the kinds of quirks that a movie like this needs. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Judson Scott, and Bibi Besch (who, as Kirk's rediscovered old love, has a couple of the best lines ever to adorn a sci-fi movie) shine in their roles. There are a few disappointments, though. Mr. Spock used to have sleeker sideburns, and his ears



"*Wilson is our idea factory.*"

aren't as baroque as they once were—they've lost their efflorescent upper curl. Nimoy has lost something else: his juice. Mr. Spock's sacrifice, which is prefigured when he gives the antique collector Kirk a copy of "A Tale of Two Cities," would be more effective if his deadpan weren't so dried out. He looks as if he were made of ashen putty. The script provides the kind of fluky, showy dialogue that wreathes actors' faces with contentment—DeForest Kelley (prickly Bones) is crisp and positively chic, a cool self-parodist—but Nimoy seems miserable, as if he couldn't bring himself to play these childish games anymore, or didn't want to. Though this mindless entertainment has a lovely darting wit, he doesn't yield to his role. Too bad, because it is the only logical thing to do.

Nicholas Meyer's talent appears to be for pickups: he takes characters—legendary people and pop icons, such as Freud and Sherlock Holmes and Watson and Moriarty in "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution," and the "Star Trek" crew—and builds on what we already know and feel about them. The associations they have for us work every which way. He couldn't quite bring his idea off with Jack the Ripper and H. G. Wells, in "Time After Time"—Jack the Ripper was too ugly a character, and Malcolm McDowell's shy, flustered Wells didn't fit the Wells of our recollections, and, with much of the picture set in a modern city, Meyer didn't have the control he needed. But he has really done it this time. The movie is endlessly inventive. It's cross-stitched with comedy and make-believe and a special kind of romanticism. Meyer wants you to be carried away by his vision, which is made up of so many impacted levels of reality and fantasy that they can never be separated out. (The theme of the movie is death and rebirth.) He gets the "Star Trek" regulars to loosen up and become more resilient. And they find themselves having fun in the roles they had become rigid in. This is what happens in the story, too: Kirk, who had become stiff from sitting at his administrative post, takes a breather—a three-week cruise on his old starship. He has been on the Enterprise so many times before that he expects to be groggy with boredom. But this trip awakens him. When the previously smug, canny Kirk speaks the line that Malcolm McDowell's Wells spoke in "Time



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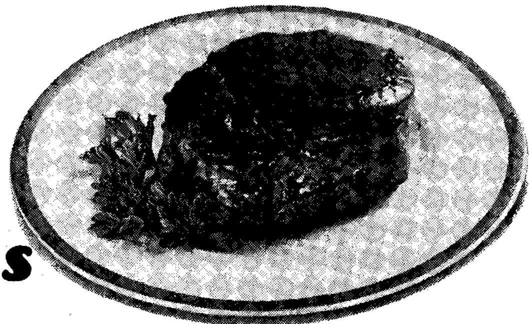

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After Time"—"I know nothing"—he means it. He has finally wised up and become likable.

Meyer takes a lot of care in shifting you away from any expectation that the movie is going to dazzle you, and the care he takes is pleasurable. He seems to be admitting that the picture isn't going to be anything but tomfoolery. He asks you to indulge him, and by his jokes and by directing as if he were just drawling he induces you to go along with him. He gets you to relax your defenses, to adapt your rhythms to the film's rhythms. Once you've lowered your guard, Meyer coaxes you to let the characters sneak up on you. He seems to be nudging you sweetly, saying, "Come on, come on," and he gets you to admit that the TV show made you laugh once or twice. Very quickly, you discover that even if you weren't a Trekkie you've been fond of this crew. Even if you hardly ever saw them, they took up lodging in your head; they put down roots there.

It's almost as if Kirk and the whole bunch had been lying in wait for you. Meyer taps the good will you have toward the crew of the Enterprise by showing you the good will they have toward one another. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually he has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, and satisfying emotions get to you. You're part of the crew, accepting, as they do, that the one whose coffin has landed on a newly created planet will begin a new life. Maybe you don't believe it, exactly, but you feel it, and you feel the power of this kind of thinking to inspire belief. And if the picture doesn't convince you that death can be transcended it does demonstrate that silliness can be. If William Shatner can go beyond himself—if he can give the performance he does in his grief-stricken scenes—who can doubt miracles? —PAULINE KAEL

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

Because his teams have produced noted gunners like Elvin Hayes, Otis Birdsong and now Rob Williams, Lewis has been listed by one magazine among the five worst college coaches.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Looking for Limits

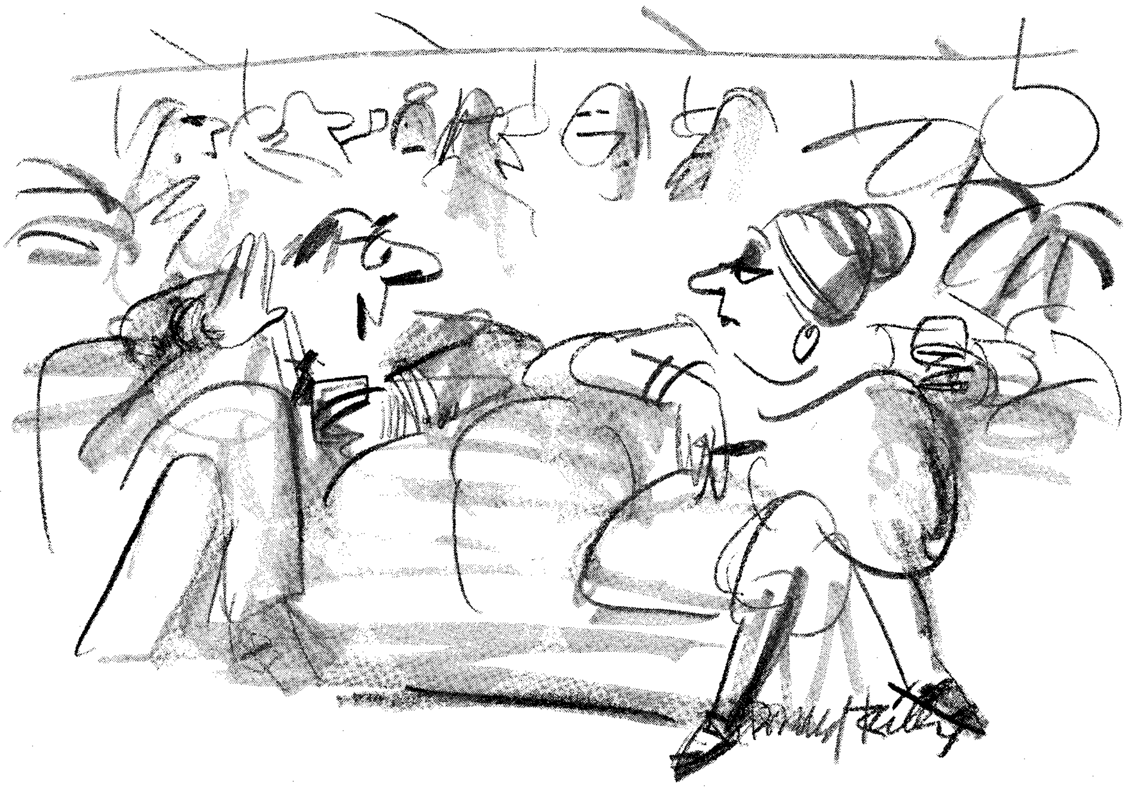
THE wealth of Stravinsky performances in the city this season—particularly in recent weeks, in the Philharmonic's Mozart-Stravinsky Spring Series, in the Carnegie Hall Serenades, and in New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Centennial Celebration—has been both exhilarating and chastening. It is exhilarating to have the impression confirmed that Stravinsky was a composer who did everything well, who so fully understood and overcame his evident limitations that each work—no matter what its purpose and style—speaks with a distinct, precisely appropriate voice. But it is chastening to realize how far we still are, a hundred years after his birth, from understanding the motivating forces behind his music. What produced the combination of technical confidence and emotional restlessness which enabled him to transform his personal idiom so often? Does his development show a deepening and intensification or was his achievement uniquely one of the twentieth century—an ability to speak in an enviable number of the Babel-like tongues that surround us and to say something original, pithy, and communicative in each of them?

The memoirs and analyses that have appeared—many of them since his death, in 1971—offer only hints and occasional insights. In a preface to the newly published first volume of Stravinsky's "Selected Correspondence" (Knopf), Robert Craft writes that he has turned from work on the composer's biography to the editing of his correspondence because there is still much primary material that must be presented before biographical assessment can take place. He gives a daunting list of questions about Stravinsky's early life and influences to which we do not know the answers. There are as many questions about the music, and the sidelights offered by the new volume of letters—curiously arranged, by correspondent rather than by chronology, and sometimes including, sometimes omitting the opposite side of the correspondence—are few but important. (To Lincoln Kirstein in 1953: "Limits are precisely what I need and am looking for above all in everything I compose. The limits generate the form.") As often as not, the insights occur in Mr. Craft's generous footnotes. Searching for remarks that Stravinsky might have made about his "Ebony Concerto," for clarinet and jazz ensemble (1945)—which Mr. Craft included in a program he conducted in the Philharmonic's series—I found some typically terse and practical comments in a letter to Nadia Boulanger: "Decently paid . . . Will be done on two sides of one record . . . I am somewhat unnerved by the short time that remains, and by my lack of familiarity with this sort of thing." But on the same page Mr. Craft annotates the correspondence with an account by Maurice Perrin of Stravinsky's participation in Boulanger's classes at the École Normale de Musique:

> He told us that at the first rehearsal of "Perséphone" the chorus sang "Reste avec nous" sentimentally. When he asked why, they said that "the music seems particularly expressive." His response was: "Then why do you want to *make* what already *is*?"

That Boulezian remark should surely be framed on the desks of all Stravinsky conductors. Stravinsky is often quoted as saying that his music should be "read," "executed," not "interpreted." The matter is not as simple as that, as many of the recent Stravinsky performances have made clear. Mr. Craft, in his Philharmonic concert, "executed" the "Symphony of Psalms." He did not attempt to make the piece especially expressive. But there is all the difference in the world between the rather limp, featureless account that resulted and a truly taut, tense reading. Stravinsky's remark quoted by Mr. Perrin implies not that his music is inexpressive but that its expressiveness needs to be realized from within. In the "Symphony of Psalms," the expressiveness derives from the absolute precision of rhythmic and harmonic pacing: a good performance is one that moves inexorably, with a sense of each passing beat, and feels each shift of harmony. Here rhythms were lax, and harmonic changes were slipped over; dynamics did not always match those of the score.

When Mr. Craft asked Stravinsky, in their first book of published conversations, what he regarded as the principal performance problems of his music, Stravinsky said, "Tempo is the principal item. A piece of mine can survive almost anything



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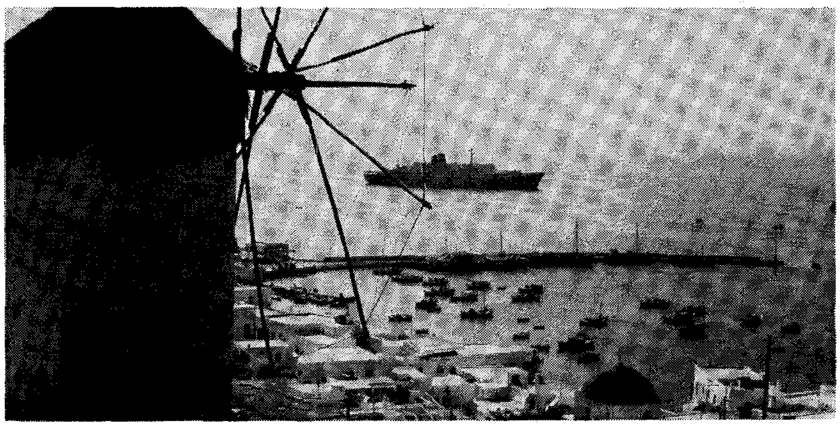

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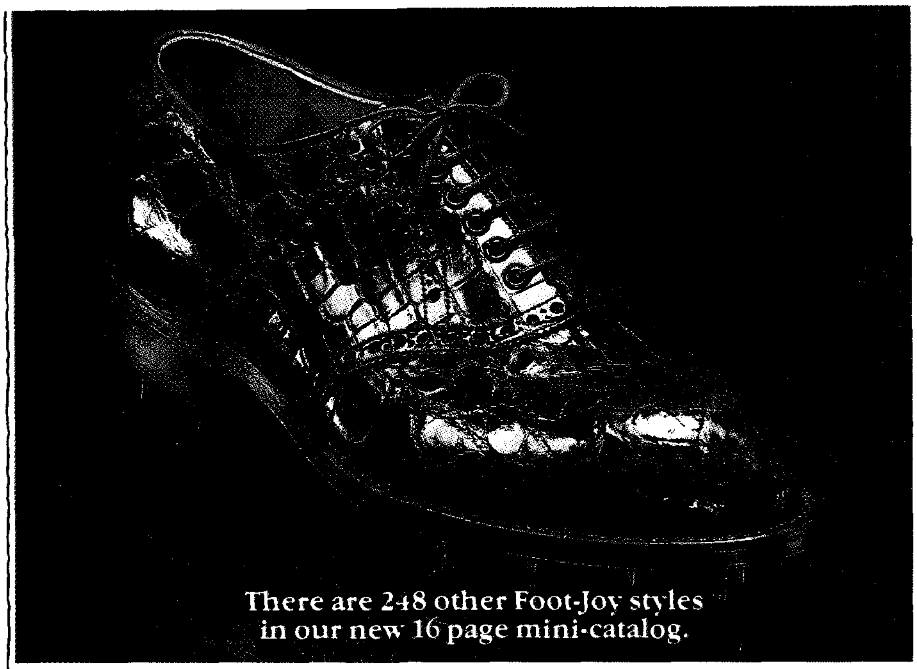
but wrong or uncertain tempo." That is a surprising reply from one whose metronome markings sometimes contradict the evidence of his own recordings (which he regarded as "indispensable supplements to the printed music"). In the same concert, Mr. Craft gave an account of "Abraham and Isaac"—a very difficult little late work (1962-1963)—that was extremely deliberate, slower than the composer intended. But because it allowed the baritone soloist, John Shirley-Quirk, to sing the Hebrew text cogently and accurately, and because it allowed the group of Philharmonic players to coordinate the tricky rhythms and serial lines with confidence (a few slips aside), it seemed to me very successful. Stravinsky's remark may have been influenced by his difficulties as a conductor of his own music, when he found in practice that his intended speeds did not work. Erich Leinsdorf, in his book "The Composer's Advocate" (Yale), writes that Ernest Ansermet and Pierre Monteux were both hurt by Stravinsky's disavowal of their tempi in the early ballet scores; they had followed his markings, but he had later modified them when he came to conduct the music himself, and had then been "nasty enough to accuse his old maestros of Ballet Russe days of falsifying his ideas."

Another difficulty is isolated by Stravinsky later in his answer to Craft: "The stylistic performance problem in my music is one of articulation and rhythmic diction." That seems a particularly acute problem for a large symphony orchestra whose inclination is toward generalized ensemble playing, string vibrato as a continual coloristic device, and a habitual use of the sustained legato line. Special insistence on the part of the conductor is needed if rests are not to be elided, if phrases that should be broken are not to be joined, and if clarity of pitch and rhythmic outline are to be maintained. It is a thousand pities that Klaus Tennstedt, who was scheduled to conduct two of the Philharmonic's programs, had to cancel, because of a fall. He has shown—in his Bruckner performances, for example—how valuable a sense of space, of fresh air, and of musical punctuation can be to scores that in other hands are sickly and heavy. Mr. Leinsdorf, who replaced him in the first program (Zubin Mehta took over the second), was content to let the Philharmonic speak in its conventional voice. That is a more assured and musical voice than it was three years ago, when Mr. Leinsdorf gave a very poor account of the Symphony in C here, but it is still a voice not attuned to Stravinsky's clean-edged language. The 1947 revision of "Petrushka" emerged penny plain—fairly crisp, reasonably confident, and at moments even striking, but blunted by the dull, unconcentrated sound of the ensemble and the inconsistent approach to articulation.

In Stravinsky, just playing the notes is not enough; they must be played so as to reveal what they mean. That point was reinforced by an oddly unsatisfactory account of the Octet, given by members of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, under Gerard Schwarz's direction, in the Carnegie Hall Serenades: all the lines were there, skillfully played, and in this case the rhythms were sharply outlined, but the music stubbornly refused to take flight, because the impetus of the performance—and especially of Mr. Schwarz's direction—was toward a superficial excitement and jollity, a sort of isn't-this-fun Octet that bore no relation to the icy, ironic text. Too many of the performances in Carnegie's enterprising, enjoyably programmed Serenades have missed Stravinsky's spirit. Erie Mills, in the first early-evening "Perspective" concert, in the Recital Hall, blasted her way with voluminous expressiveness through the delicate, understated "Two Poems of Bal'mont" and "Three Japanese Lyrics," and dealt too pertly with the innocence of the little "Childhood Songs." Cho-Liang Lin, an accomplished violinist with a lovely tone, made the eighteenth-century lines of the "Suite Italienne" as smooth and wobbly as toothpaste. Most disappointing of all, Tom O'Horgan's staging of "The Soldier's Tale," which was given three performances in the main hall, proved to be an extravagant burlesque that contradicted the miraculous economy of the piece. John Shea's bright-blue soldier took his cue from Sheldon Harnick's new translation ("I'm thick between the ears") and pranced around the stage in a brain-hurting manner that elicited little sympathy for his plight. Two "stage magicians" leaped about, adding juggling, acrobatics, and disguises to the farrago. John Rubinstein maintained some dignity as the narrator but also had to assume a couple of roles; André De Shields was a jokey Devil, and Christine Sarry, as the Princess, was not allowed to maintain her bal-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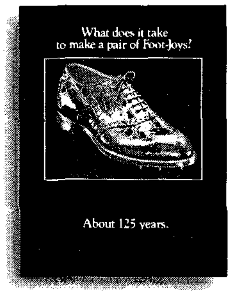

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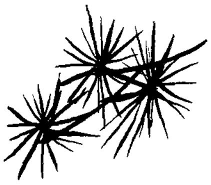
letic remoteness but said a few words. The jazzy décor, with its jagged edges and garish lights, was unhelpful; the mood of the enterprise was uncomfortably skittish. To borrow a phrase from Mr. Harnick's text, "What little it shows it distorts." But the dancing was good, and so was the playing, which Mr. Schwarz conducted. Pinchas Zukerman played the violin solos with an easy, subtle rhythmic bounce.

One entirely enjoyable performance in the Carnegie Hall series was that by Jean-Bernard Pommier and Marc Neikrug of the piano-duet version of "The Rite of Spring," which was given on two pianos, so that arms did not become entangled and some sonorities could be expanded. (There were extra "percussion" parts in the "Cortège du Sage" and, less appropriately, extra weight on the accented chords in the "Danses des Adolescentes.") Mr. Pommier's brittle splendor in the treble parts and Mr. Neikrug's rather warmer touch in the bass complemented each other well, and even though Mr. Neikrug did not hit the bass notes of the final dance with quite the incisiveness they needed, the excitement generated by the sheer precision of ensemble was greater than that of many orchestral accounts. It served to remind us, too, of how pianistic Stravinsky's orchestral writing is. "You will compose at the piano," Rimsky-Korsakov once told him, and so he did. Maurice Perrin, in the reminiscence quoted earlier, writes that Stravinsky occasionally "went to the piano himself, played a chord, listened to it, changed a note, listened again, changed another note . . . modified a voice." Alexander Goehr, a professor of music at Cambridge University, wrote a fascinating article for the Stravinsky Festival that was held in London last year, in which he suggested that this technique was a vital element of Stravinsky's harmonic style: some of his pianistic sketchbook harmonies for "The Rite" are "not good or even adequate by any normally accepted standards. But the wonder is . . . in the way he homes in on the irregularities . . . the very stiffness, the almost mechanical character of his writing is turned into an advantage by the idiosyncrasy and certainty of his ear."

A good Stravinsky performance, then, needs to capture both that idiosyncrasy and that certainty. Much of the playing in the City Ballet's season has not been confident and sharp enough to match those criteria, though orchestra and soloists alike have undertaken adequately a very wide range of music—from "Fireworks" (1908) to the dance-drama "Noah and the Flood" (1962), which Mr. Craft conducted, as he did "Perséphone." Many of the Philharmonic accounts have not sounded either idiosyncratic or certain, but one stands out as a remarkable and unexpected triumph. In the first concert of the series, for which Rafael Kubelik was indisposed, the ballet conductor John Lanchbery took over "Les Noces." The performance was brilliant: with absolute assurance, born of long knowledge of the score, Mr. Lanchbery guided his forces through all the metrical changes and also managed to encourage an intensity of attack and a steely phrasing that choir, soloists, and players for once agreed on. The quartet of pianists, led by Paul Jacobs (who was also an admirable soloist in Leinsdorf's "Petrushka"), was hard-edged; the percussionists were magnificently sharp and alert. The angularity, humor, and bitterness of the score were all captured; Mr. Lanchbery provided accuracy of execution, avoided spurious expressiveness, and added an indefinable, vital ingredient—panache. It sounded, as each Stravinsky piece should sound, unique.



IN the same program, members of the Philharmonic offered an unconducted performance of Mozart's Serenade in B-Flat, K. 361—a great work whose only possible connections with "Les Noces" are its limited range of instrumental color and the fact that it contains a bar that scholars think ought not to be there. (In "Les Noces," the dispute occurs over a one-bar rest among the marvellous final bell chimes; in the Serenade, it concerns the bar before the coda of the fourth movement, which Mozart seems to have elided when marking the repeat in his autograph.) The Philharmonic players omitted the questionable bar in the Mozart; much other detail was poorly matched, and not all the text followed the New Mozart Edition. Though there was eloquent oboe and bassoon playing, the performance was fatally hampered by a glutinous combination of double-bass and contrabassoon on the bottom line; the music needs only the former, and if the latter is present the two should certainly not play together. Mozart had an even rougher stylistic ride in the series than Stravinsky did. Mr. Leinsdorf's "Prague" Symphony was dry and uninteresting, and Mr. Craft's A-Major Symphony, K. 201, was unstable. In the Carnegie Serenades, it was Haydn who suffered: his Symphony No. 88 was overlaid with spurious charm by the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, under Mr. Schwarz, and the finale of his String Quartet, Opus 64, No. 5, was reduced to a relentless gabble by the Cleveland Quartet.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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Mine is a shade of that branch it rests on
Between rounds: bark-wing, lichen-breast,
The butternut's farthest, hollow twig.
How to make from sow thistle to purslane?
So, into this airy vault of jewelweed,
Slipped past the drowsing bee watch,

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Petal curve, tongue of the still untold.
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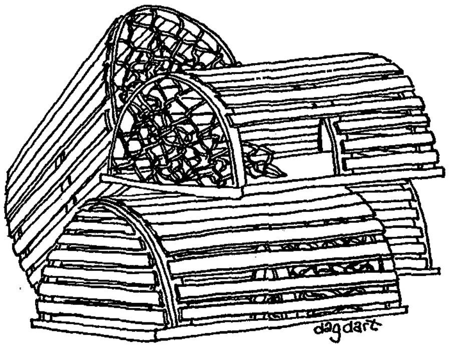
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, JUNE 15

MME. GONÇALVES, my concierge, followed the war in the Falkland Islands. English house guests at the retired diplomat's around the corner, where Mme. Gonçalves works as a maid to earn extra money, turned on a big shortwave radio every hour and listened to news of the war on the BBC, drinking Vittel water instead of the white Burgundy they always used to drink when they came to Paris, as if to mark the sober tone of the occasion with an appropriate beverage. Everyone sat down to lunch with the radio going, on the dining-room sideboard, next to the Haviland bowl with a rim of blue-and-gold peacocks and a mended crack that Mme. Gonçalves keeps discreetly turned to the wall. And whenever the radio was on Mme. Gonçalves was not supposed to use the vacuum cleaner or the washing machine, which sends great spurts of noise through the diplomat's apartment and announces each change of cycle with a kind of gear grinding (something like a car jammed into reverse) that always makes his Briard, Loulou, and his Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, Ivy, howl.

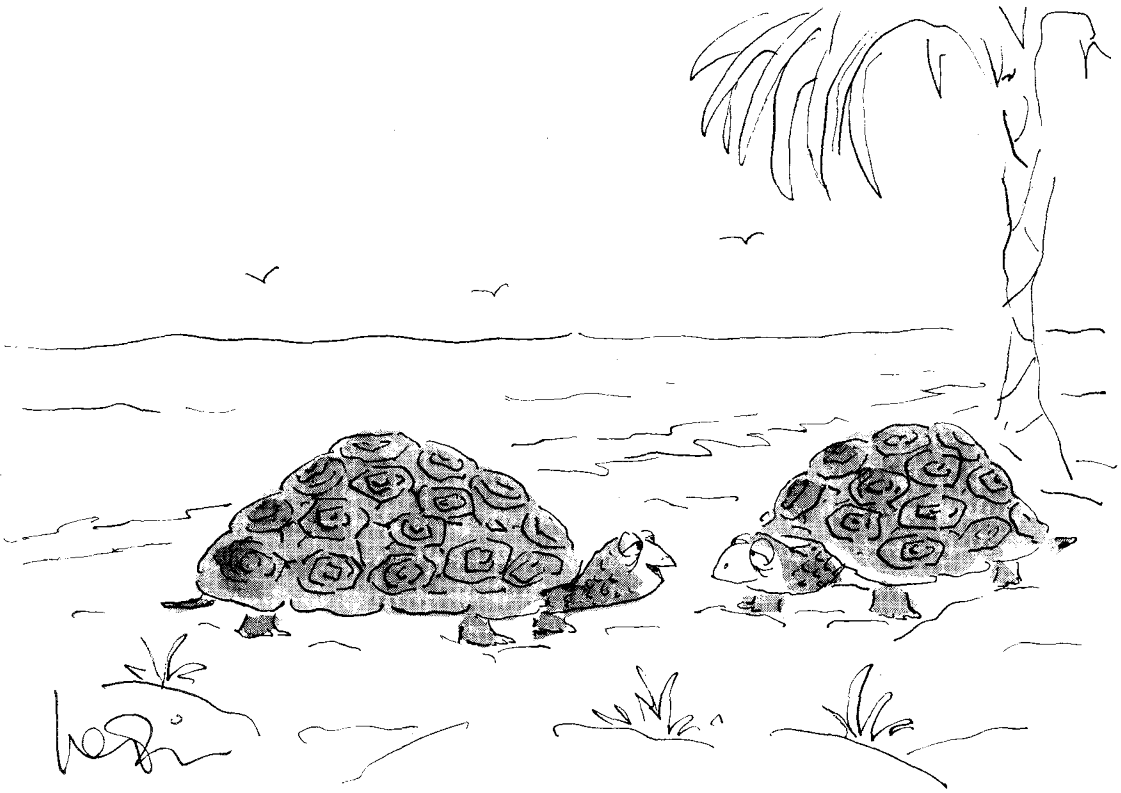
Actually, Mme. Gonçalves first learned about the war in the Falklands when the diplomat's wife told her to start picking up *Libération* along with the other morning papers and the warm brioches and the fresh milk from the *crémerie* she always takes with her breakfast coffee, because *Libération*, she had heard, was reporting "the war" in some detail. Mme. Gonçalves knew from the Cambodian tax inspector who runs the corner newsstand that *Libération* is a radical sort of paper, disrespectful of authority, given to comic strips of naked politicians cavorting with statues, and apt to put a picture of J. R. Ewing on the cover right next to a picture of the President of the Republic—not at all the sort of paper for an elderly Parisian diplomat and his delicate wife. She concluded that something very special must be happening in the world for people like that to start reading *Libé*. She herself started to read through *Libé* on the way to work, although her French is really a patois of her own invention, full of *zh* sounds and Portuguese endings, and it's hard for her to read, and even harder for her to understand anybody in Paris who does not happen to have been born and raised, as she was, on a peasant farmstead in Portugal. She also insisted that M. Gonçalves do something about collecting their television set from the repair shop in Montparnasse where she had sent it in March for a new picture tube. M. Gonçalves does not have much energy for errands. He is *fatigado*, Mme. Gonçalves will say, shaking her head, when she hurries home from work at the end of the afternoon, ready for a *passeio* up and down the block, and finds her husband just as she left him in the morning, slowly strolling the cobblestone courtyard of our building, supervising the comings and goings in his mild, distracted way, nodding to neighbors who pass the open courtyard door. He has been *fatigado* since the fighting turned savage in Angola, where the Gonçalveses lived for twenty years and kept a little dairy farm, outside Luanda, and raised two sons. It is her way of saying that loss has rattled her husband and made him as vague and cheerful as a backward child. This psychic weariness of his—this Trás-os-Montes Weltschmerz—is one of the reasons Mme. Gonçalves is interested in wars like the Falkland war, which have to do with settlers and farms and cattle. The conversations she heard these past two months at the diplomat's—conversations about battleships and fighter planes and the relative atrocities of napalm bombs versus splinter bombs—seemed to her beside the point. To Mme. Gonçalves, the point was whether the Falkland shepherds would be killed or would have to start wandering until they found their way to a concierge's quarters in some Paris neighborhood or, as her sons did, to a Brazilian factory.

Mme. Gonçalves is interested in colonial claims and attachments and betrayals. She observes the world as if it were one of the *feuilletons* that run for weeks on television and end, suddenly, not in treaties but in small, corrupting family tragedies. And it was instructive to her that so many of her French neighbors on the block—not the diplomats or the rich intellectuals who prefer fixing up its funny old apartments to finding proper bourgeois housing on the Avenue Georges Mandel, say, but the shopkeepers and the artisans who have their caning shops and upholstery ateliers in courtyards just like ours—were quite oblivious of the fact that a war was going on.



Not even Mme. Gonçalves' friend, Mme. Lenoir, seemed to notice the war in the Falkland Islands. Mme. Lenoir is the local nurse. She gives shots and cough medicine and rheumatism massages to the neighborhood and keeps everybody up to date on the state of the little chalet in the Haute-Savoie that she has been preparing, over thirty or forty years, for her retirement in 1986, two days after Pentecost. Once a month, Mme. Gonçalves gets a shot from Mme. Lenoir for stomach ache. She and the nurse have come to know each other fairly well in the course of those monthly shots—two women far from home and getting on, but each in her own way indispensable to a lively street on the Left Bank of Paris. Usually, they talk about the medicine they knew as farm children—garlic around your neck, a cross on your door against the evil eye, a village priest with the right exorcistic enthusiasm, poultices of mud and herbs which would surely have done as well, applied to Mme. Gonçalves' sore stomach, as any injection in her arm. But this month Mme. Gonçalves wanted to discuss the Falkland Islands. She asked Mme. Lenoir her opinion on the latest news, and Mme. Lenoir said that to her mind France should never have lost to Wales in a recent soccer match.

Walking home after her shot, Mme. Gonçalves met Mme. Caillot, from the hardware store, and asked the same question, and had to listen while Mme. Caillot, who has no wealth to speak of but considerable respect for the concept, complained about wealth taxes under the Socialists. And as for Veronique Lavali, who rents a *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor and is getting her doctorate in Japanese, she had missed the news of the war entirely, having spent the evening at a play about two anti-war Air Force pilots. It was a hot evening, and Veronique, a blooming and exuberant Niçoise girl, had stopped in the courtyard, tucked up her skirt, and taken off her stock-



"Well, if we got nothing else, we got great mileage."

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ngs, and was wiggling her toes under the cool water from one of the outdoor taps where servants washed the building linens a hundred years ago (and where Mme. Gonçalves still washes out her sheets and towels). Veronique wanted to talk about the play. She told Mme. Gonçalves about a scene she liked: the superpowers were carving up the world, country by country, on a big war map, and they went at it until only the Falkland Islands were left. She said that the audience had found the scene *très pertinent*, but when she started to describe the map the Falkland Islands turned out to be Iceland.

Mme. Gonçalves knows that a lot of people here consider the Falklands almost French, because the first Falkland colonists were French whalers who sailed from Saint-Malo with a charter from Louis XV that guaranteed their rights to the islands and to the waters around them. The old general who lives alone in the wing across the courtyard told Mme. Gonçalves that just the other day someone had actually claimed Les Malouines (as they are called here) for France in a letter to *Le Monde*. Mme. Gonçalves finds it odd that French students, educated boys and girls who go to anti-war plays and should know their geography—especially geography that once, at least, was French geography—could turn the world upside down and put Les Malouines in the North Atlantic. Mme. Gonçalves was a married woman in Angola before she could read or write. She started out with her own boys, using the textbooks they brought home from school, and she is still attentive to books, to newspapers and magazines, to almost everything printed. She reads not so much for information or amusement as for security, for something to relieve her of her own unsettling experiences. There is no telephone in the concierge quarters, and Mme. Gonçalves does not intend to pay to install one, but she collects phone books. When she shops at a new store or meets a new neighbor on the street or serves a new guest at one of the diplomat's lunches, she always looks up the name in one of her phone books, and is always reassured when she finds it—printed, permanent, buffered by a million other names and addresses against anonymity and uncertainty. For Mme. Gonçalves, pages are more reliable than reality. Angola is still the same orange as Portugal in the atlas that the Gonçalveses got as a bonus when they joined a Christmas savings club in Luanda. Zaire is still green for Belgium, a European color, but when the family fled Angola and stopped in Zaire, there was nothing Belgian at all about it, and then Mme. Gonçalves knew for sure that they would be leaving Africa. Brazil is orange, too, like Portugal, but Mme. Gonçalves has two Brazilian daughters-in-law she has never seen—Bahia girls, used to big-city privacies—and, unlike good Portuguese daughters-in-law, they may not want the Gonçalveses when they have finally saved enough money to emigrate and grow old quietly near their grandchildren. She suspects that now the Falklands will change their color, too. She is drawn to the process. It is a fascination she shares with the other foreigners on the block—the butcher from Dahomey, the Berber greengrocer, the two boys from Indo-China who deliver for the wine store with trim little pushcarts that look like skateboards with handles. Here in Paris, the differences between colonizer and colonized mean less than this binding colonial fascination. The war in the Falklands was in its way a laboratory for their own history, just as it was a laboratory for the remarkable new weapons that seemed to excite the diplomat and his house guests. It clarified a whole catalogue of friends and enemies and antagonisms. Mme. Gonçalves, for instance, hates the Spanish—the Portuguese have hated the Spanish since Spain ruled Portugal in the seventeenth century—and she thinks of Spain mainly as a long road to cover quickly on her way to the Trás-os-Montes every August. Insofar as Argentina is a Spanish country, she cannot see any merit in its claims or its adventures. She was distressed to hear from the Italian plumber on the third floor that he had cousins in Buenos Aires who were Argentine and wanted to own the Falklands (though none of them would think of visiting the islands as long as there were calm seas and palmy beaches in Uruguay), because the idea of Spanish-speaking Italian South Americans complicated her prejudices. So did the idea of Catholic Argentina, since she believes that any claim that

Catholics make against Protestants—even a Spanish claim—is surely in the Church's interests. On the other hand, she knew that the Pope went to England and said Mass with Protestants. She saw the newsreels that day and concluded that in some way he had raised their claim to the Falklands to a kind of Catholic legitimacy. Then, too, the Falkland shepherds and their children—she saw them in *Libé* every day, piling sandbags, helping the British dig their trenches—moved her. She knew from her own experience that they were happier at home, on their wet and windy islands, herding sheep for a trading company that probably underpaid them, than they would ever have been in England, looking for jobs, looking for the sort of welcome she looked for in Portugal and never found.

NO one expected the British to reach Port Stanley during the Versailles Summit, fog or no fog. When seven rich countries get together to talk about the problems of being rich (including, of course, the problem of being rich with so many poor people around) in the palace where Marie Antoinette told her own poor people to eat cake, it is an occasion for high court etiquette which not even Ronald Reagan's plaid suits can entirely spoil. François Mitterrand ran his summit in the style of what Parisians now refer to as Imperial Socialism, and it was not, as one of the diplomat's English house guests put it, a moment for "blood in the teacup." Mitterrand had clearly and consistently supported Margaret Thatcher in the Falkland war. Like England, France owns little pieces of the world here and there—from rhetorically respectable overseas *départements* like Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, to the archipelago of Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon, off Québec, with six thousand people. America, of course, has had territories of its own in the South Pacific since the Second World War. The Americans at Versailles were obviously relieved at not having had to carry the euphemism of "authoritarian Argentina" to France along with Ronald Reagan's bottled water and Nancy Reagan's hairdresser. It was agreeable for them to take the part of a democracy against a junta that, by definition, could justify itself only by fighting. But at Versailles this month the Americans were mainly uneasy over the possibility that small questions of hegemony, like the Falkland question, would end up raising bigger questions of prerogative.

A friend who was born in Argentina and has lived in England and France says that to her mind the real difference between French colonialism and English colonialism is that Frenchmen believe in a kind of immortal nationality, called The French, whereas Englishmen believe in an immortal nation, called Great Britain. Certainly the French colonized in the conviction that being French was the highest human good. They preached a kind of sublime identification to their colonials. Thirty years ago in Algeria and Mali and New Caledonia, local children were sitting at French desks in little French schools, following the same French schedule as any child in Paris or Lyons, memorizing the course of French rivers and the milk production of French cows, making lists of French kings and calling all this their history. Being French was a quality, an achievement, an exercise in style and desire, like French Catholicism or French Socialism. It was a quality that travelled like the white Burgundy in the diplomat's cellar, doing fine as long as it was never shaken and never traumatized, and, in fact, it proved to be a fairly durable quality. It inspired resistance and revolution, but in the end it left most revolutionaries resolutely Francophile. Being English, on the other hand, had to do with a place and with a language used to describe that place. Colonials were never educated to *be* English. To be English, they had to sail to England and breathe the air and read the history on English benches and in English libraries. In their own countries, they were not Englishmen but wogs who spoke English. The Englishmen who *were* sent out, like the Falkland kelpers, clearly could not carry an immortal nation with them. They could only carry a marvellous language to evoke it. Even today, the fact of battleships and ocean liners sailing to islands so remote that the journey alone took nearly two weeks has prompted fewer questions about English ships in far-off seas than quotations about those ships and those seas. The quotations were accurate as to courage and decency on what was, after all, the right side of the war, but they had nothing to do with the realities of a trading-company lobbying in Westminster and a small colony of shepherds, seven thousand miles from any recourse, who were mainly ignored before the Argentine invasion and were subject to elaborate restrictions on their rights as British citizens. England went to war for reasons that in the public mind had less to do with Margaret Thatcher or Francis Pym than with Shakespeare and Donne and Byron. The rest of northern Europe, one suspects, went to war vicariously, because the Falkland Islands provided Europeans with a rare occasion to be openly absolute about their values, and even about their virtues. There were weeks in April of astonishing smugness, followed in May by weeks of astonishing equivocation in the name of "impartiality"—as if the junta in Buenos Aires had expressed some grave, collective Argentine will by invading a couple of rocky islands near Antarctica that in all probability only the English would be foolish or heroic enough to choose to live on for very long. Voltaire was much quoted here during those weeks. After the British started using Hamlet to explain themselves, the French started using Voltaire to explain Hamlet: ". . . *Une pièce grossière et barbare, qui ne serait pas supportée par la plus vile populace de la France et de l'Italie.*" But the best and possibly the last word on the mad-dogs-and-Englishmen syndrome came from a historical memoir by a fifteenth century diplomat: "*Naturellement, les Angloys qui ne sont jamais partyz d'Angleterre sont fort collericques.*"

EVERYONE in Paris is edgy about terrorists. Through the seventies, it was hard to live here and imagine the violence that afflicted big cities in Germany and Italy and Spain. Paris then was relatively free of terrorists. Giscard d'Estaing pursued a fairly sleazy oil diplomacy in the Middle East, and it bought him a measure of immunity—though clearly not enough to save the four people who were killed when a synagogue on the Rue Copernic was bombed during the last year of his presidency. Mitterrand seems to have cancelled whatever immunity was left by being remarkably equitable and evenhanded in his Middle East policies. Lately, it is the French who have been suffering. Early this month, a local gang that calls itself Direct Action set off bombs in the American School and in the Paris offices of the International Monetary Fund, but mainly the terrorism here has been

Arab terrorism. First, an American military attaché was killed, and then an Israeli diplomat. Eleven people working at the French Embassy in Beirut died in May when terrorists wired a car in the Embassy compound. And ordinary Parisians are dying, too, like the young woman who was blown to pieces on April 22nd, walking down the Rue Marbeuf. All told, eleven people have been killed in acts of terrorism in or against France since January, and more than a hundred have been wounded. The police here, who have never been known for their discretion, are jittery now. They are hard put to it to find the terrorists, and so they have been doing what jittery policemen everywhere (except, perhaps, England) always do: they have started asking for extra powers. Actually, they have a lot of extra powers under a "liberty and security" law that will be abolished next month. The law is called *la loi Peyrefitte*, after Alain Peyrefitte, the justice minister who introduced it, and it is concerned mainly with what the French call "identity control": It gives policemen the discretionary right to hold suspects without charge for six hours in order to establish or verify their identity. Robert Badinter, who is the Minister of Justice now, says that no one really bothered much about identity or about controlling identity until May of 1968, when students started refusing to identify themselves during demonstrations. The students had to be brought to court to stand trial either for not having an identity or for refusing to have one by eating the little *carte d'identité* that since the Second World War every man, woman, and child in the country has had to carry as proof that he or she exists. After that, it was only a matter of time before the government, suffering the illogic of having to try people who were not legally there at all, decided to solve the problem with a law in the right Cartesian spirit. Badinter, who was a law professor before the elections and has impeccable liberal credentials, was writing a new, more juridically respectable law to replace the old one when the American military attaché was shot in January. People got scared, and then the police got scared, and finally Gaston Defferre, Mitterrand's Minister of the Interior, took on Badinter, and Badinter was nearly done in by the publicity. Defferre is the mayor of Marseilles. He has been for thirty years, and thirty years in the Marseilles city hall will encourage a taste for frontier justice in just about anyone. In Marseilles, Defferre is considered remarkable for having managed to juggle the interests of a particularly prissy bourgeoisie with the interests of the *milieu*, which is what people in southern France call their underworld. Defferre is seventy-one now, and ornery from the experience. He tried to redo himself nine years ago by marrying a Parisian novelist with a past, named Edmonde Charles-Roux, but nobody seems to have noticed much new polish. Even his friends still refer to him as "the old bastard"—which is not the way anyone would refer to the urbane and intellectual Mr. Badinter. Defferre likes policemen. He seems to be happy when the police are on the streets with their guns drawn, picking up odd-looking characters and locking them up until they can prove that they have not been peddling dope or planting bombs. He considers Badinter a sort of "social" Socialist—someone who wouldn't last five minutes on the Marseilles waterfront. Badinter turned on the television news one day this spring (it was about a week before the Rue Marbeuf bombing) and heard Defferre promise a meeting of the country's two hundred and thirty police chiefs that their men would have the right to shoot on warning, instead of only in self-defense, as the law stipulates now.

Parisians are used to politicians who present themselves and the laws they write as something on the order of Moses receiving the tablets. And so a lot of Parisians were delighted to see two Socialist ministers squaring off in front of television cameras every day, until Mitterrand came home from a trip to Japan and put an end to it. Badinter had to make do with a security law far less liberal and correct than the one he originally wanted. And Defferre obviously had to stop promising policemen the right to shoot people who have not tried to shoot them first. But the police are licensed, in a way, by the public's fear and Defferre's indulgence. They have never been as worldly as, say, policemen in New York, and by now their idea of suspicious-looking characters easily runs a gamut from the boys and girls walking to class at the Lycée Montaigne to migrant workers on their way to cheap couscous restaurants on the Goutte-d'Or.

Le-Tan

JEAN, who lives next door, came by on his roller skates today and stopped in the courtyard to consult with Mme. Gonçalves about the possibility of her sewing dog-leash chains across the back of his jeans jacket. Jean is seventeen, and he has discovered punk. He saves his allowance and the money he makes on Saturdays handing hairpins to the hairdresser across the street, so that he can pay Mme. Gonçalves to give his clothes the proper punk embellishment. Today, he was at his best. He had glued red feathers onto his spiky hair. His sleeveless T-shirt lit up when he pressed a button, and spelled out "Blood" in dripping purple letters. He was wearing his Hell's Angels belt and his aluminum knee pads with the skulls printed on them, and there were three earrings in his left ear—two stars and a gold safety pin. Jean was dazzling. He was also unhappy. He had spent the night in a room at the commissariat, being questioned by a team of policemen who wanted to know where he kept his drugs and who his dealer was. Jean has a sweet dark face under the spikes and the feathers, and he is soft-spoken—just the sort of sensitive schoolboy that Paris specializes in turning out. In a year or two, all that will be left of his punk season will be three holes in his left ear. He was roller-skating down Raspail when the policemen waved him over. They hurt his feelings, arresting him. "Tell me," he asked Mme. Gonçalves, "is there something funny about the way I look?"

—JANE KRAMER

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The Derryfield School Board of Trustees has elected Marcus D. Hurlbut as the School's fourth headmaster. He will assume his position on July 1, succeeding William B. Pfeifer who has led Derryfield since 1878. Pfeifer has announced in September that he will return to museum work after the current academic year.

—*Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader.*

To a museum that has a nice place to lie down?

DANCING

The Kirov Abroad, Stravinsky at Home

Palais des Congrès, Paris. May 28th, 29th, and 30th. To anyone who has seen American Ballet Theatre's "Swan Lake" recently, the Kirov production is not eccentric. Except in the overture, which begins in a long-drawn-out moan of anguish, the tempos are not slower; they're only *as* slow, and often they're faster. The action is tautly paced; the peak is reached in the last act. Oleg Vinogradov has supervised a freshened version of the Konstantin Sergeyev production that has served the company since the fifties. Igor Ivanov has dressed it well: the swans as they cross the lake are reflected in deep-blue water; the throne room has stone Gothic arches and tapestries; everywhere, there is light and space. I would like to see the "Sleeping Beauty" that this designer could do. The costumes, by G. Solovieva, are unaffectedly beautiful, with mild references to early German Renaissance painting. (A.B.T.'s late-German Holbein-and-Brueghel look is too plummy.) The show opens badly, with a dozen courtiers doing sautés to the pantomime march, but this is not to be a series of scènes dansantes, like the Bolshoi production. Indeed, one of the most attractive aspects of this "Swan Lake" is its traditionalism; it even eliminates the Prince's slow variation with the crossbow, which years ago the Kirov introduced. The intrusive jester is still there, performing his misshapen grande pirouette after the hazing of the tutor. Of course, there is no Benno, no remarks by the Princess Mother about choosing a wife, and no organized hunt. The big ensembles in the first act are both performed by nobles (there are no peasants) in a sprightly, small-stepping style that suggests sixteenth-century court dance. In the pas de trois, the man's solo opens with three sissonnes battues facing the downstage corner; Evgeny Neff, who danced in all three performances, had to adjust his tombé landing each time. The steps done at A.B.T., no less awkward, are in fact the opening steps of the Third Shade's variation at the Kirov. Wires are constantly crossing in Petipa revivals. Sometimes the crossing is deliberate, like the attitude balance that the Kirov's Odette takes standing on the Prince's thigh at the end of the coda. This is a vestige of the Benno version of the pas de deux; the customary high lift has been transferred by the Kirov to the end of the Black Swan pas de deux. Ah, the fascination of dull detail! The pas de trois, however, is a true mystery. The Kirov attributes it to Petipa, which makes nonsense of Nicholas Sergeyev's claim to have obtained his quite different version—the version adopted by the Royal Ballet—from Stepanov's notation of Petipa. The Kirov program book for the Paris season credits the separate scenes and numbers of "Swan Lake;" Petipa turns out to have contributed two dances—the pas de trois and a mazurka—and part of the Odile-Siegfried pas de deux. A Pavlova exhibition currently at the bookshop La Danse, on the Rue de Beaune, shows a program for a Pavlova performance at Tsarskoye Selo, one of the imperial summer residences, which lists among excerpts from the ballroom scene a "pas d'action" for Odile, Siegfried, Benno, and Rothbart. If this was Petipa's work, when and by whom was the pas de deux constructed? The Kirov credits as the other choreographers Agrippina Vaganova and K. Sergeyev, but the pas de deux, eliminating Benno and most of Rothbart, existed before their time.

These questions would be irrelevant if "Swan Lake" in all its parts and as a whole functioned as well as "Giselle" and "The Sleeping Beauty." It has come down to us a patchwork, and a patchwork it will probably always be. The Kirov version is the smoothest that one can see; the power of it keeps rising all evening long. The national dances are not a boring interlude before the pas de deux; taken at a tearing pace, they are performed with devotion, and even pleasure. These dances have long been a point of pride with the Kirov, as has the work of the corps in the swan scenes. Kirov swans are more elegant than Bolshoi swans; no other swan corps I know is comparable. The Russian companies possess a collective style for "Swan Lake" which has existed as long as the ballet has. While I admire the Kirov's style as sheer accomplishment, I don't find the emphasis of it very appealing. At the heart of the style is timing. The whole company, from ballerinas down to littlest cygnets, dances a beat behind the orchestra. But this first point of connection to a phrase of music may also be the last. It's as if correct execution of a step mattered more than musical transparency. The efforts of dancers and orchestra to get together take certain ritualistic forms. The orchestra often slows down the end of a number. Odette's variation is played as well as danced legato. But the fidgeting of the corps as it forms up in this act is musically inexcusable—who cares whether they stand pointe tendue back or front? None of the three ballerinas I saw—Olga Chenchikova, Tatiana Terekhova, Galina Mezentseva—were able to make these stylistic prerogatives lovely. (Right behind them were eight young demi-soloists any one of whom might have done the job.) The corps was best in the last act, performing its

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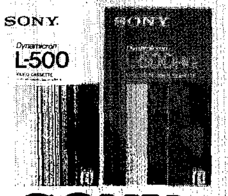

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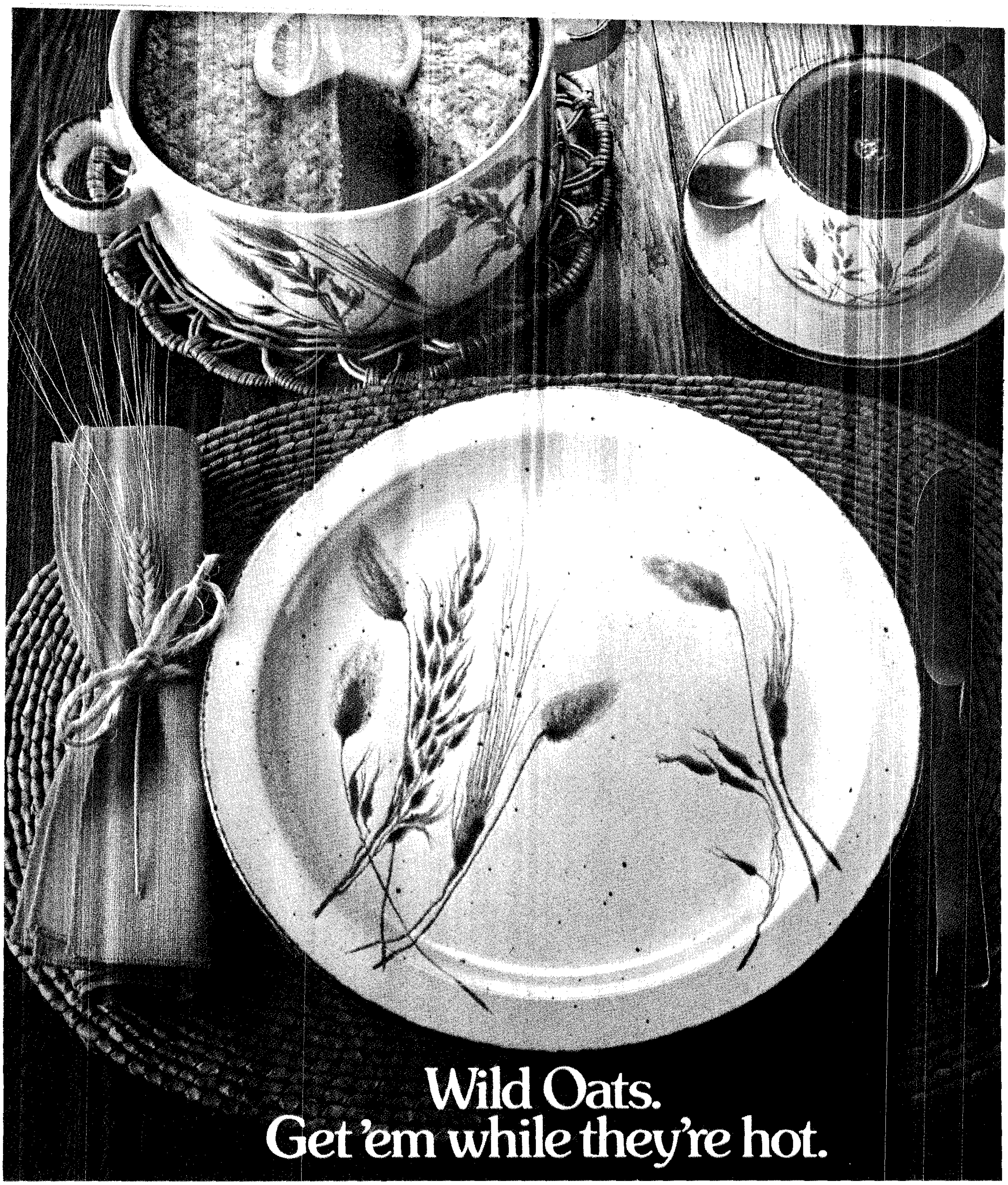

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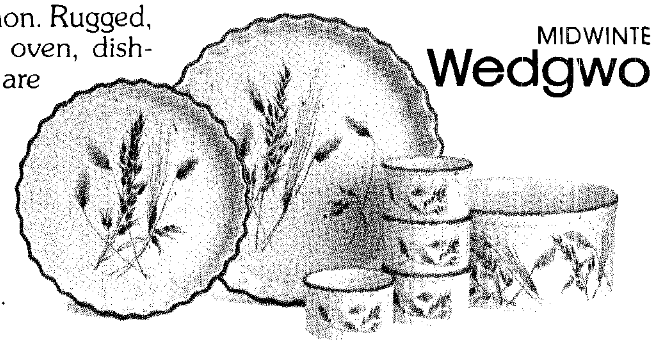

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grand-scale orchestrations of Lev Ivanov's themes. At the end of the Valse Bluette, the dancers walk toward the audience in ranks, their arms around each other's waists, and there is a slowing down that, for once, has a real effect. The Russian dance historian Yuri Slonimsky has described it:

> Their walk becomes slower and slower until, in accordance with the last measures of the dying-down music, the group of black swans stops on its last drawn-out step, as if throwing to the auditorium a whispered "All has ended."

Unfortunately, all hasn't; Soviet custom still requires the tearing off of the sorcerer's wing and the lovers united in life.

If I haven't mentioned the men of the company, it's because up to now they haven't done much. In truth, they're not asked to do more than partner, perform their solos in an appropriate style, and, in general, present a good appearance. Sergei Berezhnoi in "Le Papillon," "Swan Lake," and "La Sylphide," Vladimir Petronin in "Paquita" and "Swan Lake," Vladimir Bondarenko in "Chopiniana," Eldar Aliev in "The Shades" and "Esmeralda" (also a good Rothbart), and one or two others, whose names in last-minute loudspeaker announcements were unclear to me, did all they were asked. Kirov men are not as rigorously trained as the women. The technical precision of a Nureyev, a Baryshnikov, a Yuri Soloviev is not emulated, though the Baryshnikov "look"—boyish, tousled, angelic—is still popular. Konstantin Zaklinsky took many of the leading roles, and it is easy to see why: he is tall, with exceptionally long and handsome legs, and with some of the Rudi-Misha magnetism. In modern roles, he has a feral power, but in the classics his dancing and deportment are unpolished. Valery Emets is an evidently important dancer whom I didn't get to see enough of. Neff, on the other hand, was all over the place. A rising young man, he looks as if he hadn't the energy to rise much farther. Limpness, translated into Romantic lassitude, was his main quality as Albrecht in "Giselle."

June 1st. The company has an excellent character dancer in Vadim Gulyayev, whose serenity at the center of Vinogradov's ballet on Gogol's "The Inspector General" was very nearly heroic. The piece is a whirlwind of unrealized conceptions or else of realizations—such as the use of dancers in paper costumes to represent currency or letters—that should never have been conceived. Ninel Kurgapkina, who will be remembered from the American tours, and Natalia Bolshakova appeared as comic ladies, and there was an enormous cast of stomping, storming, reeling, prancing, and mincing actor-dancers in grotesque makeup. I admire Vinogradov's effort to reintroduce narrative into Russian ballet without resorting either to standard mime or to currently popular all-dance formulas. But he chose an impossible vehicle. Words or some form of linguistic expression is essential to "The Inspector General." Vinogradov may have suspected as much when he constructed the "conversation" in which Gulyayev and another dancer hurl syllables like "ah-*hah*, ah-*hee*" at each other.

June 2nd. "Chopiniana," "La Sylphide." Less than a week *chez* Kirov, and I have fallen into the company's thought patterns. Romantic ballet is one style, classical is another. "Chopiniana," "La Sylphide," and "Giselle" are Romantic; "La Bayadère" is Petipa, hence classical. Whatever they mean by these categories, there is no question that Romantic ballet is home to Kirov dancers. "Chopiniana," the Fokine pastiche of Romanticism that we know as "Les Sylphides," is every bit as wonderful as I had remembered. The tempos do not drag; the performance—*spirituel*, not soulful—is vibrant with belief, fantasy, fun. Elena Evteyeva gives her liveliest performance of the week in the mazurka and the waltz pas de deux. A kind of pantomimic suggestiveness lies beneath the skin of these dances. Elena Kondratyenko in the prelude and Tamara Mirzoyan in the waltz brought it out. Would that I could have photographed it and taken it home to Ballet Theatre. Bondarenko's performance had some of the insularity that has disturbed me in Nureyev's (why do they stand there gazing into their armpit while bien-aimée is dancing?), but I liked his vigor.

Vinogradov was right to acquire the Bournonville "La Sylphide" instead of Pierre Lacotte's mishmash of Taglioni. Apart from a tendency to mime too forcefully, the company's behavior is charmingly correct, and it dances as well as it does in anything else. The production, staged after a version by Elsa-Marianne von Rosen, has been tailored here and there to local taste; if it is un-Danish, it is never dull. Irina Kolpako-

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va's dancing ripples with wit, and the sylphs, more impish than their Danish sisters, are adorable. There are four demis, led by one who in her solo takes some inappropriate développé-balances à la seconde. The program identifies her as Olga Likhovskaya, tomorrow night's Giselle.

June 3rd. Olga Likhovskaya turns out to be somebody else. The question is: Just who is she? This is the most boring Giselle I have ever seen, and it's opposite the most anemic Albrecht—Neff. Likhovskaya is young and pretty; she doesn't have the harridan look of Terekhova or Mezentseva or the glacial moon face of Chenchikova. But she has no conception of Giselle beyond the one that seems to have been handed to her, like a text, to study and master. The Kirov ballerinas are apparently expected to play their roles according to a set interpretation; even where you think the flash and fire of individuality could hardly be avoided, they are all alike. I saw three different Odiles stamped from the same mold. And you think of Makarova confined in this prison and then escaping to cut and polish numberless facets of the one or two gems in her native repertory. Likhovskaya is a good girl who has been to Giselle school. In the second act, she takes the damnable legato phrasing so seriously she seems to be moving under water. Well, no matter: the production is marvellous—not in Act I, which plods and temporizes, but in Act II. Let me add one more qualification: what's marvellous is the corps. "Giselle" originally had two choreographers: Perrot is thought to have done Giselle's dances and her pas de deux with Albrecht; Coralli is generally credited with the Wilis and all that end of things. In Russia, Petipa overhauled the whole ballet, and through the ages it went on being subtly redesigned until it became what it usually is today—a star vehicle, with the roles of Myrta and the Wilis scaled down to a supporting chorus. The Kirov production, which might be called "Coralli's Revenge," restores Myrta and, even more impressively, the Wilis to full dimension. When the Giselle and Albrecht are as uninteresting as they are tonight, the performance can still offer excitement in the staging of the Wilis' dances: in the ghostly materialization out of the night mist of Myrta, in the equally ghostly materialization of the corps, which appears halfway out of the wings wearing bridal veils and pauses there as the veils are whooshed away—an effect accomplished without raising the laugh that has caused it to be deleted from Western productions. (It's a matter of timing; the Kirov also manages a dignified introduction for its dummy Swan Queen at the start of the lakeside scene.) Then there is the excitement of the big waltz over consecrated ground which prepares Giselle's entrance, followed by the concerted sweep of the dances that ensnare first Hilarion and then Albrecht in their fatal web. The diabolical choral symmetry of the choreography is thrilling to behold on the wide stage of the Palais des Congrès. Thirty Wilis, each with an obdurate shoulder, compose a diagonal line as solid as an executioner's wall. And the dramatic sense of the choreography is carried out in the "dialogue" between the principals and the corps. Albrecht is directed to his doom not just by Myrta but by all the Wilis; the slow half turn that waves him up the line is a turn through the shoulder. Then, as Giselle appears, running down the line, it re-forms itself in reverse, as if it had changed its mind. In the Hilarion episode, the corps masses behind him doing fouettés sautés in arabesque, which he clumsily tries to approximate; as in no other production, we actually *see* the Wilis compelling his moves, and when he collapses and they add the upflung arm that completes the step (we have already seen it in the waltz) it's like a cry of victory.

There are some flying effects at the start of the act that don't quite work. After her materialization out of the dark, Myrta vanishes, to be flown by wire across the back of the stage; later, when she appears to Albrecht, Giselle is flown in the opposite direction. Likhovskaya and Neff, for all their dullness, manage a persuasive set of apparitions, most effectively climaxed by her launching herself into the slow lift that coincides with the repeat in the melody.) Other Kirov touches are well remembered—Giselle leaning from her bower to rain lilies on Albrecht's head or reclining in his arms as he carries her tenderly away from the grave. There are some parts of the "Giselle" canon to which the Kirov gives peculiar emphasis. The Wilis, stationed on the sidelines, constantly change their stance, like sentinels, but in one such change they repeat the pas de bourrée from their big dance, unsettling, then resettling, then re-unsettling themselves in a way that looks crazed with exhaustion. Why this restless flexing and shifting of the feet should have expressive effect in "Giselle" when a similar fidgeting in "Swan Lake" has none is something to puzzle over. But then a far greater puzzle is the disparity between the two ballets as the Kirov performs them. "Swan Lake," for all its handsomeness as a production, is dead—dead in its dance core—and "Giselle" is alive.

JUNE 4TH. All Kirov ballerinas are equal, but Mezentseva is more equal than others. Her head juts out farther, her tempos are slower, her legato is gummier than anybody else's. In this "Giselle," as in her "Swan Lake," she turns adagio into largo; even her mad scene is slow. In Act II, her points, which seem arched only from the metatarsus down, dig into the stage like claws. But Mezentseva puts on a big face, *souffrant* and semi-blind, and wins big applause. Those feet of hers are an extreme version of the inflexible pointwork one occasionally sees in the corps. One sees, too, consistently bumpy relevés, nothing like the smooth rolling up to or down from point which American dancers cultivate. The "sick" feet may be part of what I love in the "Giselle" corpswork and reject in "Swan Lake." On second thought—tonight brings me a second thought—the big difference may be in the music. The orchestra produces more emotion in the mad scene than the dancers do. In the second act, it works hand in glove with the corps. The emotion is enormous—Tchaikovskyan. But the corps and the orchestra that carry "Giselle" lag and drag and natter when it comes to the tempos and rhythms of "Swan Lake." In the second act, they give you the feeling that they want it as much like "Giselle" as possible. The way everybody hits the waltz phrase—with a retard, with a lurch, with a swoon—looks quaint, and quaintness is not the most desirable characteristic in "Swan Lake." "La Sylphide," with its charming, tractable score, by Løvenskjold, can aspire to the condition of "Giselle," but "Swan Lake" is musically

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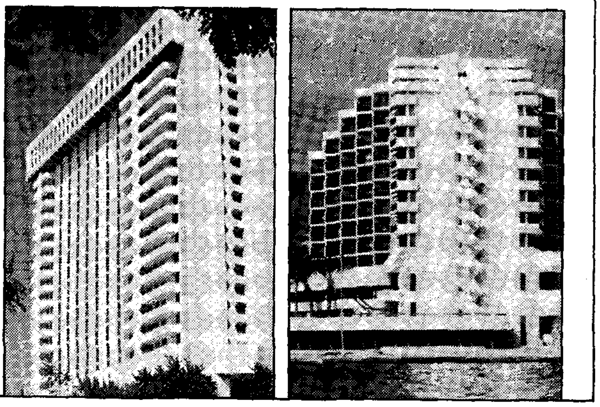

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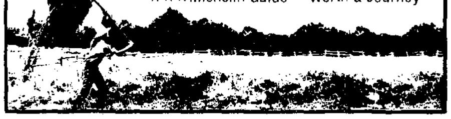

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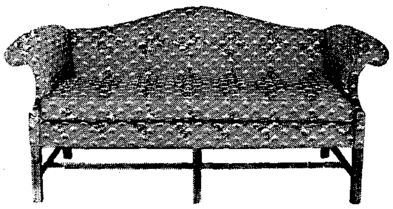

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light-years beyond them both. Slonimsky, who, along with Vinogradov, was responsible for the present production of "Giselle," has written books on all three of these ballets which undoubtedly provide clues to their treatment by the Kirov, but the books have yet to be translated.

Performance tradition is so strong in the indisputable masterpiece of the repertory that tonight the ballet again succeeds despite its cast. Although Zaklinsky performs earnestly, he really doesn't know how to give the role shape and stature. Like Neff (and Baryshnikov), he plays Albrecht as a heedless, ardent boy; the caddish Albrecht of former days seems to have been banished. The peasant pas de deux is attractively performed on both nights by Irina Chistyakova, who was thanklessly cast in the Briantsev piece I mentioned last week. The better of her two partners, and one of the most elegant male soloists I have seen all week, is Andrei Garbuz. Why don't the Kirov dancers spot their turns? Tonight's Myrta, Olga Iskanderova, spins herself dizzy for lack of a spot. Jerome Robbins included a joke about this habit of the Kirov in his "Other Dances," made for Makarova and Baryshnikov. But without its crotchets the Kirov wouldn't be the Kirov. When a company has as much to show us as this one still has, crotchets can become as significant as any other element of style.

NEW YORK STATE THEATRE, JUNE 10TH. I imagine that *nothing New York City Ballet does* appears more inward and inexplicable to foreigners than its Stravinsky ballets. N.Y.C.B.'s main crotchets of style are in that Stravinsky beehive it keeps returning to, sometimes making honey, sometimes just buzzing around. This evening, the Stravinsky Centennial Celebration is inaugurated with two trumpeters playing the "Fanfare for a New Theatre," which was composed for the opening of the house, in 1964. Then Jerome Robbins leads on forty-eight little girls in his clever "Circus Polka," and the orchestra plays "Fireworks." Finally, the first new work—"Tango," conceived by Balanchine with a laconic wit that the dancers, Karin von Aroldingen and Christopher d'Amboise, seem unable to get hold of. "Tango," like "Circus Polka," reflects Stravinsky the vaudevillian, and "Piano-Rag-Music" (the ballets, as is the custom of this company, are named after their music) continues the theme. Peter Martins' choreography is a set of trim acrobatic configurations for Darci Kistler and four men. Kistler, in black satin and rhinestones and with her hank of red hair swinging, is at her most buoyant and evocative. She reminds you of the intrepid heroines of the musclemen acts, but without the queasiness; she doesn't in the least mind being pulled and hauled about—she thrives on it (Kistler grew up with four brothers who were wrestlers) and gives it style. And, as always, Kistler's sense of style is not imitative; it's her own authentic invention. An amazing performer. Soon afterward—I keep to the premières on the program—Jacques d'Amboise's "Pastorale" re-presents Kistler effectively in quite different terms. But this brief lyrical pas de deux with Christopher d'Amboise might have more impact some other time; the Martins is a tough act to follow. John Taras's "Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments" is his third and most successful treatment of this score. Its imagery recalls the first version, "Arcade" (1963), in its dual suggestion of the circus and the cloister. Kyra Nichols and Adam Lüders are a chaste couple in white, flanked by the profane forms of Wilhelmina Frankfurt, Peter Frame, and Mel Tomlinson. These three are actually among the lankiest and most llamalike dancers in the company; watching them career through Taras's stride-stretch-strut ensemble sections is a pleasure, like watching an unusually well-matched precision drill team.

JUNE 11TH. "Noah and the Flood." In 1962, much publicity surrounded the collaboration of Stravinsky and Balanchine on a work commissioned by CBS Television. "The Flood," as it was then called, was billed as a "dance-drama." Staged tonight, in scenery and costumes by the original designer, Rouben Ter-Arutunian, it is much more a drama-oratorio with incidental action and one dance. This dance, a convoluted corps-de-ballet number, is recognizably Balanchinean, but it is unrecognizable as the descriptive action that the scenario identifies as "The Building of the Ark." (Stravinsky wrote that he had visualized the builders as dancers—"the men pulling over their shoulders on imaginary ropes, the women bending, tugging, dragging." Balanchine seems to have cocked an ear and visualized pure-dance scintillation.) The Flood itself, in which some dancers roll invisibly under a black sheet while others are carried along on top of it, is the only passage with the kind of faux-naïf fantasy that Stravinsky appears to have had in mind. The other bits of action, which involve Adam and Eve, Lucifer as a scorpion and then as a thirty-foot serpent, and Noah and his family, who wear dummy heads and mime dialogue spoken by the narrator (John Houseman), do not require the services of a choreographer. Nor does the parade of the animals to the Ark, which is rendered here not by dancers but by dancers carrying cutouts of animals. Robert Craft conducts the performance, which includes members of the New York City Opera Chorus. The fragment called "The Building of the Ark" is reconstructed from CBS tapes, and is typical of Balanchine's serial-music period, which ran intermittently between 1957 and 1966.

JUNE 12TH. "Norwegian Moods." New York City Ballet does not need to import Stravinsky ballets. This production of a Lew Christensen piece that was originally done for San Francisco Ballet salutes an old colleague who, forty-five years ago, was Balanchine's and Stravinsky's first American Apollo. "Norwegian Moods," a pas de deux, also happens to be a good piece of choreography, structurally unorthodox, rhetorically inventive. Christensen hits off a skittish resemblance in the music to the bridal dances in "Le Baiser de la Fée." The dancers, who perform glowingly, are Nichol Hlinka and N.Y.C.B.'s "Baiser" hero, Helgi Tomasson.

JUNE 13TH. "Élégie," a viola solo, is danced by Suzanne Farrell alone, in a filmy white dress. Kneeling, she begins what appears to be a conventional dance of mourning but then turns into something unconventional, unforeseen, and perhaps, when it is given again, unrecapturable. Emotionally, the dance is not extreme; it is, for Farrell, rather quiet. And, because it describes a singular more than a general condition, it is also noncathartic; it leaves you hanging. "Élégie" could become a solo version of "Meditation," which in the great performances Farrell used to give with Jacques d'Amboise was always a singular experience, different each time it was seen.

In "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," Peter Martins casts two male soloists—Ib Andersen and Jock Soto—against a female ensemble. If he had stopped there, he might have had an adequate mirror of the music. He might even have produced a copy of the Balanchine-Hindemith "Kammermusik No. 2," with the ballerina and corps roles sexually reversed. Martins' "Concerto" *is* like "Kammermusik" in the close identification of the two male leads; they could be two aspects of one man as easily as two men. But Martins also casts Heather Watts between Andersen and Soto, and his use of her determines the shape of the whole ballet. This is the first time I can recall Martins making a ballet that was not exclusively, or even primarily, about its music. Perhaps I should except "Piano-Rag-Music;" perhaps also "Calcium Light Night," Martins' début as a choreographer. ("The Magic Flute," a story ballet, is generically disqualified from the competition.) "Piano-Rag-Music," for all that it is an accomplished and charming piece of work, is only three minutes long. And if "Calcium Light Night" was about something more than Charles Ives' music, I don't think it was planned that way. The twenty-minute "Concerto" has a conscious dramatic subject, which it projects through the music—a very different thing from letting the music dictate what the drama will be. Watching the "Concerto," you don't hear the music so much as absorb it. It makes exactly the right sound for every second of what you see, but you aren't directed to listen. Sight and sound come naturally and plausibly together.

This is an impressive advance for a New York City Ballet choreographer to have made, and from the evidence of his choreography I would guess that Martins knows he has made it. He pushes the drama all the way; he makes it uncomfortable for us. Not that it is comfortable to begin with. Here are the men in Stravinskyan split focus, there the tidily metrical, apian corps. Then Heather Watts walks on (shuffles on, really. Has any classical ballerina ever made an entrance like it?), and the drama immediately begins. The choreography for Watts both sums her up and explains her: it takes into account the thorniness that has made some people dislike her as well as the qualities of quick intelligence and serious dedication that have won her respect. Watts has worked very hard these past few years and progressed remarkably as a dancer, and it has changed her temper; she seems more open and genuine, happier

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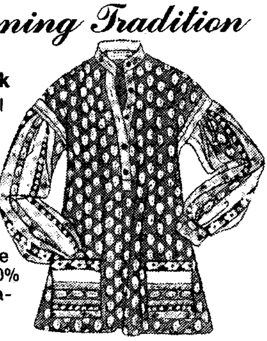

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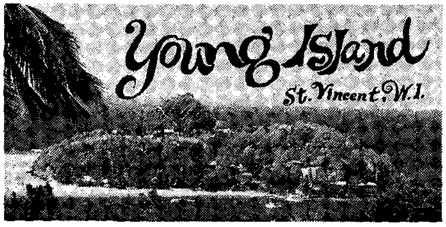

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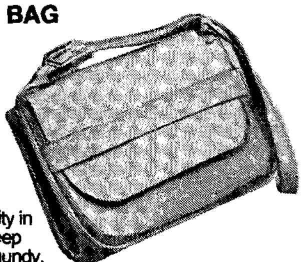

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to be right where she is, more obliging toward her audience. Yet she hasn' lost the almost bitter honesty tha made her original indifference noticeable. Martins' ballet is in par about a destructive kind of honesty i the heroine. In a pas de deux wit Andersen, Watts dances in a continua whorl of indecision; no move sh makes looks wrong or bad, but sh keeps on moving, keeps testing alternatives. You sense her outstripping the man—or his patience—and finall alienating him. A second pas de deux with Soto, was less intricately fascinating in this première performance, an I am uncertain of the weight of th various solos in the piece as a whole The female corps is both unnecessar and indispensable. Like the femal corps in "Movements for Piano an Orchestra," its function is to reflec and summarize aspects of the ballerina's role, and the ballerina's role as Martins has understood it throug Watts, is to illuminate a genera condition through a process of self-exposure. In the "Concerto," Watt projects the kind of tension that is fel today by many women. She transcend herself and becomes part of the spectacle of the world. The role makes he a star. This uneasy, brilliant balle is the first substantial work of th Stravinsky Celebration.

—ARLENE CROC

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Dallas Times Herald*]

United Press International

MILL VALLEY, Calif.—Marin County health officials have solved the mystery of the melting pantyhose that sent 10 high school cheerleaders to the showers in pain and embarrassment. The battery did it.

The Tamalpais High School cheerleaders were practicing at the school's student center Friday when they noticed their pantyhose had begun to fall apart.

Undaunted, they raced across the street to a nearby store for new ones and returned to practice.

But the new pantyhose also kept disintegrating and several girls became nauseated and others complained of skin irritations. The Fire Department and paramedics rushed to the scene, and the cheerleaders were sent to the showers and then home.

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—*Adv. in the Dallas Morning News.*

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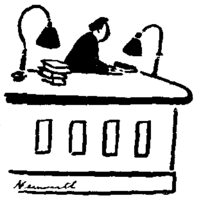
GENERAL

THEODORE DREISER: AMERICAN DIARIES, 1902-1926, edited, and with an introduction, by Thomas P. Riggio (University of Pennsylvania Press; $28.50). Mr. Riggio, a professor of English at the University of Connecticut, has brought together here all the diaries that Dreiser kept intermittently during his middle years—the years between "Sister Carrie" and "An American Tragedy," the years between his two marriages, the years when he was nominally living alone. There are seven sequences: the places and periods are Philadelphia, 1902-03; Savannah, 1916; Greenwich Village, 1917-18; Indiana, 1919; a trip to the Jersey Shore, 1919; Hollywood, 1919-24; and Florida, 1925-26. The Greenwich Village years and the stay in Hollywood (where "An American Tragedy" was begun) are the most sustained and the most interesting of the sequences. It must be emphasized that these are diaries, not journals. Dreiser was writing privately, not for posterity, and his chief concern was to keep a record of his daily doings. There are few, if any, reflections, no philosophizing, no self-appraisals. He tells us when he got up in the morning, the state of the weather and of his health (he was something of a hypochondriac), where he had breakfast and what he ate (and often what it cost), he notes the name of the piece of writing on which he was working, he notes his mail (particularly the arrival of a check), he notes where he lunched and what he ate and the cost and his companions if any, his afternoon strolls and shopping trips and the occasionally interesting sights or incidents along the way, where and with whom he dined, and when he went to bed. He also notes in almost every entry the woman who shared his bed in the morning, the woman who joined him in his bed in the afternoon, and the woman who slept with him at night, and, in almost pornographic detail, the quality of their lovemaking. The result of this cornucopia of detail is powerfully revealing. It is impossible to read these factual reports—"Stop en route and have a gin rickey on 7th Avenue (25¢.) Used to be 15¢"—without coming to know the man in a fullness seldom found in more self-conscious autobiographical writing. And it is the man, not the artist, who emerges here. The artist appears only to remark that he is, or is not, satisfied with the piece of writing at hand. Unfavorable reviews and rejections are noted without comment. Emotion is reserved for sex and royalty checks. But it was, of course, the artist who wrote these apparently artless entries. Mr. Riggio and his editorial associates have done a fine job of deciphering, ordering, and annotating, and they have made an important contribution to the Dreiser oeuvre.



ON AND OFF THE RECORD: A MEMOIR OF WALTER LEGGE, by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, with an introduction by Herbert von Karajan (Scribners; $17.95). The English recording producer Walter Legge (1906-79) was an inventive perfectionist. In the early nineteen-thirties, for example, he persuaded HMV that "noncommercial" works might be sold by subscription, and thus Schnabel's complete Beethoven sonatas and the songs of Hugo Wolf—and the voices of such great singers as Elena Gerhardt—became available to everyone. Legge also created live performing groups—lieder and chamber-music groups in London around the time of the Second World War, and the Philharmonia Orchestra after it. He never produced a complete autobiography, but his widow, the celebrated singer, has collected such fragmentary memoirs as he wrote and the recollections of his colleagues, and has stitched them together with her own reminiscences and a good many of Legge's critical writings. Legge is precise, colorful, and knowledgeable, and so are the music-makers to whom he was attracted, and who populate this book as they filled his life. With a discography as well as an index.

THE TURN OF THE YEARS, by V. S. Pritchett, with an introduction by Paul Theroux, and with engravings by Reynolds Stone (Random House; $10). A very pretty little

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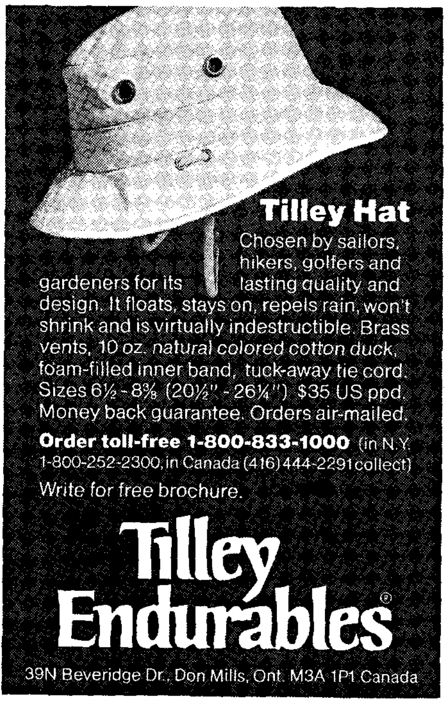
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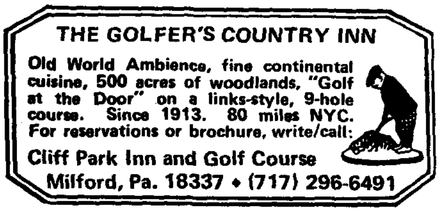
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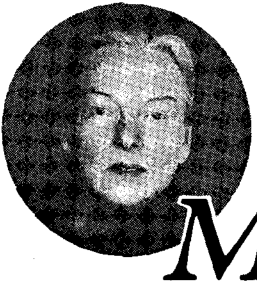

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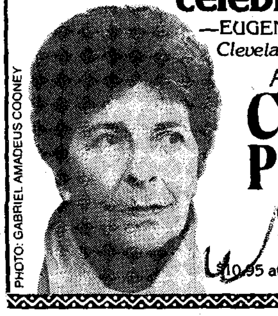

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curiosity. Sir Victor's contribution i an essay, written in 1980, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, an called, appropriately, "As Old a the Century." Mr. Stone, who die in 1979, at the age of seventy, ha contributed twenty-five engraving under the title "The Seasons Course"—a charming observatio of the English countryside aroun the year. The pictures are serenel pastoral. In his essay, Sir Victo looks at the world into which he ha surprisingly survived with a kind o serene belligerence. Mr. Stone an Sir Victor, Mr. Theroux tells us were friends, and there is a comparable joy in both of their contributions, but he is surely mistake when he says that "this book of pictures and print strikes such a lovel balance." It is more like Henr James illustrated by Andrew Wyeth

NOTE: "Liebling At Home," a collection of five books by A. J. Liebling—"The Telephone Booth Indian," "Chicago: The Second City," "The Honest Rainmaker," "Th Earl of Louisiana," and "The Jollity Building"—has been publishe by Playboy ($17.95 cloth, $12.4 paper). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker* . . . Summit/Simon & Schuster ha published "Family Matters" ($13.95), Burton Bernstein's history of two generations in his family. The text of this, too, was firs printed here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET HAS DOUBTS, by George Simenon, translated from the Frenc by Lyn Moir (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10.95). Maigret is dining with his old friend Dr. Pardon and the Doctor tells him of his worries about a dying patient with a wif and five children. Maigret, in turn recalls a worrisome case of his own in which the younger husband of a rich woman is accused of murdering her in order to marry his secretary The case has many confusing elements; Maigret is convinced neithe of the man's guilt nor of his innocence. There is an equivocal dénouement. This is Maigret at his moody, broody, reflective best.

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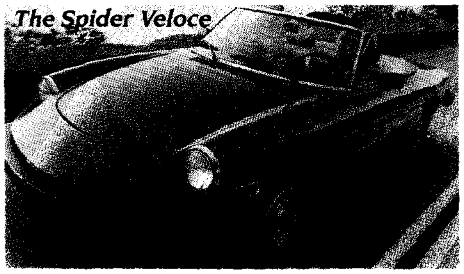

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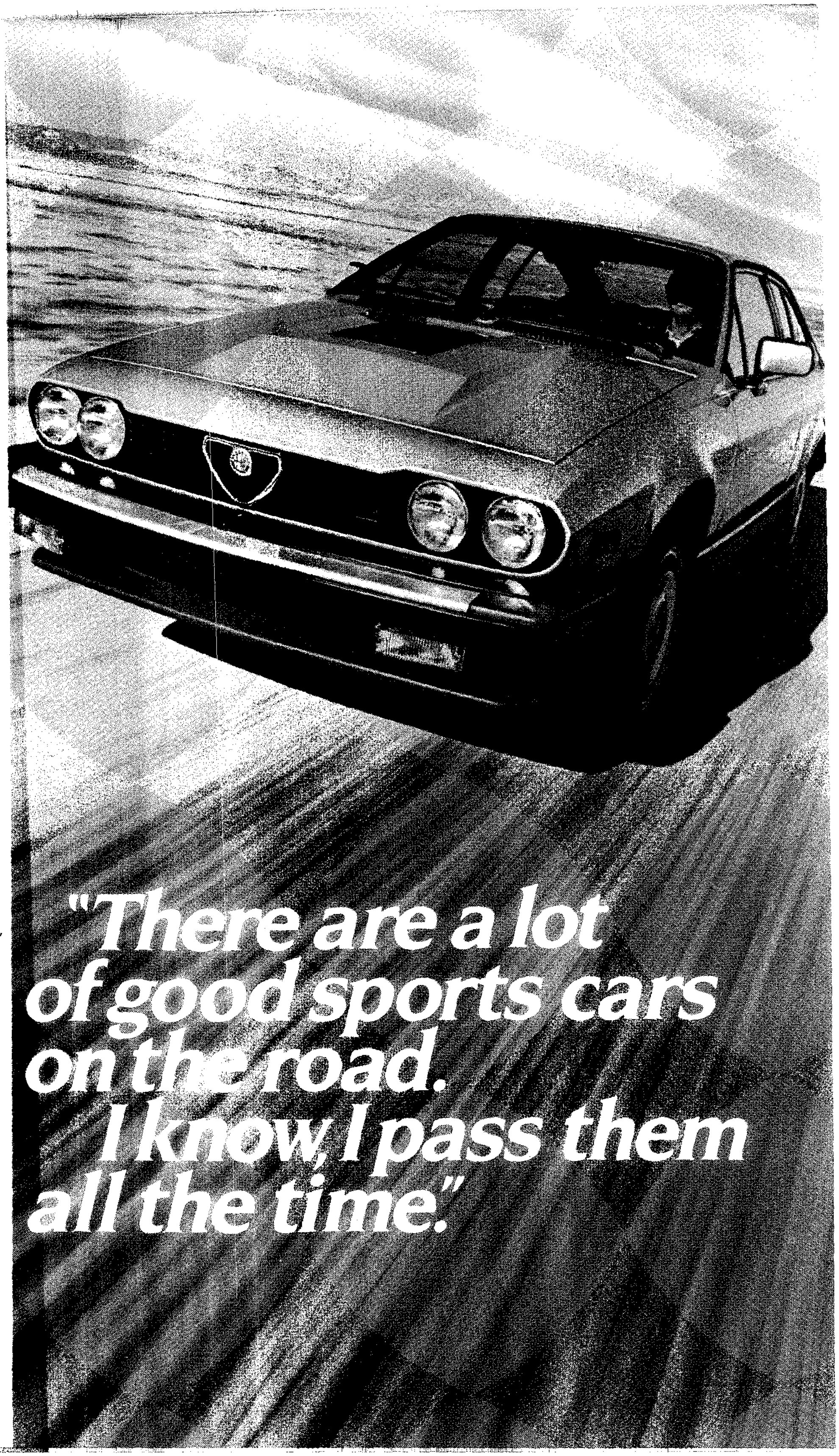
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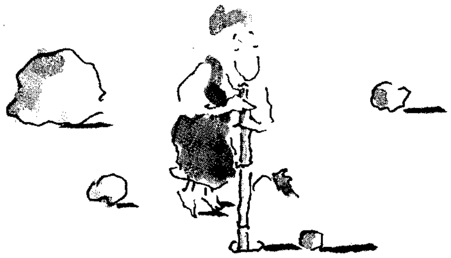

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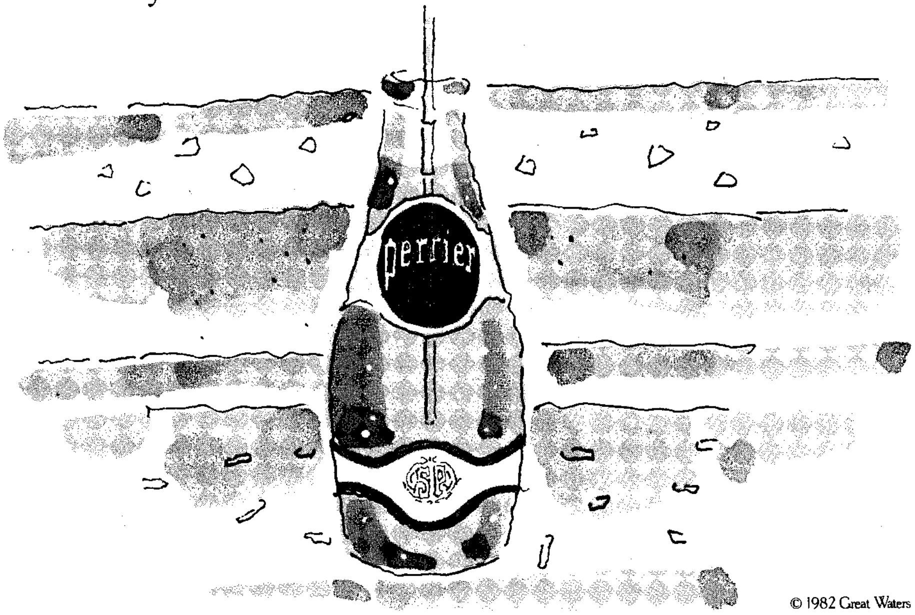

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